



THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
NICHOLAS ROWE.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL D

Next Shakespear skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere,
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave
For never Blit more disdain'd a slave

POPE

Enough for him that Congreve was his friend,
That Gaith and Steele, and Addison commend,
That Brunswick with the bays his temples bound,
And Parker with immortal honors crown'd

AMHERST

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1807.



THE LIFE
OF
NICHOLAS ROWE,

BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

NICHOLAS ROWE was born at Little Beckford, in Bedfordshire, in 1673. His family had long possessed a considerable estate, with a good house, at Lambertoun,* in Devonshire. The ancestor from whom he descended in a direct line, received the arms borne by his descendants for his bravery in the Holy War. His father, John Rowe, who was the first that quitted his paternal acres to practise any art of profit, professed the law, and published Benloe's and Dalison's Reports in the reign of James the Second, when, in opposition to the notions, then diligently propagated, of dispensing power, he ventured to remark how low his authors rated the prerogative. He was made a serjeant, and died April 30, 1692. He was buried in the Tenpfe church.

* In the Villare, *Lamerton*. Orig. edit.
R O W E . A

Nicholas was first sent to a private school at Highgate; and, being afterwards removed to Westminster, was at twelve years* chosen one of the king's scholars. His master was Busby, who suffered none of his scholars to let their powers lie useless; and his exercises in several languages are said to have been written with uncommon degrees of excellence, and yet to have cost him very little labour.

At sixteen he had, in his father's opinion, made advances in learning sufficient to qualify him for the study of the law, and was entered a student of the Middle Temple, where for some time he read statutes and reports with proficiency proportionate to the force of his mind, which was already such that he endeavoured to comprehend law, not as a series of precedents, or collection of positive precepts, but as a system of rational government, and impartial justice.

When he was nineteen, he was by the death of his father left more to his own direction, and probably from that time suffered law gradually to give way to poetry. At twenty-five he produced the *Ambitious Step-Mother*, which was received with so much favor, that he devoted himself from that time wholly to elegant literature.

His next tragedy (1702) was *Tamerlane*, in which, under the name of Tamerlane he in-

* He was not elected till 1688. N.

tended to characterize King William, and Lewis the Fourteenth under Bajazet. The virtues of Tamerlane seem to have been arbitrarily assigned him by his poet, for I know not that history gives any other qualities than those which make a conqueror. The fashion, however, of the time was, to accumulate upon Lewis all that can raise horror and detestation; and whatever good was withheld from him, that it might not be thrown away, was bestowed upon king William.

This was the tragedy which Rowe valued most, and that which probably, by the help of political auxiliaries, excited most applause; but occasional poetry must often content itself with occasional praise. Tamerlane has for a long time been acted only once a year, on the night when king William landed. Our quarrel with Lewis has been long over; and it now gratifies neither zeal nor malice to see him painted with aggravated features, like a Saracen upon a sign.

The *Fair Penitent*, his next production (1703), is one of the most pleasing tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turns of appearing; and probably will long keep them, for there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable, and so delightful by the language. The story is domestic, and therefore easily received by the imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious, and soft or spritely as occasion requires.

The character of *Iothario* seems to have been expanded by Richardson into *Iovellace* ; but he has excelled his original in the moral effect of the fiction. *Iothario*, with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness. It was in the power of Richardson alone to teach us at once esteem and detestation, to make virtuous resentment overpower all the benevolence which wit, elegance, and courage, naturally excite ; and to lose at last the hero in the villain.

The fifth act is not equal to the former ; the events of the drama are exhausted, and little remains but to talk of what is past. It has been observed, that the title of the play does not sufficiently correspond with the behaviour of Calista, who at last shews no evident signs of repentance, but may be reasonably suspected of feeling pain from detection, rather than from guilt, and expresses more shame than sorrow, and more rage than shame.

His next (1706) was *Ulysses* ; which, with the common fate of mythological stories, is now generally neglected. We have been too early acquainted with the poetical heroes, to expect any pleasure from their revival ; to shew them as they have already been shewn, is to disgust by repetition ; to give them new qualities, or new adventures, is to offend by violating received notions.

The *Royal Convert* (1708) seems to have a better claim to longevity. The fable is drawn from an obscure and barbarous age, to which fictions are more easily and properly adapted; for, when objects are imperfectly seen, they easily take forms from imagination. The scene lies among our ancestors in our own country, and therefore very easily catches attention. *Rodogune* is a personage truly tragical, of high spirit, and violent passions, great with tempestuous dignity, and wicked with a soul that would have been heroic if it had been virtuous. The motto seems to tell that this play was not successful.

Rowe does not always remember what his characters require. In *Tamerlane* there is some ridiculous mention of the God of Love; and *Rodogune*, a savage Saxon, talks of Venus, and the eagle that bears the thunder of Jupiter.

This play discovers its own date, by a prediction of the *Union*, in imitation of Cranmer's prophetic promises to *Henry the Eighth*. The anticipated blessings of union are not very naturally introduced, nor very happily expressed.

He once (1706) tried to change his hand. He ventured on a comedy, and produced the *Biter*; with which, though it was unfavorably treated by the audience, he was himself delighted; for he is said to have sat in the house laughing with great vehemence, whenever he had in his own opinion produced a jest. But finding that he and the

public had no sympathy of mirth, he tried at lighter scenes no more.

After the *Royal Convert* (1714) appeared *Jane Shore*, written, as its author professes, *in imitation of Shakespeare's style*. In what he thought himself an imitator of Shakespeare, it is not easy to conceive. The numbers, the diction, the sentiments, and the conduct, every thing in which imitation can consist, are remote in the utmost degree from the manner of Shakespeare; whose dramas it resembles only as it is an English story, and as some of the persons have their names in history. This play, consisting chiefly of domestic scenes and private distress, lays hold upon the heart. The wife is forgiven because she repents; and the husband is honored because he forgives. This, therefore, is one of those pieces which we still welcome on the stage.

His last tragedy (1715) was *Lady Jane Grey*. This subject had been chosen by Mr. Smith, whose papers were put into Rowe's hands, such as he describes them in his preface. This play has likewise sunk into oblivion. From this time he gave nothing more to the stage.

Being by a competent fortune exempted from any necessity of combating his inclination, he never wrote in distress, and therefore does not appear to have written in haste. His works were finished to his own approbation, and bear few marks of negligence or hurry. It is remarkable, that his

prologues and epilogues are all his own, though he sometimes supplied others; he afforded help, but did not solicit it.

As his studies necessarily made him acquainted with Shakespeare, and acquaintance produced veneration, he undertook (1709) an edition of his works, from which he neither received much praise, nor seems to have expected it; yet, I believe, those who compare it with former copies will find that he has done more than he promised; and that, without the pomp of notes or boasts of criticism, many passages are happily restored. He prefixed a life of the author, such as tradition, then almost expiring, could supply; and a preface*; which cannot be said to discover much profundity or penetration. He at least contributed to the popularity of his author.

He was willing enough to improve his fortune by other arts than poetry. He was under secretary for three years when the Duke of Queensberry was secretary of state, and afterwards applied to the Earl of Oxford for some public employment†. Oxford enjoined him to study Spanish; and, when some time afterwards, he came again, and said that he had mastered it, dismissed him with this congratulation, "Then, Sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original."

This story is sufficiently attested; but why Ox-

* Mr. Rowe's Preface, however, is not distinct, as it might be supposed from this passage, from the Life. R.

† Spence.

Lord, who desired to be thought a favourer of literature, should thus insult a man of acknowledged merit; or how Rowe, who was so keen a Whig * that he did not willingly converse with men of the opposite party, could ask preferment from Oxford; it is not now possible to discover. Pope, who told the story, did not say on what occasion the advice was given; and, though he owned Rowe's disappointment, doubted whether any injury was intended him, but thought it rather Lord Oxford's *odd way*.

It is likely that he lived on discontented through the rest of Queen Anne's reign; but the time came at last when he found kinder friends. At the accession of King George he was made poet laureat; I am afraid by the ejection of poor Nahum Tate, who (1716) died in the mint, where he was forced to take shelter by extreme poverty. He was made likewise one of the land-surveyors of the customs of the port of London. The Prince of Wales chose him clerk of his council; and the Lord Chancellor Parker, as soon as he received the seals, appointed him, unasked, secretary of the presentations. Such an accumulation of employments undoubtedly produced a very considerable revenue.

Having already translated some parts of *Lucretius's Pharsalia*, which had been published in the *Miscellanies*, and doubtless received many praises, he

* Spence.

undertook a version of the whole work, which he lived to finish, but not to publish. It seems to have been printed under the care of Dr. Welwood, who prefix'd the author's life.*

To this character, which is apparently given with the fondness of a friend, may be added the testimony of Pope, who says, in a letter to Blount, " Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me ; but I must acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasure."

Pope has left behind him another mention of his companion, less advantageous, which is thus reported by Dr. Warburton:

" Rowe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, maintained a decent character, but had no heart. Mr. Addison was justly offended with some behaviour which arose from that want, and estranged himself from him ; which Rowe felt very severely. Mr. Pope, their common friend, knowing this, took an opportunity, at some juncture of Mr. Addison's advancement, to tell him how poor Rowe was grieved at his displeasure, and what satisfaction he expressed at Mr. Addison's good

* Prefixed at length to our author's translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*.

“fortune, which he expressed so naturally, that he (Mr. Pope) could not but think him sincere. Mr. Addison replied, ‘I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure; and it would affect him just in the same manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged.’ Mr. Pope said, he could not deny but Mr. Addison understood Rowe well.”

This censure time has not left us the power of confirming or refuting; but observation daily shews, that much stress is not to be laid on hyperbolical accusations, and pointed sentences, which even he that utters them desires to be applauded rather than credited. Addison can hardly be supposed to have meant all that he said. Few characters can bear the microscopick scrutiny of wit quickened by anger; and perhaps the best advice to authors would be, that they should keep out of the way of one another.

Rowe is chiefly to be considered as a tragic writer and a translator. In his attempt at comedy he failed so ignominiously, that his *Biter* is not inserted in his works; and his occasional poems and short compositions are rarely worthy of either praise or censure; for they seem the casual sports of a mind seeking rather to amuse its leisure than to exercise its powers.

In the construction of his dramas, there is not much art; he is not a nice observer of the Unities,

He extends time, and varies place, as his convenience requires. To vary the place is not, in my opinion, any violation of Nature, if the change be made between the acts; for it is no less easy for the spectator to suppose himself at Athens in the second act, than at Thebes in the first; but to change the scene, as is done by Rowe, in the middle of an act, is to add more acts to the play, since an act is so much of the business as is transacted without interruption. Rowe, by this licence, easily extricates himself from difficulties; as in *Jane Gray*, when we have been terrified with all the dreadful pomp of public execution, and are wondering how the heroine or the poet will proceed, no sooner has *Jane* pronounced some prophetic rhymes, than—*pass* and be gone—the scene closes, and *Pembroke* and *Gardiner* are turned out upon the stage.

I know not that there can be found in his plays any deep search into nature, any accurate discriminations of kindred qualities, or nice display of passion in its progress; all is general and undefined. Nor does he much interest or affect in *Jane Shore*, who is always seen and heard with pity. *Alicia* is a character of empty noise, with no resemblance to real sorrow or to natural madness.

Whence, then, has Rowe his reputation? From the reasonableness and propriety of some of his scenes, from the elegance of his diction, and the suavity of his verse. He seldom moves ci-

ther pity or terror, but he often elevates the sentiments; he seldom pierces the breast, but he always delights the ear, and often improves the understanding.

His translation of the *Golden Verses*, and of the first book of *Quillet's Poem*, have nothing in them remarkable. The *Golden Verses* are tedious.

The version of *Lucan* is one of the greatest productions of English poetry; for there is perhaps none that so completely exhibits the genius and spirit of the original. *Lucan* is distinguished by a kind of dictatorial or philosophic dignity, rather, as Quintilian observes, declamatory than poetical; full of ambitious morality and pointed sentences, comprised in vigorous and animated lines. This character Rowe has very diligently and successfully preserved. His versification, which is such as his contemporaries practised, without any attempt at innovation or improvement, seldom wants either melody or force. His author's sense is sometimes a little diluted by additional infusions, and sometimes weakened by too much expansion. But such faults are to be expected in all translations, from the constraint of measures and dissimilitude of languages. The *Pharsalia* of Rowe deserves more notice than it obtains, and as it is more read will be more esteemed.

MISCELLANIES.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brightest red the blushing Rose
Her freshest op'ning beauties did disclose ;
Her, the rough Thistle from, a neighbouring field,
With fond desires and lovers' eyes beheld :
Straight the *fierce plant* lays by his pointed darts,
And wooes the *gentle flower* with softer arts.
Kindly *she* heard, and did *his* flame approve,
And own'd the *warrior* worthy of *her* love.
Flora, whose happy laws the seasons guide, "
Who does in fields and painted meads preside, 10 }
And crowns the gardens with their flowery pride, }
With pleasure saw the *wishing pair* combine,
To favour what their goddess did design,
And bid them in eternal Union join.
" Henceforth," she said, " in each returning year,
" *One* stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear :
" The Thistle's lasting grace, thou, O my Rose !
" shalt be,
" The warlike Thistle's *arms* a sure defence to thee."

MÆCENAS.

*Verses occasioned by the Honors conferred on the
Right Hon. the Earl of Halifax, 1714; being
that Year installed Knight of the most noble
Order of the Garter.* ♪-

PHOEBUS and Cæsar once conspir'd to grace
A noble knight of ancient Tuscan race.
The monarch, greatly conscious of his worth,
From books and his retirement call'd him forth,
Adorn'd the patriot with the Civic crown,
The Consul's Fasces and Patrician gown:
The world's whole wealth he gave him to bestow,
And teach the streams of treasure where to flow:
To him he bade the suppliant nations come,
And on his counsels fix'd the fate of Rome. 10

The God of Wit, who taught him first to sing,
And tune high numbers to the vocal string,
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king. }

"Forbear," he cry'd, "to rob me of my share;
"Our common favourite is our common care.
"Honors and wealth thy grateful hand may give;
"But Phœbus only bids the poet live.
"The service of his faithful heart is thine; }
"There let thy Julian Star an emblem shine; }
"His mind, and her imperial seat are mine. 20 }

“ Then bind his brow, ye Thespian Maids” he }
 The willing Muses the command obey’d, [said :
 And wove the deathless laurel for his head. 23 }

VERSES

MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE’S.

WHILE at our house the servants brawl,
 And raise an uproar in the hall ;
 When John the butler, and our Mary
 About the plate and linen vary ;
 Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
 In sneaking dog ! and ugly bitch !
 Down comes my lady like the devil,
 And makes them silent all and civil.
 Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
 And scatters tempests brewing there : 10
 Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
 And one scold makes another cease 12

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI’S

FIRST COMING TO THE HOUSE IN THE MAY-MARKET.

AMPHION strikes the vocal lyre,
 And ready at his call,
 Harmonious brick and stone conspire
 To raise the Theban wall.

The emulation of his praise
 Two Latian Signors come,
 A sinking theatre to raise,
 And prop Van's tott'ring dome.
 But how this last should come to pass
 Must still remain unknown, 10
 Since these poor gentlemen, alas!
 Bring neither brick nor stone. 12

A POEM

ON THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESSES, &c.

Humbly Inscribed to

THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counsels wait,
 And Anna trusts to thee the British state;
 While Fame, to thee, from ev'ry foreign coast,
 Flies with the news of empires won and lost,
 Relates whate'er her busy eyes beheld,
 And tells the fortune of each bloody field;
 While, with officious duty, crowds attend,
 To hail the labours of thy godlike friend,
 Vouchsafe the Muse's humbler joy to hear;
 For sacred numbers shall be still thy care; 10
 Though mean the verse, though lowly be the strain,
 Tho' least regarded be the Muse, of all the tune-
 ful train,

Yet rise, neglected Nymph ! avow thy flame, }
 Assert th' inspiring god, and greatly aim }
 To make thy numbers equal to thy theme. }
 From Heav'n derive thy verse ; to Heav'n belong
 The counsels of the wise, and battles of the strong.
 To Heaven the royal Anna owes, alone,
 The virtues which adorn and guard her throne ;
 Thence is her justice wretches to redress, 20
 Thence is her mercy and her love of peace ;
 Thence is her power, her sceptre uncontroll'd,
 To bend the stubborn, and repress the bold ;
 Her peaceful arts fierce factions to assuage,
 To heal their breaches, and to sooth their rage ;
 Thence is that happy prudence, which presides
 In each design, and every action guides ;
 Thence is she taught her shining court to grace,
 And fix the worthiest in the worthiest place,
 To trust at home Godolphin's watchful care, 30
 And send victorious Churchill forth to war.

Arise, ye nations rescu'd by her sword,
 Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
 Arise, and join the heroine to bless,
 Behold she sends to save you from distress ;
 Rich is the royal bounty she bestows,
 'Tis plenty, peace, and safety from your foes.
 And thou, Iberia ! rous'd at length, disdain
 To wear enslav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain.
 Far see ! the British Genius comes, to cheer 40
 Thy fainting sons, and kindle them to war.

With her own glorious fires their souls she warms,
 And bids them burn for liberty and arms.
 Unhappy Land ! the foremost once in fame,
 Once lifting to the stars thy noble name,
 In arts excelling, and in arms severe,
 The western kingdoms' envy and their fear :
 Where is thy pride, thy conscious honour, flown,
 Thy ancient valour, and thy first renown ?
 How art thou sunk among the nations now ! 50
 How hast thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
 And dropt the warrior's wreath inglorious from
 thy brow !

Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
 The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,
 But, oft alternate, made the victors yield,
 And prov'd their might in many a well-fought field ;
 Bold in defence of liberty they stood,
 And doubly dy'd their cross in Moorish blood :
 Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd,
 The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd. 60
 Then ev'ry nobler thought their minds did move,
 And those who fought for freedom, sigh'd for love.
 Like one, those sacred flames united live,
 At once they languish, and at once revive ;
 Alike they shun the coward and the slave,
 But bless the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
 Nor frown, ye Fair, nor think my verse untrue :
 Though we disdain that man should man subdue,
 Yet all the free-born race are slaves alike to you.

Yet, once again that glory to restore, 70
The Britons seek the Celtiberian shore.
With echoing peals, at Anna's high command,
Their naval thunder wakes the drowsy land;
High at their head, Iberia's promis'd lord,
Young Charles of Austria, waves his shining sword;
His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow,
Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe :
With joy he reads, in ev'ry warrior's face,
Some happy omen of a sure success ;
Then leaps exulting on the hostile strand, 80
And thinks the destin'd sceptre in his hand.

Nor fate denies what first his wishes name,
Proud Barcelona owns his juster claim,
With the first laurel binds his youthful brows,
And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath
But soon the equal of his youthful years, [bestows.
Philip of Bourbon's haughty line appears :
Like hopes attend his birth, like glories grace,
(If glory can be in a tyrant's race ;)
In numbers proud, he threats no more from far, 90
But nearer draws the black impending war ;
He views his host, then scorns the rebel town,
And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.

Now fame and empire, all the nobler spoils
That urge the hero, and reward his toils,
Plac'd in their view, alike their hopes engage,
And fire their breasts with more than mortal
rage.

Not lawless love, not vengeance, nor despair,
 So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
 As when ambition prompts the great to war; 100
 As youthful kings, when, striving for renown,
 They prove their might in arms, and combat for a
 crown.

Hard was the cruel strife, and doubtful long
 Betwixt the chiefs suspended conquest hung;
 Till, forc'd at length, disdaining much to yield,
 Charles to his rival quits the fatal field.
 Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
 And ev'n the British valour seems to fail;
 And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
 Conscious of virtue, liberty, and fame, 110
 They vow the youthful monarch's fate to
 share,

Above distress, unconquer'd by despair,
 Still to defend the town and animate the war.

But lo! when every better hope was past,
 When ev'ry day of danger seem'd their last,
 Far on the distant ocean, they survey,
 Where a proud navy ploughs its watery way.
 Nor long they doubted, but with joy descry,
 Upon the chief's tall top-masts waving high,
 The British Cross and Belgic Lion fly. 120
 Loud with tumult'ous clamour, loud they rear
 Their cries of ecstasy, and rend the air;
 In peals on peals the shouts triumphant rise,
 Spread swift, and rattle through the spacious skies;

While, from below, old Ocean groans profound,
 The walls, the rocks, the shores, repel the sound,
 Ring with the deafening shock, and thunder all
 around.

Such was the joy the Trojan youth express'd
 Who, by the fierce Rutilian's siege distress'd,
 Were by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd ; 130
 When young Ascanius, then in arms first try'd,
 Numbers and ev'ry other want supply'd,
 And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd :
 Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
 And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome.

But oh ! what verse, what numbers, shall reveal
 Those pangs of rage and grief the vanquish'd feel !
 Who shall retreating Philip's shame impart,
 And tell the anguish of his labouring heart !
 What paint, what speaking pencil shall express 140
 The blended passions striving in his face !
 Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorse,
 With thoughts of glory past, the loser's greatest curse.

Fatal Ambition ! say what wondrous charms
 Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms !
 When all thy spoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
 The pride of power, and glory of a crown,
 When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
 Ev'n thy whole pleasure, pays not half thy pain.

All hail ! ye softer, happier arts of peace, 150
 Secur'd from harms, and blest with learned ease ;
 In battles, blood, and perils hard, unskill'd,
 Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field ;

But chief, thee, goddess Muse ! my verse would raise,
 And to thy own soft numbers tune thy praise,
 Happy the youth inspir'd, beneath thy shade,
 Thy verdant, ever-living laurels laid !

There, safe, no pleasures, there no pains they know,
 But those which from thy sacred raptures flow, }
 Nor wish for crowns, but what thy groves bestow }
 Me, Nymph divine ! nor scorn my humble prayer,
 Receive unworthy, to thy kinder care, 162

Doom'd to a gentler, though more lowly, fate,
 Nor wishing once, nor knowing to be great ;
 Me, to thy peaceful haunts, inglorious bring, }
 Where secret thy celestial sisters sing, }
 Fast by their sacred hill, and sweet Castalian spring }

But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
 And rouse his heart with high triumphant joy,
 From hence a better course of time rolls on, 170
 And whiter days successive seem to run.

From hence his kinder fortune seems to date
 The rising glories of his future state,
 From hence !—but oh ! too soon the hero mourns
 His hopes deceiv'd, and war's inconstant turns.

In vain his echoing trumpets' loud alarms
 Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms,
 Careless of fame, as of their monarch's fate ;
 In sullen sloth supinely proud they sat,
 Or to be slaves or free alike prepar'd, 180

And trusting heaven was bound to be their guard,
 Untouch'd with shame, the noble strife beheld,
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the field ;

But sought in the cold shade, and rural seat,
 An unmolested ease and calm retreat ·
 Saw each contending prince's arms advanced
 Then with a lazy dull indifference
 Turn'd to their rest, and left the world to Chance
 So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,
 Thaumantian Iris left the realms above, 190
 And swift descending on her painted bow,
 Sought the dull god of sleep in shades below,
 Nodding and slow, his drowsy head he rear'd,
 And heavily the sacred message heard ;
 Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain,
 And sunk to his first sloth and indolence again.

But oh, my Muse ! th' ungrateful toil forsake,
 Some task more pleasing to thy numbers take,
 Nor chuse in melancholy strains to tell
 Each harder chance the juster cause befall 200
 Or rather turn, auspicious turn thy flight,
 Where Marlborough's heroic arms invite,
 Where highest deeds the poet's breast inspire
 With rage divine, and fan the sacred fire.
 See ! where at once Ramillia's noble field
 Ten thousand themes for living verse shall yield
 See ! where at once the dreadful objects rise,
 At once they spread before my wondering
 eyes,
 And shock my lab'ring soul with vast surprize ,
 At once the wide-extended battles move, 210
 At once they join, at once their fate they prove.

The roar ascends promiscuous ; groans and cries, }
 The drums, the cannons' burst, the shout, supplies }
 One universal anarchy of noise.
 One dit' confus'd, sound mixt and lost in sound,
 Echoes to all, thro' frighted cities round.
 Thick dust and smoke in wavy clouds arise,
 Stain the bright day, and taint the purer skies ;
 While flashing flames like lightning dart between,
 And fill the horror of the fatal scene. 220
 Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
 Hate, fury, and insatiate slaughter roam ;
 Discord with pleasure o'er the ruin treads,
 And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds ;
 While fierce Bellona thunders in her car, }
 Shakes terribly her steely whip from far, }
 And with new rage revives the fainting war.
 So when two currents, rapid in their course,
 Rush to a point, and meet with equal force,
 The angry billows rear their heads on high, 230 }
 Dashing aloft the foaming surges fly, }
 And rising cloud the air with misty spray ; }
 The raging flood is heard from far to roar,
 By listening shepherds on the distant shore,
 While much they fear, what ills it should portend,
 And wonder why the watery gods contend.

High in the midst, Britannia's warlike chief,
 Too greatly bold, and prodigal of life,
 Is seen to press where death and dangers call, }
 Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest fall, }
 He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul. }

Like heat diffus'd, his great example warms, 242
 And animates the social warriors' arms,
 Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
 Makes the young heroes, and renews the old.
 In forms divine around him watchful wait
 The guardian Genii of the British state ;
 Justice and Truth his steps unerring guide,
 And faithful Loyalty defends his side ;
 Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guard,
 And pleasing Liberty his labours cheer'd ; 251
 But chief, the angel of his Queen was there, }
 The union-cross his silver shield did bear, }
 And in his decent hand he shook a warlike spear. }
 While Victory celestial soars above,
 Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
 Hangs o'er the chief, whom she delights to bless,
 And ever arms his sword with sure success,
 Dooms him the proud oppressor to destroy,
 Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy.
 Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
 Or such the painter* did the hero feign,
 Where rushing on, and fierce, he seems to ride, }
 With graceful ardour, and majestic pride, }
 With all the gods of Greece and fortune on his }
 side. }

Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain
 Labours the fight unequal to maintain ;
 He sees 't is doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
 Shall share the shame, and in one ruin fall ;

* Le Brun.

Flies from the foe too oft' in battle try'd, 270
 And heaven contending on the victor's side ;
 Then mourns his rash ambition's crime too late,
 And yields reluctant to the force of fate.
 So when Æneas, through night's gloomy shade,
 The dreadful forms of hostile gods survey'd,
 Hopeless he left the burning town and fled :
 Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
 Or save what Heaven had destin'd to destroy.

What vast reward, O Europe, shalt thou pay
 To him who sav'd thee on this glorious day ! 280
 Bless him, ye grateful nations, where he goes, 281
 And heap the victor's laurels on his brows.

In every land, in ev'ry city freed
 Let the proud column rear its marble head,
 To Marlborough and Liberty decreed ;
 Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raise,
 To teach your wondering sons the hero's praise !
 To him your skilful bards their verse shall bring,
 For him the tuneful voice be taught to sing,
 The breathing pipe shall swell, shall sound the
 trembling string. }

O happy thou ! where peace for ever smiles,
 Britannia ! noblest of the ocean's isles,
 Fair Queen ! who dost amid thy waters reign,
 And stretch thy empire o'er the farthest main :
 What transports in thy parent bosom roll'd,
 When Fame at first the pleasing story told ;
 How didst thou lift thy towery front on high !
 Not meanly conscious of a mother's joy,

Proud of thy son as Crete was of her Jove,
 How we'rt thou pleas'd Heav'n did thy choice
 approve,
 And fixt success where thou hadst fixt thy love !
 How with regret his absence didst thou mourn ! 302
 How with impatience wait his wish'd return !
 How were the winds accus'd for his delay !
 How didst thou chide the gods who rule the sea,
 And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on his
 way !

At length he comes, he ceases from his toil !
 Like kings of old returning from the spoil ;
 To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
 He comes, their joy and grateful thanks to share ;
 Lowly he kneels before the royal seat, 311
 And lays its proudest wreaths at Anna's feet.
 While, form'd alike for labours or for ease,
 In camps to thunder, or in courts to please,
 Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their
 In all his dangers, all his triumphs, share. [care,
 Conquering, he lends the well-pleas'd fair new grace,
 And adds fresh lustre to each beauteous face ;
 Britain preserv'd by his victorious arms, 319
 With wondrous pleasure each fair bosom warms,
 Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their
 charms.
 Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauty's store
 So rich, she seem'd incapable of more,
 Now shines with graces never known before.

Fierce with transporting joy she seems to burn,
 And each soft feature takes a sprightly turn ;
 New flames are seen to sparkle in her eyes,
 And on her blooming cheek fresh roses rise ;
 The pleasing passion heightens each bright hue,
 And seems to touch the finish'd piece anew, 330
 Improves what Nature's bounteous hand had given,
 And mends the fairest workmanship of heaven.

Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
 But spreads to all the grateful people round ;
 Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil,
 To tend the flocks and turn the mellow soil,
 In homely guise their honest hearts express,
 And bless the warrior who protects the peace,
 Who keeps the foe aloof, and drives afar
 The dreadful ravage of the wasting war. 340
 No rude destroyer cuts the ripening crop,
 Prevents the harvest, and deludes their hope ;
 No helpless wretches fly with wild amaze,
 Look weeping back, and see their dwellings blaze ;
 The victor's chain no mournful captives know,
 Nor hear the threats of the insulting foe,
 But Freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
 The cheerful voice of mirth is heard to sound,
 And Plenty doles her various bounties round. }
 The humble village, and the wealthy town, 350
 Consenting join their happiness to own :
 What Heaven and Anna's gentlest reign afford,
 All is secur'd by Marl'brough's conquering sword.

O sacred, ever honour'd name ! O thou !
 That wert our greatest William once below !
 What place soe'er thy virtues now possess
 Near the bright source of everlasting bliss,
 Where-e'er exalted to ethereal height,
 Radiant with stars, thou tread'st the fields of light,
 Thy seats divine, thy Heaven a-while forsake, 360
 And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
 Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight,
 To hear the fortune of the glorious fight, }
 How fail'd oppression, and prevail'd the right. }
 What once below, such still thy pleasures are,
 Europe and Liberty are still thy care ;
 Thy great, thy generous, pure, immortal mind }
 Is ever to the public good inclin'd, }
 Is still the tyrants' foe, and patrons of mankind. }
 Behold where Marlborough, thy last best gift, 370
 At parting to thy native Belgia left,
 Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
 Thy watchful counsels, and laborious wars.
 Like thee aspires by virtue to renown, }
 Fights to secure an empire not his own, }
 Reaps only toil himself, and gives away a crown. }
 At length thy pray'r, O pious Prince ! is heard,
 Heaven has at length in its own cause appear'd ;
 At length Ramillia's field atones for all
 The faithless breaches of the perjur'd Gaul ; 380
 At length a better age to man decreed,
 With truth, with peace, and justice, shall succeed ; }
 Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed. }

One triumph yet, my Muse, remains behind,
 Another vengeance yet the Gaul shall find ;
 On Lombard plains, beyond his Alpine hills,
 Louis the force of hostile Britain feels :
 Swift to her friends distress'd her succours fly,
 And distant wars her wealthy sons supply :
 From slow unactive courts, they grieve to hear 390
 Eugene, a name to every Briton dear,
 By tedious languishing delays is held
 Repining, and impatient, from the field :
 While factious statesmen riot in excess,
 And lazy priests whole provinces possess,
 Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
 And the starv'd soldier sues for bread in vain ;
 At once with generous indignation warm,
 Britain the treasures sends, and bids the hero arm,
 Straight eager to the field he speeds away, 400
 There vows the victor Gaul shall dear repay,
 The spoils of Calcinato's fatal day :
 Cheer'd by the presence of the chief they love,
 Once more their fate the warriors long to prove ;
 Reviv'd each soldier lifts his drooping head,
 Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead ;
 Again their crests the German Eagles rear,
 Stretch their broad wings, and fan the Latian air ;
 Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
 And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul. 410
 The chief commands, and soon in dread array
 Onwards the moving legions urge their way ;

With hardy marches and successful haste,
 O'er ev'ry barrier fortunate they pass'd,
 Which nature or the skilful foe had plac'd. }
 The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
 To mark which way the wary leader bends,
 Vainly in war's mysterious rules is wise, }
 Lurks where tall woods and thickest coverts rise,
 And inc only hopes a conquest from surprize. 420 }
 Now with swift horse the plain around them beats,
 And oft advances and as oft retreats;
 Now fix'd to wait the coming force, he seems,
 Secur'd by steepy banks and rapid streams,
 While river-gods in vain exhaust their store;
 From plenteous urns the gushing torrents pour,
 Rise o'er their utmost margins to the plain,
 And strive to stay the warrior's haste in vain;
 Alike they pass the plain and closer wood,
 Explore the ford, and tempt the swelling flood, 430
 Unshaken still pursue the stedfast course,
 And where they want their way, they find it or
 they force.

But anxious thoughts Savoy's great Prince infest,
 And roll ill-boding in his careful breast,
 Oft he revolves the ruin of the great,
 And sadly thinks on lost Bavaria's fate,
 The hapless mark of fortune's cruel sport, }
 An exile, meanly forc'd to beg support }
 From the slow bounties of a foreign court. }
 Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his last retreat, 440
 His glory once and empire's ancient seat,

He sees from far where wide destruction spread,
 And fiery showers the goodly town invade,
 Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd state,
 And curse the unrelenting tyrant's hate.

But great Eugene prevents his every fear,
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be there ;
 Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
 Nor all the Gallic powers, his promis'd aid delay.
 Like truth itself unknowing how to fail, 450
 He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.

Thus ever certain does the sun appear,
 Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year ;
 Thus constant to his course set's out at morn,
 Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is }
 And to a moment keeps his fix'd return. [borne, }

Straight to the town the heroes turn their care, }
 Their friendly succour for the brave prepare, }
 And on the foe united bend the war. 459 }

O'er the steep trench and ramparts guarded height,
 At once they rush, and drive the rapid flight ;
 With idle arms the Gallic legions seem
 To stem the rage of the resistless stream ;
 At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
 Headlong are push'd and swept along the field ;
 Resistance ceases, and 'tis war no more,
 At once the vanquish'd own the victor's power ;
 Throughout the field, where-e'er they turn their
 'Tis all or conquest or inglorious flight ; [sight,
 Swift to their rescu'd friends their joys they bear, }
 With life and liberty at once they cheer, 471 }
 And save them in the moment of despair. }

So timely to the aid of sinking Rome,
 With active haste did great Camillus come .
 So to the Capitol he forc'd his way,
 So from the proud Barbarians snatch'd his prey, }
 And sav'd his country in one signal day.

From impious arms at length, O Iouis, cease !
 And leave at length the labouring world in
 peace,

I est heaven disclose some yet more fatal scene, 480
 Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin ,
 I est from thy hand thou see thy sceptre torn,
 And humbled in the dust thy losses mourn :
 Lest urg'd at length thy own repining slave,
 Though fond of burdens, and in bondage brave, }
 Pursue thy hoary head with curses to the grave.

OCCASIONED BY HIS FIRST VISIT

TO LADY WARWICK,

AT HOLIAND HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bow'r crown'd
 The summit of a neighb'ring hill,
 Where ev'ry rural joy was found,
 Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
 To wait like servants on her will.

II

I went, and found 'twas as they said,
 That every thing look'd fresh and fair,
 Her herds in flowery pastures stray'd,
 Delightful was the green-wood shade,
 And gently breath'd the balmy air. 10

III.

But when I found my troubled heart
 Uneasy grown within my breast,
 My breath came short, and in each part
 Some new disorder seem'd to start,
 Which pain'd me sore, and broke my rest.

IV.

"Some noxious vapour sure," I said,
 "From this unwholesome soil must rise ;
 "Some secret venom is convey'd
 "Or from this field, or from that shade,
 "That does the powers of life surprize." 20

V.

Soon as the skilful Leach beheld
 The change that in my health was grown ;
 "Blame not," he cry'd, "nor wood nor field ;
 "Diseases which such symptom's yield,
 "Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

VI.

"Alike she kills in ev'ry air,
 "The coldest breast her beauties warm ;
 "And though the fever took you there,
 "If Chloe had not been so fair,
 "The place had never done you harm." 30

THE VISIT.

W₁₁ and Beauty t'other day,
 Chanc'd to take me in their way ;
 And, to make the favour greater,
 Brought the Graces and Good-nature,
 Conversation care-beguiling,
 Joy in dimples ever smiling,
 All the pleasures here below,
 Men can ask, or gods bestow.
 A jolly train, believe me ! No :
 There were but two, Lepell* and How. 10

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A--- D---.†

I.

As on a summer's day
 In the greenwood shade I lay,
 The maid that I lov'd,
 As her fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that way,

II.

And as she passed by
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 " What a shame," quoth she,
 " For a swain must it be,
 " Like a lazy loon for to die !

10

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.

† At a future period became his wife.

III.

“ And dost thou nothing heed,
 “ What Pan our god has decreed ;
 “ What a prize to-day
 “ Shall be giv’n away,
 “ To the sweetest shepherd’s need !

IV.

“ There’s not a single swain
 “ Of all this fruitful plain,
 “ But with hopes and fears
 “ Now busily prepares
 “ The bonny boon to gain.

20

V.

“ Shall another maiden shine
 “ In brighter array than thine
 “ Up, up, dull Swain,
 “ Tune thy pipe once again,
 “ And make the garland mine.”

VI.

“ Alas ! my Love !” he cry’d,
 “ What avails this courtly pride ?
 “ Since thy dear desert
 “ Is written in my heart,
 “ What is ail the world beside ?

30

VII.

“ To me thou art more gay,
 “ In this homely russet grey,
 “ Than the nymphs of our green,
 “ So trim and so sheen ;
 “ Or the brightest Queen of May.

VIII.

“ What though my fortune frown,
“ And deny thee a silken gown ;
“ My own dear Maid,
“ Be content with this shade,
“ And a shepherd all thy own.”

EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA,
ON THE SIGHT OF TWO FIEDRICK ODES
ON THE SPLEEN AND VANITY.

Written by a Lady, her Friend.*

FLAVIA, to you with safety I commend
This verse, the secret failing of your friend.
To your good-nature I securely trust,
Who know, that to conceal, is to be just.
The Muse, like wretched maids by love undone,
From friends, acquaintance, and the light would run;
Conscious of folly, fears attending shame,
Fears the censorious world, and loss of fame.
Some confident by chance she finds (though few,
Pity the fools, whom love or verse undo), 10
Whose fond compassion soothes her in the sin,
And sets her on to venture once again.

Sure, in the better ages of old time,
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime ;
From Heaven they both, the gods' best gifts were
Divinely perfect both, and innocent. [sent,
Then were bad poets and loose loves not known ;
None felt a warmth which they might blush to
own

Anne, Countess of Winchelsea

Beneath cool shades our happy fathers lay,
 And spent in pure untainted joys the day : 20
 Artless their loves, artless their numbers were,
 While Nature simply did in both appear,
 Nor could the censor or the critic fear.
 Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what Heaven be-
 Nor were they curious of the given good. [stow'd,
 At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
 We lost being happy, to be thought more wise.
 In one curs'd age, to punish verse and sin,
 Critics and hangmen, both at once, came in.
 Wit and the laws had both the same ill fate, '30
 And partial tyrants sway'd in either state.
 Ill-natur'd censure would be sure to damn
 An alien wit of independent fame,
 While Bayes grown old, and harden'd in offence,
 Was suffer'd to write on, in spite of sense ;
 Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along }
 A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
 To ruin and enslave the free-born English song ; }
 Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
 And to four volumes let his Plays run on ; 40
 Then a lew'd tide of verse, with vicious rage,
 Broke in upon the morals of the age.
 The stage (whose art was once the mind to move
 To noble daring, and to virtuous love)
 Precept, with pleasure mix'd, no more profess,
 But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jest :
 The shocking sounds offend the blushing fair,
 And drive them from the guilty theatre.

Ye wretched bards! from whom these ills have
sprung,

Whom the avenging powers have spar'd too long, 50

Well may you fear the blow will surely come,

Your Sodom has no Ten to avert its doom,

Unless the fair Ardelia will alone

To heaven for all the guilty tribe atone,

Nor can Ten saints do more than such a One. }

Since she alone of the poetic crowd

To the false gods of Wit has never bow'd,

The empire, which she saves, shall own her sway,

And all Parnassus her bless'd laws obey.

Say, from what sacred fountain, Nymph divine!

The treasures flow, which in thy verse do shine?

With what strange inspiration art thou blest, 62

What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breast?

Our sordid earth ne'er bred so bright a flame,

But from the skies, thy kindred skies, it came.

To numbers great like thine, th' angelic quire

In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;

Viewing, with glowing eyes, our cares with thee

They wisely own, that "All is vanity,"

Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know, 70

And find Ardelia's verse the least vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to those bless'd mansions reach,

And mortal Muses may immortal teach,

In verse like his, the heavenly nation raise

Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praise.

Nor shall celestial harmony disdain,

For once, to imitate an earthly strain,

Whose fame secure, no rival e'er can fear,
 But those above, and fair Ardelia here.
 She who undaunted could his raptures view, 80
 And with bold wings his sacred heights pursue ;
 Safe thro' the Dithyrambic stream she steer'd,
 Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd ;
 Not so the rest, who with successful pain
 Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.

So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
 While the Etruscans struck with wonder stood ;
 Amidst the waves her rash pursuers dy'd,
 The matchless dame could only stem the tide, }
 And gain the glory on the farther side. 90 }

See with what pomp the antic masque comes in !
 The various forms of the fantastic spleen.
 Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
 False joy, bred by false hope, and falser fears ;
 Each vice, each passion which pale Nature wears,
 In this odd monstrous medley mix'd appears.
 Like Bays's dance confus'dly round they run,
 Statesman, Coquette, gay Fop, and pensive Nun,
 Spectres and Heroes, Husbands and their Wives,
 With Monkish Drones that dream away their lives.
 Long have I labour'd with the dire disease, 101
 Nor found, but from Ardelia's numbers, ease :
 The dancing verse runs through my sluggish veins,
 Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.
 Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haste,
 And to returning joy resign my breast ;

Then free from every pain I did endure,
 I bless the charming author of my cure.
 So when to Saul the great musician play'd
 The sullen fiend unwillingly obey'd, 110
 And left the monarch's breast to seek some safer
 shade.

STANZAS

TO LADY WARWICK,

On Mr. Addison's going to Ireland.

I.

YE Gods and Nereids, nymphs who rule the sea!
 Who chain loud storms, and still the raging main!
 With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
 And bring the faithful lover home again.

II.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he left,
 Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,
 Of every joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
 And wept his sorrows in the swelling flood.

III.

Ah, fairest Maid! whom, as I well divine,
 The righteous gods his just reward ordain; 10
 For his return thy pious wishes join,
 That thou at length may'st pay him for his pain.

IV.

And since his love does thine alone pursue,
 In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range,
 I charge thee ~~be~~ by his example true,
 And shun thy sex's inclination, change.

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
 And tender thoughts in sweetest words impart ;
 When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and state,
 Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart. 20

VI.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,
 When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise ;
 When harmony shall thy soft soul surprize,
 Sooth all thy senses, and thy passions raise :

VII.

Amidst whatever various joys appear,
 Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn ;
 Nor let thy heart know one delight sincere,
 Till thy own truest Lycidas return, 28

TO LORD WARWICK,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN, fraught with all that grateful minds can
 move,

With friendship, tenderness, respect, and love ;
 The Muse had wish'd, on this returning day,
 Something most worthy of herself to say :

To Jove she offered up an humble prayer,
 To take the noble Warwick to his care.
 "Give him," she said, "whate'er diviner grace
 Adorns the soul, or beautifies the face :
 "Let manly constancy confirm his truth,
 "And gentlest manners crown his blooming youth
 "Give him to fame, to virtue to aspire, 11
 "Worthy our songs and thy informing fire :
 "All various praise, all honours, let him prove,
 "Let men admire, and sighing virgins love :
 "With honest zeal inflame his gen'rous mind,
 "To love his country, and protect mankind."
 Attentive to her prayer the god reply'd,
 "Why dost thou ask what has not been deny'd ?
 "Jove's bounteous hand has lavish'd all his power,
 "And making what he is, can add no more. 20
 "Yet since I joy in what I did create,
 "I will prolong the fav'rite Warwick's fate,
 "And lengthen out his years to some uncom-
 "men date."

TO LADY JANE WHARTON,

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHEN e'er the Globe, fair Nymph ! your
 searches run,
 And trace its rolling circuit round the sun,
 You seem'd the world beneath your to survey,
 With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.

With two fair lamps methought your nations shone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
How did those rays your happier empire gild !
How clothe the flow'ry mead and fruitful field !
Your earth was in eternal spring array'd,
And laughing Joy amidst its natives play'd. 10

Such is their day, but cheerless is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your absent light :
And, oh ! when yet ere many years are past,
Those beams on other objects shall be plac'd,
When some young hero, with resistless art,
Shall draw those eyes, and warm that virgin heart :
How shall your creatures then their loss deplore,
And want those suns that rise for them no more ?
The bliss you give will be confin'd to one,
And for his sake your world must be undone.

TO MRS. PULTENEY,

UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

TIR'D with the frequent mischiefs of her eyes,
To distant climes the fair Belinda flies.
She sees her spreading flames consume around,
And not another conquest to be found.
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vassals here with proud disdain.

One only joy which in her heart she wears,
The dear companion of her flight she bears
~~Aeneas~~ thus a burning town forsook,
Thus into banishment his Gods he took,
But to retrieve his native Troy's disgrace
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM

On a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the Tragedy of Cato, occasioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's
Sull with dry eyes the Tory Celia sat : [fate,
But though her pride forbad the eyes to flow,
The gushing waters found a vent below.
Thoush secret, yet with copious streams she mourns,
Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.
Let others screw an hypocritic face,
She shews her grief in a sincerer place !
Here Nature reigns, and passion void of art ,
For this road leads directly to the heart. 10

IMITATED IN LATIN.

PLORAT fata sui dum cætera turba Catonis,
Ecce ! oculis siccis Cælia fixa sedet ,
At quanquam lacrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,
Invenère viam quâ per opaca fluant :
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abundè.
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua

Distorquent aliæ vultus, simulantque dolorem :
 Quæ magè sincera est Cælia parte dolet.
 Quâ mera natura est, non personata per artem,
 Quâque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ. 10

EPIGRAM

To the Two New Members for Bramber, 1708.

THOUGH in the Common's House you did prevail,
 Good Sir Cleeve Moore, and gentle Master Hale ;
 Yet on good luck be cautious of relying,
 Burgess for Bramber is no place to die in.
 Your predecessors have been oddly fated ;
 Asgill and Shippen have been both translated. 6

EPIGRAM

*On the Prince of Wales, then Regent, appearing at
 the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716.*

THY Guardian, blest Britannia, scorns to sleep,
 When the sad subjects of his father weep ;
 Weak princes by their fears increase distress ;
 He faces danger, and so makes it less.
 Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy ;
 He knows to save, is greater than destroy. 6

ODES.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1716.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious rising year,
With what uncommon grace thy days appear !
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary Time ;
Where thy golden footsteps tread,
Pleasures all around thee spread ;
Bliss and beauty grace thy train ;
Musc, strike the lyre to some immortal strain.
But oh ! what skill, what master-hand, 10
Shall govern or constrain the wanton band ?
Loose like my verse they dance, and all without
Images of fairest things [command.
Crowd about the speaking strings ;
Peace and sweet prosperity,
Faith and cheerful loyalty,
With smiling Love and deathless Poesy.

II.

Ye scowling shades who break away,
Well do ye fly and shun the purple day.
Every fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and sullen as a storm, 20
Jealous fear, and false surmise,
Danger with her dreadful eyes,

E

Faction, fury, all are fled,
 And bold rebellion hides her daring head.
 Behold, thou gracious Year ! behold,
 To whom thy treasures all thou shalt unfold.
 For whom thy whiter days were kept from times of
 See thy George, for this is he ! [old !
 On his right-hand waiting free
 Britain and fair Liberty : 30
 Every good is in his face,
 Every open honest grace.
 Thou great Plantagenet ! immortal be thy race !

III.

See the sacred scyon springs,
 See the glad promise of a line of kings !
 Royal Youth ! what bard divine,
 Equal to a praise like thine,
 Shall in some exalted measure
 Sing thee, Britain's dearest treasure ?
 Who her joy in thee shall tell, 40
 Who the sprightly note shall swell,
 His voice attempering to the tuneful shell ?
 Thee Audenard's recorded field,
 Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,
 And saw with hopeless heart thy fainting rival
 Troubled he, with sore dismay, [yield :
 To thy stronger fate gave way,
 Safe beneath thy noble scorn,
 Wingy-footed was he borne,
 Swift as the fleeting shades upon the golden corn. 50

IV.

What valour, what distinguish'd worth,
 From thee shall lead the coming ages forth ?
 Crested helms and shining shields,
 Warriors fam'd in foreign fields,
 Hoary heads with olive bound,
 Kings and lawgivers renown'd ,
 Crowding still they rise anew,
 Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.
 Young Augustus ! never cease !
 Pledge of our present and our future peace, 60
 Still pour the blessings forth, and give thy great
 All the stock that fate ordains [increase.
 To supply succeeding reigns,
 Whether glory shall inspire
 Gentler arts or martial fire,
 Still the fair descent shall be
 Dear to Albion all, like thee,
 Patrons of righteous rules, and foes to tyranny.

V.

Ye golden lights who shine on high,
 Ye potent planets who ascend the sky, 70
 On the op'ning year dispense
 All your kindest influence ;
 Heav'nly Powers be all prepar'd
 For our Carolina's guard ,
 Short and easy be the pains,
 Which for a nation's weal the heroene sustains.

Britannia's angel be thou near ;
 The growing race is thy peculiar care,
 Oh spread thy sacred wing above the royal fair.
 George by thee was wafted o'er 80
 To the long expected shore :
 None presuming to withstand
 Thy celestial armed hand,
 While, his sacred head to shade,
 The bleaded Cross on high thy silver shield display'd.

VI.

But oh ! what other form divine
 Propitious near the hero seems to shine !
 Peace of mind, and joy serene,
 In her sacred eyes are seen,
 Honour binds her mitred brow, 90
 Faith and truth beside her go,
 With zeal and pure devotion bending low.
 A thousand storms around her threat,
 A thousand billows roar beneath her feet,
 While, fix'd upon a rock, she keeps her stable scat.
 Still in sign of sure defence,
 Trust and mutual confidence,
 On the monarch, standing by,
 Still she bends her gracious eye,
 Nor fear's her foes approach, while Heaven and
 he are nigh. 100

VII.

Hence then with ev'ry anxious care
 Be gone, pale Envy, and thou cold Despair !

Seek ye out a moody cell,
 Where deceit and treason dwell,
 There repining, raging, still
 The idle air with curses fill,
 There blast the pathless wild, and the bleak northern
 There your exile vainly moan; [hill;
 There where, with murmurs horrid as your own,
 Beneath the sweeping winds, the bending forests
 But thou, Hope, with smiling cheer, [groan;
 Do thou bring the ready Year; 112
 See the Hours! a chosen band!
 See with jocund looks they stand,
 All in their trim array, and waiting for command.

VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
 Hope leads increase and chaste connubial love,
 Flora sweet her bounty spreads,
 Smelling gardens, painted meads;
 Ceres crowns the yellow plain; 120
 Pan rewards the shepherd's pain,
 All is plenty, all is wealth,
 And on the balmy air sits rosy-colour'd health.
 I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
 Like many waters swells the peaking noise,
 While to the monarch, thus, they raise the public
 "Father of thy country, hail!" [voice.
 "Always every where prevail;
 "Pious, valiant, just, and wise,
 "Better suns for thee arise, 130
 "Purer breezes fan the skies,

" Earth in fruits and flow'rs is drest,
 " Joy abounds in ev'ry breast,
 " For thee thy people all, for thee the year is
 " blest." 134

ODE FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1717.

WINTER, thou hoary venerable sire,
 All richly in thy furry mantle clad;
 What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inspire,
 To make thy careful wrinkled brow so glad?

II.

Now I see the reason plain,
 Now I see thy jolly train:
 Snowy-headed Winter leads,
 Spring and Summer next succeeds;
 Yellow Autumn brings the rear,
 Thou art father of the Year.

III.

While from the frosty mellow'd earth
 Abounding plenty takes her birth,
 The conscious sire exulting sees
 The seasons spread their rich increase;
 So dusky night and chaos smild
 On beauteous Form, their lovely child.

IV.

O fair variety!
 What bliss thou dost supply!

The soul brings forth the fair
 To deck the changing year. 20
 When our old pleasures die,
 Some new one still is nigh;
 Oh! fair variety.

V.

Our passions, like the seasons, turn;
 And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
 Britannia late oppress'd with dread,
 Hung her declining, drooping head:
 A better visage, now she wears,
 And now at once she quits her fears:
 Strife and war, no more she knows, 30
 Rebel sons, nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty master,
 In security she sits;
 Plants her loose foundations faster,
 And her sorrows past forgets.

VII.

Happy Isle! the care of Heaven,
 To the guardian hero given,
 Unrepining still obey him,
 Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII.

Though he parted from thy shore, 40
 While contesting kings attend him;
 Could he, Britain, give thee more
 Than the pledge he left behind him? 42

ODE TO PEACE,
FOR THE YEAR 1718.

I.

THOU fairest, sweetest daughter of the skies,
Indulgent, gentle, life-restoring Peace!
With what auspicious beauties dost thou rise,
And Britain's new-revolving Janus bless!

II.

Hoary Winter smiles before thee,
Dances merrily along,
Hours and seasons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young:
Ever, Goddess, thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful Year.

10

III.

In thee the night, in thee the day is blest;
In thee the dearest of the purple east;
'Tis thine immortal pleasures to impart,
Mirth to inspire, and raise the drooping heart:
To thee the pipe and tuneful string belong,
Thou theme eternal for the poet's song.

IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir;
Swell ev'ry note still higher,
And melody inspire
At heaven and earth's desire.

V.

Hark, how the sounds agree,
 With due complacency!
 Sweet Peace! 'tis all by thee,
 For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who, by Nature's fairest creatures,
 Can describe her heav'nly features?
 What comparison can fit her?
 Sweet are roses, she is sweeter;
 Light is good, but Peace is better.
 Would you see her such as Jove
 Form'd for universal love,
 Bless'd by men and gods above?
 Would you every feature trace,
 Every sweetly smiling grace?
 Seek our Carolina's face.

30

VII.

Peace and she are Briton's treasures,
 Fruitful in eternal pleasures:
 Still their bounty shall increase us,
 Still their smiling offspring bless us.
 Happy day, when each was given
 By Cæsar and indulging Heaven.

40

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celestial pair!
 Still let Britannia be your care,
 And Peace and Carolina crown the Year.

45

ODE FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY,
1718.

I.

OH touch the string, celestial Muse, and say,
Why are peculiar times and seasons blest?
Is it in fate, that one distinguish'd day
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the East?

II.

Look on life and nature's race!
How the careless minutes pass,
How they wear a common face:
One is what another was!
Till the happy hero's worth
Bid the festival stand forth; 10
Till the golden light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
Unthought-of as the things that never were,
Had not our greatest Caesar been its lot,
And call'd it from amongst the vulgar year!

IV.

Now, Nature, be gay
In the pride of thy May,
To court let thy graces repair:
Let Flora bestow 20
The crown from her brow,
For our brighter Britannia to wear

V.

Through every language of thy peopled earth,
 Far as the seas or Cæsar's influence goes,
 Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
 And bless the author of the world's repose.

VI.

Let Volga tumbling in cascades,
 And Po that glides through poplar shades,
 And Tagus bright in sands of gold,
 And Arethusa, rivers old, 30
 Their great deliverer sing.
 Nor, Danube, thou whose winding flood,
 So long has blush'd with Turkish blood,
 To Cæsar shall refuse a strain,
 Since now thy streams without a stain
 Run crystal as their spring.

CHORUS.

To mighty George, that heals thy wounds,
 That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
 The joyful voice, O Europe ! raise :
 In the great Mediator's praise 40
 Let all thy various tongues combine,
 And Britain's festival be thine. 42

ODE TO THE THAMES,*

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

I.

KING of the Floods, whom friendly stars ordain
To fold alternate in thy winding train,
The lofty palace and the fertile vale ;
King of the Floods, Britannia's darling, hail !
Hail with the year so well begun,
And bid his each revolving sun,
Taught by thy streams, in smooth succession run.

II.

From thy never failing urn
Flowers, bloom and fair increase
With the seasons take their turn ; 10
From thy tributary seas
Tides of various wealth attend thee ;
Seas and seasons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks, to mate the skies,
Augusta's hallowed domes arise ;
And there thy ample bosom pours
Her num'rous souls and floating towers ;
Whose terrors late to vanquish'd Spain were known,
And Ætna shook with thunder not her own.

* This Ode was written for Rowe by Mr. Jefferys, and is claimed by him in his Works, p. 57. E.

IV.

Fullest flags thou dost sustain, 20
While thy banks confine thy course ;
Emblem of our Cæsar's reign,
Mingling clemency and force.

V.

So may'st thou still, secur'd by distant wars,
Ne'er stain thy crystal with domestic jars :
As Cæsar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
Shall join with thee to bless the coming year.

VI.

On thy shady margin,
Care its load discharging,
Is hush'd to gentle rest : 30
Britain thus disarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall sleep on Cæsar's breast.

VII.

Sweet to distress is balmy sleep,
To sleep auspicious dreams,
Thy meadows, Thames, to feeding sheep,
To thirst, thy silver streams :
More sweet than all, the praise
Of Cæsar's golden days :
Cæsar's praise is sweeter ; 40
Britain's pleasure greater ;
Still may Cæsar's reign excel ;
Sweet the praise of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus, ever wait,
As now, on Britain's kindest fate ;
Crown all our vows, and all thy gifts bestow ;
Till Time no more renews his date,
And Thames forgets to flow. 48

SONGS.

A GAME AT FLATS.*

I.

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
Her dear Philenus charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Dissolving in his arms.

II.

Thus to themselves alone they are
What all mankind can give ;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant, and all receive.

8

III.

Like the Twin-Stars, so fam'd for friends,
Who set by turns, and rise,
When one to Thetis' lap descends,
His brother mounts the skies:

IV.

With happier fate, and kinder care,
These nymphs by turn do reign,
While still the falling does prepare
The rising to sustain.

16

* These stanzas were made on Mrs. B——le and a lady, her companion, whom she calls Captain.

V.

The joys of either sex in love,
 In each of them we read;
 Successive each, to each does prove,
 Fierce youth and yielding maid. 20

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

To the Tune of "Grim King of the Ghosts."

I.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 'The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by. 8

II.

Alas, silly swain that I was!
 Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great.
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet? 16

III.

How foolish was I to believe
 She could dote on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart wou'd not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the Town?
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
 Or live in a cottage on love? 24

IV.

What though I have skill to complain,
 Though the Muses my temples have crown'd;
 What though when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around.
 Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy false-one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine. 32

V.

And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
 Though through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas her's to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die. 40

VI.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
 And when she looks down on my grave
 Let her own that her shepherd was true. 48

VII.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day ;
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glibe over the green. 56

REPLY.

BY 'ANOTHER HAND.

1.

YE Winds to whom Colin complains,
 In ditties so sad and so sweet,
 Believe me the shepherd but feigns,
 He is wretched to shew he has wit,

No charmer like Colin can move,
 And this is some pretty new art :
 Ah ! Colin is a juggler in love,
 And likes to play tricks with my heart.

II.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
 Seem doleful and alter his face,
 Can tremble, and alter his tale,
 Ah ! Colin has every pace :
 The willow my rover prefers
 To the breast, where he once begg'd to lie,
 And the stream, that he swells with his tears,
 Are rivals belov'd more than I.

III.

His head my fond bosom would bear,
 And my heart would soon beat him ~~at~~ rest ;
 Let the swain that is slighted despair,
 But Colin is only in jest :
 No death the deceiver designs,
 Let the maid that is run'd despair ;
 For Colin but dies in his lines,
 And gives himself that modish air.

IV.

Can shepherds, bred far from the court,
 So wittily talk of their flame ?
 But Colin makes passion his sport,
 Beware of so fatal a game :
 My voice of no music can boast,
 Nor my person of aught that is fine,

SONGS.

But Colin may find ; to his cost,
A face that is fairer than mine

V.

Ah ! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep,
And die in the much-favour'd brook,
Where Colin does now sit and weep :
Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
In sonnets so smooth and divine ;
Perhaps, I may rise from my grave,
To hear such soft music as thine.

40

VI.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
The heart's-ease, the lily, and pink,
Did thy fingers a garland compose,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink,
How oft', my dear Swain, did I swear,
How much my fond love 'did admire
Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
Though deck'd in thy rural attire

VII.

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
That all your small subjects obey'd ;
And still you reign'd king of this heart,
Whose passion you falsely upbraid ;
How often, my Swain, have I said,
Thy arms are a palace to me,
And how well I could live in a shade,
Though adorn'd with nothing but thee !

50

VIII.

Oh! what are the sparks of the town,
 Though never so fine and so gay?
 I freely would leave beds of down,
 For thy breast on a bed of new hay: 60
 Then, Colin! return once again,
 Again make me happy in love,
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove. 64

SONG,

FOR THE KING'S BIRTH DAY, MAY 28, 1716.

LAY thy flowery garlands by,
 Ever-blooming gentle May!
 Other honours now are nigh;
 Other honours see we pay.
 Lay thy flowery garlands by, &c.

II.

Majesty and great renown
 Wait thy beamy brow to crown.
 Parent of our hero, thou,
 George on Britain didst bestow.
 Thee the trumpet, thee the drum, 10
 With the plumed helm, become:
 Thee the spear and shining shield,
 With every trophy of the warlike field.

III.

Call thy better blessings forth,
 For the honour of his birth :
 Still the voice of loud Commotion,
 Bid complaining murmurs cease,
 Lay the billows of the ocean ;
 And compose the land in peace.
 Call thy better, &c.

20

IV.

Queen of Odours, fragrant May,
 For this boon, this happy day,
 Janus with the double face
 Shall to thee resign his place,
 Thou shalt rule with better grace :
 Time from thee shall wait his doom,
 And thou shalt lead the year for every age to
 come.

V.

Fairest month, in Cæsar pride thee,
 Nothing like him canst thou bring ;
 Though the Graces smile beside thee ;
 Though thy bounty gives the spring.

30

VI.

Though like Flora thou array thee,
 Finer than the painted bow ;
 Carolina shall repay thee
 All thy sweetness, all thy show.

VII.

She herself a glory greater
 Than thy golden sun discloses ;

And her smiling offspring sweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roses. 39

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL
HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bless their light divine ;
I stand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they shine.

II.

On one vile clod of earth she seems
To fix their influence ;
Which kindles not at those bright beams,
Nor wakens into sense.

III.

Lost and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain,
That Nature's lavish hand had wrought
The fairest work in vain.

IV.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom-Fool to bed.

AH WILLOW!

TO MRS. A—D— IN HER SICKNESS.

I.

To the brook and the willow that heard him com-
 Ah willow, willow. [plain,
 Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain ;
 Ah willow, willow ; ah willow, willow.

II.

Sweet Stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow.
 Ah willow, &c.
 And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
 Ah willow, &c.

III.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,
 Ah willow, &c.
 And counts the sad moments of time as it flies,
 Ah willow, &c.

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye soft slumbers
 Ah willow, &c. [repair ;
 Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her
 Ah willow, &c. [your care,

V.

Dear Brook, were thy chance near her pillow to
 Ah willow, &c. [creep,
 Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.
 Ah willow, &c.

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,
 Ah willow, &c.
 So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose,
 Ah willow, &c.

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed ;
 Ah willow, &c.
 If the loss of my dear-one, my love is decreed,
 Ah willow, &c.

VIII.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be
 Ah willow, &c. [cheer'd ;
 If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard ;
 Ah willow, &c.

IX.

Believe me, thou fair one ; thou dear one, believe,
 Ah willow, &c.
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears, will I give.
 Ah willow, &c.

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be ty'd,
 Ah willow, &c.
 And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side.
 Ah willow, &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle Brook ; and to lose thyself, haste ;
 Ah willow, willow.
 Fade thou too, my willow, this verse is my last ;
 Ah willow, willow ; ah willow, Willow. 44
 ROWE. G

TO THE SAME, SINGING.

I.

WHAT charms in melody are found
 To soften every pain !
 How do we catch the healing sound,
 And feel the soothing strain !

II.

Still when I hear thee, O my Fair,
 I bid my heart rejoice ;
 I shake off every sullen care,
 For sorrow flies thy voice.

III.

The seasons Philomel obey,
 Whene'er they hear her sing ;
 She bids the winter fly away,
 And she recalls the spring.

12

THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

H E.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
 And doated on every feature,
 Give me at length but leave to complain
 Of so ungrateful a creature.
 Though I beheld in your wandering eyes
 The wanton symptoms of ranging ;
 Still I resolv'd against being wise,
 And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

SHE.

Why should you blame what Heav'n has made, 10

Or find any fault in creation ?

'Tis not the crime of the faithless maid,

But nature's inclination.

'Tis not because I love you less,

Or think you not a true one ;

But if the truth I must confess,

I always lov'd a new-one.

16

PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER,

A COMEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE,

As it was acted at the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

If humble wives, that drag the marriage chain
With cursed dogged husbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
They may, at least, for alimony sue.
Know, we resolve to make the case our own,
Between the plaintiff Stage, and the defendant town.
When first you took us from our father's house,
And lovingly our int'rest did espouse,
You kept us fine, caress'd, and lodg'd us here,
And honey-moon held out above three year; 10
At length, for pleasures known do seldom last,
Frequent enjoyment pall'd your sprightly taste;
And though at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to respect.
Sometimes, indeed, as in your way it fell,
You stopp'd, and call'd to see if we were well.
Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched place you shun,
Like bad wine, bus'ness, duels, and a dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race ?
Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace ? 20 }
And borne you many chopping babes of grace ? }

Some ugly toads we had, and that's the curse,
 They were so like you, that you far'd the worse ;
 For this to-night, we are not much in pain,
 Look on't, and if you like it, entertain :
 If all the midwife says of it be true,
 There are some features too like some of you :
 For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
 We mean to run away, and let the parish take it. 29

PROLOGUE TO THE NONJUROR :

A COMEDY BY MR. CIBBER :

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO-NIGHT, ye Whigs and Tories, both be safe,
 Nor hope at one another's cost to laugh.
 We mean to souse old Satan and the Pope ;
 They've no relations here, nor friends, we hope.
 A tool of theirs supplies the comic stage
 With just materials for satiric rage :
 Nor think our colours may too strongly paint
 The stiff Non-juring Separation Saint.
 Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
 To those who give the nation to the devil ; 10
 Who at our surest, best foundation strike,
 And hate our monarch and our church alike ;
 Our church—which, awed with reverential fear,
 Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.

Long may she these her worst of foes defy,
 And lift her mitred head triumphant to the sky!
 While theirs—but satire silently disdains
 To name what lives not but in madmen's brains.
 Like bawds, each lurking pastor seeks the dark,
 And fears the Justice's enquiring clerk. 20
 In close back-rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
 And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies :
 There safe, he lets his thund'ring censures fly,
 Unchristens, damns us, gives our laws the lie, }
 And excommunicates three stories high.
 Why, since a land of liberty they hate,
 Still will they linger in this free-born state ?
 Here, ev'ry hour, fresh, hateful objects rise,
 Peace and prosperity afflict their eyes,
 With anguish, prince and people they survey, 30
 Their just obedience and his righteous sway.
 Ship off, ye Slaves ! and seek some passive land,
 Where tyrants after your own hearts command
 To your Transalpine master's rule resort,
 And fill an empty abdicated court :
 Turn your possessions here to ready rhino,
 And buy ye lands and lordships at Urbino.

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT,

OR

THE WAY TO WIN HIM :

A COMEDY BY MR. FARQUHAR,

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1703.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great original, * to-day
We took the hint of this our modern play :
Our author, from his lines, has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free gallant,
With a gay soul, with sense and will to rove, }
With language, and with softness fram'd to move, }
With little truth, but with a world of love. }
Such forms on maids in morning slumbers wait, }
When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat, }
When first they wish, and sigh for what they know }
not yet. 10

Frown not, ye Fair, to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way ;
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wise,
There's danger still in darkness and surprise,
Though from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With easy freedom, and a gay address,
A pressing lover seldom wants success :

* See the Wild-geese Chase.

Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down,
 And wastes a ten years siege before one town. 20
 For her own sake let no forsaken maid
 Our wanderer for want of love, upbraid ;
 Since 'tis a secret, none should e'er confess,
 That they have lost the happy pow'r to please.
 If you suspect the rogue inclin'd to break,
 Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a week ;
 As princes when they resty statesmen doubt,
 Before they can surrender, turn them out.
 What-e'er you think, grave uses may be made,
 As much, ev'n for Inconstancy be said. 30
 Let the good man, for Marriage Rites design'd,
 With studious care, and diligence of mind,
 Turn over ev'ry Page of Womankind ;
 Mark ev'ry sense, and how the readings vary,
 And when he knows the worst on't—let him marry.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY,

*At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 7th April, 1709,
 at her playing in " Love for Love" with Mrs. Brace-
 girdle, for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.*

As some brave knight, who once with spear and shield
 Had sought renown in many a well-fought field ;
 But now no more with sacred fame inspir'd,
 Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd :

There, if by chance disast'rous tales he hears,
 Of matrons' wrongs and captive virgins' tears,
 He feels soft pity urge his generous breast,
 And vows once more to succour the distress'd,
 Buckled in mail, he sallies on the plain,
 And turns him to the feats of arms again. 10

So we, to former leagues of friendship true,
 Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu, }
 To aid Old Thomas and to pleasure you.
 Like errant damsels, boldly we engage,
 Arm'd, as you see, for the defenceless stage.
 Time was when this good man no help did lack,
 And scorn'd that any she should hold his back ;
 But now, so age and frailty have ordain'd,
 By two* at once he's forc'd to be sustain'd.
 You see what failing Nature brings man to ; 20 }
 And yet let none insult, for aught we know,
 She may not wear so well with some of you. }
 Though old, you find his strength is not clean past,
 But true as steel he's metal to the last.
 If better he perform'd in days of yore, }
 Yet now he gives you all that's in his pow'r ; }
 What can the youngest of you all do more ? }
 What he has been, though present praise be }
 Shall happ'ly be a theme in times to come, [dumb, }
 As now we talk of Roscius, and of Rome. 30 }
 Had you withheld your favors on this night,
 Old Shakspeare's ghost had ris'n to do him right.

* Mrs Barrow and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round the waist

With indignation had you seen him frown
 Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless town;
 Griev'd and repining, you had heard him say, }
 Why are the Muse's labours cast away ?
 Why did I write what only he could play ?
 But since, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you meet,
 Go on and make the generous work complete :
 Be true to merit, and still own his cause, 40
 Find something for him more than bare applause.
 In just remembrance of your pleasure past,
 Be kind, and give him a discharge at last ;
 In peace and ease life's remnant let him wear,
 And hang his consecrated buskin* there. 45

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT :

A TRAGEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE ;

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1717.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

WELL—'t was a narrow 'scape my lover made ;
 That Cup and Message—I was sore afraid—
 Was that a present for a new-made widow,
 All in her doleful dumps, like doleful Dido ?
 When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,
 There was—oh Gad ! a nasty Heart and Blood †,

* Pointing to the top of the stage

† This tragedy was founded upon the story of Segismunda and Guisardo, one of Boccace's novels, wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter as a present

If the old man had shewn himself a father,
 His bowl should have enclosed a cordial rather,
 Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'Eau de Bardè—or comfortable Nantz *! 10
 He thought he paid it off with being smart,
 And, to be witty, cry'd, he'd send the heart.
 It could have told his gravity, moreover
 Were I our sex's secrets to discover, }
 'Tis what we never look'd for in a Lover.
 Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
 All others Matters fitting for a Bride,
 So he make good the Jewels and the Jointure,
 To miss the Heart does seldom disappoint her.
 Faith, for the fashion Hearts of late are made in, 20
 They are the vilest Baubles we can trade in.
 Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
 With Hearts of Oak, so much of old renown'd ?
 How many worthy gentlemen of late
 Swore to be true to Mother Church and State ;
 When their false Hearts were secretly maintaining
 Yon' trim king Pepin at Avignon reigning ?
 Shame on the canting crew of Soul-insurers,
 The Tyburn tribe of speech-making Non-jurors ;
 Who, in new-fangled terms, old Truths explaining 30
 Teach honest Englishmen, damn'd Double-meaning.
 Oh ! would you lost integrity restore,
 And boast that Faith your plain fore-fathers bore ;
 What surer pattern can you hope to find,
 Than that dear pledge † your monarch left behind '

* i. e. Citron water and good brandy

† The Prince of Wales, then present

See how his looks his honest Heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future Reign !
In his each feature, truth and candour trace,
And read Plain-dealing written in his Face. 39

IMITATIONS, &c.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I HOPE the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject. The sense of the author, is, I hope, nowhere mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned M. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of laws obey:
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.

The heroes next demand thy just regard,
 Renown'd on earth, and to the stars preferr'd,
 To light and endless life, their virtue's sure re-
 ward. 5

Due rites perform and honours on the dead,
 To ev'ry wise, to ev'ry pious shade.
 With lowly duty to thy parents bow, 10
 And grace and favor to thy kindred shew.
 For what concerns the rest of human kind,
 Chuse out the man to virtue best inclin'd ;
 Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind, }
 Possess'd of such a friend, preserve him still ; 15
 Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will ;
 Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
 And yield to all his offices of love :
 Him from thy heart, so true, so justly dear,
 Let no rash word nor light offences tear ; 20
 Bear all thou cans't, still with his failings strive,
 And to the utmost still, and still forgive ;
 For strong necessity alone explores
 The secret vigour of our latent pow'rs,
 Rouses and urges on the lazy heart, 25
 Force, to itself unknown before, t'exert.
 By use thy stronger appetites assuage,
 Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage :
 From each dishonest act of shame forbear ;
 Of others, and thyself, alike beware. 30
 Let rev'rence of thyself thy thoughts control,
 And guard the sacred temple of thy soul.

Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,
 And reason ev'n thy meanest actions guide :
 For know that death is man's appointed doom,
 Know that the day of great account will come,
 When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,
 Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
 And all the good and all the ill most justly be re- }
 For wealth, the perishing, uncertain good, [paid. 40
 Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
 That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding-place,
 But wand'ring loves from hand to hand to pass ;
 Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,
 And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
 Of all those sorrows that attend mankind,
 With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd ;
 Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load,
 For know what man calls Fortune, is from God.
 In what thou may'st from Wisdom seek relief, 50
 And let her healing hand assuage thy grief ;
 Yet still whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
 What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
 Let not those pains as ills be understood ;
 For God delights not to afflict the good.

The reasoning arts to various ends apply'd,
 Is oft' a sure, but oft an erring guide ;
 Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
 Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve ;
 The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive, 60
 And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.

When fools and liars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.

This above all, this lesson chiefly learn;
This nearly does, and first, thyself, concern;
Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's song,
To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.
Of good and ill by words or deeds exprest,
Choose for thyself, and always choose the best. 70

Let wary thought each enterprise forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun,
Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haste,
Act without thought, and thoughtless words they
But thou, in all thou dost, with early cares [waste.
Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs;
That sorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late. 80

Beware thy meddling hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But seek to know, and bend thy serious thought
To search the profitable knowledge out.
So joys on joys for ever shall increase,
Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless
Thy life with pleasure, and thy end with peace. }

Nor let the body want its part, but share
A just proportion of thy tender care;
For health and welfare prudently provide, 90
And let its lawful wants be all supply'd.

Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare, }
 Decaying Nature's wanted force repair ; }
 And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer. }
 In all things still which to this care belong,
 Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong.
 By virtuous use thy life and manners frame,
 Manly and simply pure, and free from blame.

Provoke not Envy's deadly rage, but fly
 The glancing curse of her malicious eye. 100

Seek not in needless luxury to waste
 Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste.
 Yet flying these, be watchful, lest thy mind, }
 Prone to extremes, an equal danger find, }
 And be to sordid avarice inclin'd. }
 Distant alike from each, to neither lean,
 But ever keep the happy Golden Mean.

Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,
 And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.

Let not the stealing God of Sleep surprise, 110
 Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,
 Ere ev'ry action of the former day
 Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
 With rev'rence at thy own tribunal stand,
 And answer justly to thy own demand,
 Where have I been? in what have I transgress'd?
 What good or ill has this day's life express'd?
 Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
 In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe?
 Inquire severe what-e'er from first to last, 120
 From mornings dawn, till ev'ning's gloom, has past.

If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
 And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn :
 If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
 And to thy secret self with pleasure say,
 " Rejoice, my heart ! for all went well to-day." }

These thoughts, and chiefly these, thy mind should
 Employ thy study, and engage thy love. [move,
 These are the rules which will to virtue lead,
 And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread. 130
 This by his name I swear whose sacred lore
 First to mankind explain'd the mystic Four,
 Source of eternal nature and almighty power. }

In all thou dost first let thy prayers ascend,
 And to the gods thy labours first commend : [end.
 From them implore success, and hope a prosperous
 So shall thy abler mind be taught to soar,
 And wisdom in her secret ways explore ;
 To range through heaven above and earth below,
 Immortal gods and mortal men to know. 140
 So shalt thou learn what power does all control,
 What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole :
 And rightly judge, in all this wondrous frame,
 How universal Nature is the same :
 So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
 On hopes of what shall never come to pass.

Man, wretched Man ! thou shalt be taught to
 know,
 Who bears within himself the inborn cause of woe.
 Unhappy race ! that never yet could tell,
 How near their good and happiness they dwell. 150

Depriv'd of sense, they neither hear nor see ;
 Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free,
 But stupid, to their own sad fate agree :
 Like pond'rous rolling-stones, oppress'd with ill,
 The weight that loads them makes them roll on
 Bereft of choice and freedom of the will ; [still }
 For native strife in every bosom reigns,
 And secretly an impious war maintains :
 Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,
 And ev'ry yielding passion sue for peace. 160

Would'st thou, great Jove, thou father of man- }
 Reveal the Dæmon for that task assign'd, [kind,
 The wretched race an end of woes would find. }
 And yet be bold, O man ! divine thou art,
 And of the gods' celestial essence part.
 Nor sacred Nature is from thee conceal'd,
 But to thy race her mystic rules reveal'd.
 These if to know thou happily attain,
 Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
 Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore, 170
 And free from ev'ry pain she felt before.

Abstain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
 So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul ;
 So rightly judge ; thy reason so maintain ;
 Reason which Heav'n did for thy guide ordain ; }
 Let that best reason ever hold the rein.

Then if this mortal body thou forsake,
 And thy glad flight to the pure æther take,
 Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,
 Immortal, incorruptible, divine :

The tyrant Death securely shalt thou brave,
And scorn the dark dominion of the grave. 182

HOR. BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

Do not, most fragrant Earl! disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle the brown :
But publicly espouse the dame,
And say, G— d— the Town.

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
With drabs have deeply smitten been,
Although right good commanders ;
Some who with you have Hounslow seen,
And some who 've been in Flanders. 10

III.

Did not base Greber's Peg* inflame
The sober Earl of Nottingham,
Of sober fire descended ?
That careless of his soul and fame,
To play-houses he nightly came,
And left church undefended.

IV.

The monarch who of France is height,
Who rules the roast with matchless might
Since William went to heaven ;

* Signora Francesco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian song-
stress.

Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
Who was but Scarron's leaving. 20

V.

Though thy dear's father kept an inn
At grisly Head of Saracen,
For carriers at Northampton;
Yet she might come of gentler kin,
Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had she,
Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
Which she with scorn rejected:
And can a nymph so virtuous be 30
Of base-born blood suspected?

VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguish eye,
Her slender waist, and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, though I talk waggishly,
I mean no more than joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend: for why?
My Lady Marchioness is nigh,
To see I ne'er should hurt ye;
Besides, you know full well that I 40
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.

THE RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN
JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

An Imitation of Horace, Book III. Ode IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my house in Fleet-street once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, time pass'd away ?
While " I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
" I was the happiest creature on God's yearth."*

CONGREVE.

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not such a passion ;
While yet you did not use (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords, and toast their ladies ;
Thou, Jacob Tonson, wert to my conceiving,
The cheerfulest, best, honest, fellow living. 10

TONSON.

I'm in with Captain Vanburgh at the present,
A most SWEET-NATUR'D gentleman, and pleasant ;

He writes your comedies, draws schemes, and models,
And builds dukes' houses upon very odd hills :
For him, so much I doat on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to heaven would die.

CONGREVE.

Temple† and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte* ;

* The dialect of the elder Tonson.

† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham.

And though for them I shall scarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six nights in seven. 20

TONSON.

What if from Van's dear arms I should retire,
And once more warm my *Bunnians** at your fire;
If I to Bow-street should invite you home,
And set a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, would you come? }

CONGREVE.

Though the gay sailor, and the gentle knight,
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Though civil persons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing-bear;
Yet for your sake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob, with only you. 31

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle Cask! whose venerable head,
With hoary down and ancient dust o'er-spread,
Proclaims, that since the vine first brought thee
Old age has added to thy worth. [forth,
Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain,
Thy votaries will to wit and love,
Or senseless noise and lewdness move,
Or sleep, the cure of these and every other pain.

* Jacob's term for his corns.

II.

Since to some day propitious and great,
Justly at first thou was design'd by Fate ; 10
This day, the happiest of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares ;
To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
And longer age would bring decay)
Till every anxious thought in the rich stream be
 III. [drown'd.

III.

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,
And Socrates himself a while forget.
Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend
The rugged stiffness of his mind, 20
Stern and severe, the Stoick quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm,
And bless'd the sprightly power that cheer'd his
gloomy soul.

IV.

With kind constraint ill-nature thou dost bend,
And mould the snarling Cynic to a friend.
The sage reserv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
And by thy pow'r unlock'd, grows easy, gay,
and free. }
The swain, who did some cred'lous nymph persuade
To grant him all, inspir'd by thee, 30
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow-fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

V.

The wretch who, press'd beneath a load of cares,
 And labouring with continual woes, despairs,
 If thy kind warmth does his chill'd sense invade,
 From earth he rears his drooping head,
 Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn ;

His flying cares give way to haste,
 And to the god resign his breast, 40
 Where hopes of better days, and better things re-

IV.

[turn.

The lab'ring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
 Amidst his wants, a wretched life maintains ;
 If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,
 Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,
 Of kings, and other arbitrary pow'r,

And how by impious arms they reign,
 Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,
 And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch, no more. 49

VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine, }
 Hear ev'ry Grace, and all ye Powers divine, }
 All that to mirth and friendship do incline, }
 Crown this auspicious Cask, and happy night,
 With all things that can give delight ;
 Be ev'ry care and anxious thought away ;
 Ye Tapers still be bright and clear,
 Rival the moon, and each pale star,
 Your beams shall yield to none, but his who brings
 the day.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the Queen of Love invades my breast,
 Late, with long ease and peaceful pleasures blest;
 Spare, spare the wretch, that still has been thy }
 And let my former service have [slave, }
 The merit to protect me to the grave.
 Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
 When under Cynera, the good and fair,
 With joy I did thy fetters wear,
 Bless'd in the gentle sway of an indulgent queen.
 Stiff and unequal to the labour now,
 With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
 Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why }
 Dost thou not much rather fly }
 To youthful breasts, to mirth and gaiety?
 Go, bid thy swans their glossy wings expand,
 And swiftly through the yielding air
 To Damon thee their goddess bear,
 Worthy to be thy slave, and fit for thy command.
 Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
 Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue. 20
 Skill'd in a thousand soft-prevailing arts, }
 With wond'rous force the youth imparts }
 Thy pow'r to unexperienc'd virgin's hearts.
 Far shall he stretch the bounds of thy command
 And if thou shalt his wishes bless,
 Beyond his rivals with success,
 In gold and marble shall thy statues stand

Beneath the sacred shade of Odel's wood,
 Or on the banks of Ouse's gentle flood,
 With odorous beams a temple he shall raise, 30 }
 For ever sacred to thy praise,
 Till the fair stream, and wood, and love itself }
 decays.

There while rich incense on thy altar burns,
 Thy votaries, the nymphs and swains,
 In melting soft harmonious strains,
 Mix'd with their softer flutes, shall tell their flames
 by turns.

As love and beauty with the light are born,
 So with the day thy honours shall return ;
 Some lovely youth, pair'd with a blushing maid, }
 A troop of either sex shall lead, 40 }
 And twice the Salian measures round thy altar }
 Thus with an equal empire o'er the light, [tread.

 The Queen of Love and God of Wit,
 Together rise, together sit :
 But, Goddess, do thou stay, and bless alone the
 night.

There may'st thou reign, while I forget to love ;
 No more false beauty shall my passion move ;
 Nor shall my fond believing heart be led, }
 By mutual vows and oaths betray'd, }
 To hope for truth from the protesting maid. 50 }
 With love the sprightly joys of wine are fled ;
 The roses too shall wither now,
 That us'd to shade and crown my brow,
 And round my cheerful temples fragrant odours shed.

But tell me, Cynthia, say, bewitching Fair,
 What mean these sighs? why steals this falling tear?
 And when my struggling thoughts for passage }
 Why did my tongue refuse to move; [strove,
 Tell me, can this be any thing but love? }
 Still with the night my dreams my griefs renew, 60
 Still she is present to my eyes,
 And still in vain I, as she flies,
 O'er woods, and plains, and seas, the scornful maid
 pursue.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. IV. *Imitated.*

TO RICHARD THORNHILL, ESQ.*

THORNHILL! whom doubly to my heart com-
 The critic's art, and candour of a friend, [mend,
 Say what thou dost in thy retirement find,
 Worthy the labours of thy active mind;
 Whether the tragic Muse inspires thy thought,
 To emulate what moving Otway wrote;
 Or whether to the covert of some grove
 Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove,
 Where to thyself thou all those rules dost show,
 That good men ought to practise, or wise know. 10
 For sure thy mass of men is no dull clay,
 But well-inform'd with the celestial ray.

* Who fought the duel with Sir Cholmondely Deering.

The bounteous gods, to thee completely kind,
 In a fair frame inclos'd thy fairer mind;
 And though they did profusely wealth bestow,
 They gave thee the true use of wealth to know.
 Could ev'n the nurse wish for her darling boy
 A happiness which thou dost not enjoy :
 What can her fond ambition ask beyond
 A soul by wisdom's noblest precepts crown'd? 20
 To this fair speech, and happy utterance join'd,
 T' unlock the secret treasures of the mind,
 And make the blessing common to mankind. }
 On these let health and reputation wait,
 The favour of the virtuous and the great ;
 A table cheerfully and cleanly spread,
 Strangers alike to riot and to need :
 Such an estate as no extremes may know,
 A free and just disdain for all things else below.
 Amidst uncertain hopes, and anxious cares, 30
 Tumultuous strife, and miserable fears,
 Prepare for all events thy constant breast,
 And let each day be to thee as thy last.
 That morning's dawn will with new pleasure rise,
 Whose light shall unexpected bless thy eyes.
 Mc, when to Town in winter you repair,
 Battening in ease you'll find, sleek, fresh, and fair ;
 Mc, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,
 To snatch the blessings of the flying hour,
 Whom ev'ry Friday at The *Vlac** you'll find,
 His true disciple, and your faithful friend. 41

* A tavern in Long-Acre.

THE STORY OF
GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA,

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph; the fair assembly broke;
The sea-green Nereids to the waves betook:
While Scylla, fearful of the wide-spread main,
Swift to the safer shore returns again.
There o'er the sandy margin, unarray'd,
With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid;
Or in some winding creek's secure retreat
She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noon-
day's heat.

Her Glaucus saw, as o'er the deep he rode,
New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god. 10
He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love,
With many an artful blandishment he strove
Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove. }
The more he sues, the more she wings her flight,
And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountains height;
Steep shelving to the margin of the flood,
A neighb'ring mountain bare and woodless stood;
Here, by the place secur'd, her steps she stay'd,
And, trembling still, her lover's form survey'd.
His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appal, 40
And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall;
She sees his face divine, and manly brow,
End in a fish's wreathy tail below:

She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind,
 Whether he comes of god, or monster kind.
 This Glaucus soon perceiv'd; and "Oh! for-
 (His hand supporting on a rock lay near) {bear,"
 "Forbear, (he cry'd) fond Maid! this needless }
 "Nor fish am I, nor monster of the main, [fear.
 "But equal with the watery gods I reign; 30
 "Nor Proteus nor Palæmon me excel,
 "Nor he whose breath inspires the sounding shell.
 "My birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,
 "And I myself but late a mortal was:
 "Ev'n then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd;
 "The seas my hours, and all my cares, employ'd.
 "In meshes now the twinkling prey I drew, }
 "Now skilfully the slender line I threw, }
 "And silent sat the moving float to view. }
 "Not far from shore, there lies a verdant mead, 40
 "With herbage half, and half with water spread:
 "There, nor the horned heifers browsing stray,
 "Nor shaggy kids nor wanton lambkins play;
 "There, nor the sounding bees their nectar cull,
 "Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull,
 "Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the
 "place,
 "To crop the flowers, or cut the bushy grass:
 "Thither, sure first of living race came I,
 "And sat by chance, my dropping nets to dry:
 "My scaly prize, in order all display'd, 50.
 "By number on the green-sward there I lay'd,

- “ My captives, whom or in my nets I took,
“ Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
“ Strange to behold! yet what avails a lie?
“ I saw them bite the grass, as I sat by;
“ Then sudden darting o’er the verdant plain,
“ They spread their fins, as in their native main:
“ I paus’d, with wonder struck, while all my prey
“ Left their new master, and regain’d the sea.
“ Amaz’d, within my secret self I sought, 60
“ What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought:
“ But sure no herbs have pow’r like this,” I cry’d;
“ And straight I pluck’d some neighb’ring herbs,
“ and try’d.
“ Scarce had I bit, and prov’d the wondrous taste,
“ When strong convulsions shook my troubl’d
“ breast;
“ I felt my heart grow fond of something strange,
“ And my whole nature labouring with a change.
“ Restless I grew, and every place forsook,
“ And still upon the seas I bent my look.
“ Farewell for ever! farewell, Land!” I said; 70
“ And plung’d amidst the waves, my sinking head.
“ The gentle powers, who that low empire keep,
“ Receiv’d me as a brother of the deep;
“ To Tethys, and to Ocean old, they pray,
“ To purge my mortal earthly parts away.
“ The watery parents to their suit agreed,
“ And thrice nine times a secret charm they read,
“ Then with lustrations purify my limbs,
“ And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams;

" A hundred streams from various fountains run, 80
 " And on my head at once come rushing down.
 " Thus far each passage I remember well,
 " And faithfully thus far the tale I tell;
 " But then oblivion dark on all my senses fell. }
 " Again at length my thought reviving came,
 " When I no longer found myself the same;
 " Then first this sea-green beard I felt to grow,
 " And these large honours on my spreading brow;
 " My long descending locks the billows sweep, 89
 " And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep;
 " My fishy tail, my arms of azure hue,
 " And every part divinely chang'd, I view.
 " But what avail these useless honours now?
 " What joys can immortality bestow?
 " What, though our Nereids all my form approve?
 " What boots it, while fair Scylla scorns my
 " love?"

Thus far the god; and more he would have said;
 When from his presence flew the ruthless maid.
 Stung with repulse, in such disdainful sort,
 He seeks Titanian Circe's horrid court. 108

ON CONTENTMENT.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.*

MANY that once, by Fortune's bounty rear'd,
 Amidst the wealthy and the great appear'd;

* In his *Meditationes Sacre*.

Have wisely from those envy'd heights declin'd,
 Have sunk to that just level of mankind,
 Where *not too little nor too much* gives the *true*
peace of mind.

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT,
 AND THE
 HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.
 FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that bless'd day, from ev'ry part, the just,
 Rais'd from the liquid deep or mouldering dust,
 The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
 All of past ages, present, and to come,
 In full assembly shall at once resort,
 And meet within high Heav'n's capacious court.
 These famous names rever'd in days of old,
 Our great forefathers there we shall behold,
 From whom old stocks and ancestry began,
 And worthily in long succession ran; 10
 The reverend sires with pleasure shall we greet,
 Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
 Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble
 feat.
 There all those tender ties, which here below,
 Or kindred, or more sacred friendship know,
 Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow.

Refin'd from passion, and the dregs of sense, }
A better, truer, dearer love from thence, }
Its everlasting Being shall commence: }
There, like their days, their joys shall ne'er be }
done, }
No night shall rise, to shade Heaven's glorious }
But one eternal holy-day go on. [sun, }

END OF ROWE'S POEMS.

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ROWE'S LUCAN.



*Shame and dread the Chief invade
 He rose his starting hair he stood dismay'd
 Book 1 Lines 344 to 384*

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
NICHOLAS ROWE

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

Nor Caesar ! thou disdain, that I rehearse
Thee and thy wars, in no ignoble verse ;
Since, if in aught the Latian Muse excel,
My name, and thine, immortal, I foretell ;
Eternity our labours shall reward,
And Lucan flourish like the Grecian bard ;
My Numbers shall to latest time convey
The tyrant Caesar, and Pharsalia's day. PHAR Book IX.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

WHILE my deceased husband was engaged in the following long and laborious work, he was not a little supported in it, by the Honor which he proposed to himself of dedicating it to your Sacred MAJESTY. This design, which had given him so much pleasure for some years, out-lasting his abilities to put it in execution: for when his life was despaired of, and this part of the book remained unfinished, he expressed to me his desire, that this translation should be laid at Your MAJESTY'S feet, as a mark of that zeal and veneration which he had always entertained for Your MAJESTY'S Royal Person and Virtues. Had he lived to have made his own address to Your MAJESTY upon this occasion, he would have been able in some measure to have done justice to that exalted character, which it becomes such as I am to admire in silence: being incapable of representing my dear husband in any thing, but in that profound humility and respect, with which I am,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY'S

most dutiful and

most obedient Servant,

ANNE ROWE.

THE
PREFACE,
GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF
LUCAN AND HIS WORKS,
AND OF
MR. ROWE.

By JAMES WELWOOD, M. D.
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS,
LONDON.

I COULD not resist Mr. Rowe's request in his last sickness, nor the importunities of his friends since, to introduce into the world this his posthumous *Translation of Lucan*, with something by way of Preface. I am very sensible how much it is out of my sphere, and that I want both leisure and materials, to do justice to the Author, or to the memory of the Translator. The works of both, will best plead for them; the one, having already out-lived seventeen Ages, and both one and the other like to endure as long, as there is any taste of liberty or polite learning left in the

world. Hard has been the fate of many a great genius, that while they have conferred immortality on others, they have wanted themselves some friend, to embalm their names to posterity. This has been the fate of Lucan, and perhaps may be that of Mr. Rowe.

All the accounts we have handed down to us of the first, are but very lame, and scattered in fragments of ancient authors. I am of opinion, that why his life is not to be found at any length, in the writings of his contemporaries, is the fear they were in of Nero's resentment, who could not bear to have the life of a man set in a true light, whom, together with his uncle Seneca, he had sacrificed to his revenge. Notwithstanding this, we have some hints in writers who lived near his time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the Life and Works of this extraordinary young man.

Martus Annæus Lucan was of an equestrian family of Rome, born at Corduba in Spain, about the year of our Saviour 39, in the reign of Caligula. His family had been transplanted from Italy to Spain a considerable time before, and were invested with several dignities and employments, in that remote province of the Roman empire. His Father was Martus Annæus Mela, or Mella, a man of distinguished merit and interest in his country, and not the less in esteem, for being the Brother of the great Philosopher Seneca. His Mother was Acilia the daughter of Acilius Lu-

canus, one of the most eminent orators of his time: And it was from his Grandfather that he took the name of Lucan. The Story that is told of Hesiod and Homer, of a swarm of bees hovering about them in their cradle, is likewise told of Lucan, and probably with equal truth: but whether true or not, it is a proof of the high esteem paid to him by the ancients, as a Poet.

He was hardly eight months old when he was brought from his native country to Rome, that he might take the first impression of the Latin Tongue, in the City, where it was spoke in the greatest purity. I wonder then to find some critics detract from his language, as if it took a tincture from the place of his birth, nor can I be brought to think otherwise, than that the language he writes in, is as pure Roman, as any that was writ in Nero's time. As he grew up, his parents educated him with a care, that became a promising genius, and the rank of his family. His Masters were Rhemmius Polzemon the Grammarian, then Flavius Virginius the Rhetorician, and lastly Cornutus the stoic Philosopher, to which sect he ever after addicted himself,

It was in the course of these studies, he contracted an intimate friendship with Annius Persius the satirist. It is no wonder that two men whose genius's were so much alike, should unite and become agreeable to one another; for if we consider Lucan critically, we shall find in him a strong

bent towards satire. His manner, it is true, is more declamatory and diffuse than Persius: but satire is still in his view; and the whole *Pharsalia* appears to me a continued invective against ambition and unbounded power.

The progress he made in all the parts of learning must needs have been very great, considering the pregnancy of his genius, and the nice care that was taken in cultivating it, by a suitable education: nor is it to be questioned, but besides the masters I have named, he had likewise the example and instructions of his uncle Seneca, the most conspicuous man then of Rome for learning, wit and morals. Thus he set out in the world, with the greatest advantages possible, a noble birth, an opulent fortune, great relations, and withal, the friendship and protection of an Uncle, who, besides his other preferments in the Empire, was Favorite, as well as Tutor, to the Emperor. But rhetoric seems to have been the art he excelled most in, and valued himself most upon; for all writers agree, he declaimed in public, when but fourteen years old, both in Greek and Latin, with universal applause. To this purpose it is observable, that he has interspersed a great many orations in the *Pharsalia*, and these are acknowledged by all, to be very shining parts of the poem. Whence it is that Quintilian, the best judge in these matters, reckons him among the Rhetoricians, rather than

the Poets, though he was certainly master of both these arts in a high degree.

His uncle Seneca being then in great favor with Nero, and having the care of that Prince's education committed to him, it is probable he introduced his nephew to the court and acquaintance of the Emperor. And it appears from an old fragment of his life, that he sent for him from Athens, where he was at his studies, to Rome for that purpose. Every one knows, that Nero, for the five first years of his reign, either really was, or pretended to be, endowed with all the amiable qualities that became an Emperor, and a Philosopher. It must have been in this stage of Nero's life, that Lucan has offered up to him that *poetical Incense* we find in the First Book of the *Pharsalia*: for it is not to be imagined, that a man of Lucan's temper would flatter Nero in so gross a manner, if he had then thrown off the mask of virtue, and appeared in such bloody colors as he afterwards did. No! Lucan's soul seems to have been cast in another mould: and he that durst, throughout the whole *Pharsalia*, espouse the party of Pompey, and the cause of Rome against Caesar, could never have stooped so vilely low, as to celebrate a Tyrant and a Monster, in such an open manner. I know some commentators have judged that compliment to Nero to be meant ironically; but it seems to me plain to be in the greatest earnest: and it is more than probable, that if Nero

had been as wicked at that time, as he became afterwards, Lucan's life had paid for his irony. Now it is agreed on by all writers, that he continued for some time in the highest favor and friendship with Nero; and it was to that favor, as well as his merit, that he owed his being made *Quæstor*, and admitted into the *College of Augurs*, before he attained the age required for these offices: in the first of which posts he exhibited to the people of Rome a show of Gladiators at a vast expence. It was in this sun-shine of life, Lucan married Polla Argentaria, the daughter of Pollius Argentarius, a Roman Senator; a lady of noble birth, great fortune, and famed beauty; who, to add to her other excellencies, was accomplished in all parts of learning, insomuch, that the three first books of the *Pharsalia* are said to have been revised and corrected by her, in his life-time.

How he came to decline in Nero's favor, we have no account, that I know of, in history; and it is agreed by all, that he lost it gradually, till he became his utter aversion. No doubt Lucan's virtue, and his principles of liberty, must make him hated by a man of Nero's temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of envy in the case, blended with his other prejudices against him, upon the account of his poetry.

Though the spirit and height of the Roman poetry was somewhat declined, from what it had been, in the time of Augustus; yet it was still

an art beloved and cultivated. Nero himself was not only fond of it, to the highest degree, but, as most bad poets are, was vain and conceited of his performances in that kind. He valued himself more upon his skill in that art, and in music, than on the purple he wore; and bore it better, to be thought a bad Emperor, than a bad poet or musician. Now Lucan, though then in favor, was too honest and too open to applaud the bombast stuff, that Nero was every day repeating in public. Lucan appears to have been much of the temper of Philoxenus the philosopher, who for not approving the verses of Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, was by his order condemned to the mines. Upon the promise of amendment the philosopher was set at liberty; but Dionysius repeating to him some of his wretched performances, in full expectation of having them approved, "*Enough,*" cried out Philoxenus, "*carry me back to the Mines.*" But Lucan carried this point farther, and had the imprudence to dispute the prize of eloquence with Nero, in a solemn public assembly. The judges in that trial were so just and bold, as to adjudge the reward to Lucan, which was *Fame* and a *Wreath of Laurel*, but in return he lost for ever the favor of his competitor. He soon felt the effects of the Emperor's resentment, for the next day he had an order sent him, never more to plead at the bar, nor repeat any of his performances in public, as all the eminent orators and poets were used to do.

It is no wonder that a young man, an admirable poet, and one conscious enough of a superior genius, should be stung to the quick by this barbarous treatment. In revenge, he omitted no occasion to treat Nero's verses with the utmost contempt, and expose them and their author to ridicule.

In this behaviour towards Nero, he was seconded by his friend Persius; and no doubt, they diverted themselves often alone, at the Emperor's expence. Persius went so far, that he dared to attack openly some of Nero's verses in his first Satire, where he brings in his friend and himself repeating them. I believe a sample of them may not be unacceptable to the reader, as translated thus by Mr. Dryden.

FRIEND.

But to raw numbers and unfinish'd verse,
Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse.
'Tis tagg'd with rhyme like Berecynthian Atys,
The mid part chimes with art that never flat is.
"The *Dolphin* brave,
" That cut the liquid wave,
" Or he who in his line,
" Can chime the long-rib'd *Apennine*.

PERSIUS.

All this is doggerel stuff.

FRIEND.

What if I bring
A nobler verse: Arms and the Man I sing.

PERSIUS.

Why name you Virgil with such Fops as these !
 He's truly great, and must for ever please.
 Not fierce, but awful in his manly page,
 Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage.

FRIEND.

What Poems think you soft ? and to be read
 With languishing regards, and bending head !

PERSIUS.

" Their crooked Horns the Mimallonian Crew
 " With blasts inspir'd ; and Bassaris who slew
 " The scornful Calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
 " Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
 " And Mænas when with ivy bridles bound,
 " She led the spotted Lynx, then Evion rung }
 " around,
 " Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes }
 sound.

The verses marked with the commas are *Nero's*, and it is no wonder that men of so delicate a taste as Lucan and Persius could not digest them, *though made by an Emperor.*

About this time the world was grown weary of Nero, for a thousand monstrous cruelties of his life, and the continued abuse of the imperial power. Rome had groaned long under the weight of them, till at length several of the first rank, headed by Piso, formed a conspiracy to rid the world of that abandoned wretch. Lucan hated him upon a double

score, as his country's enemy, and his own, and went heartily into the design. When it was just ripe for execution, it came to be discovered by some of the accomplices, and Lucan was found among the first of the conspirators. They were condemned to die, and Lucan had the choice of the manner of his death. Upon this occasion some authors have taxed him with an action, which, if true, had been an eternal stain upon his name, that to save his life, he informed against his mother. This story seems to me to be a meer calumny, and invented only to detract from his fame. It is certainly the most unlikely thing in the world, considering the whole conduct of his life, and that noble scheme of philosophy, and morals, he had imbibed from his infancy, and which shines in every page of his *Pharsalia*. It is probable, Nero himself, or some of his flatterers, might invent the story to blacken his rival to posterity, and some unwary authors have afterwards taken it up on trust, without examining into the truth of it. We have several fragments of his life, where this particular is *not* to be found; and, which makes it still the more improbable to me, the writers that mention it, have tacked to it another calumny yet more improbable—that he accused her unjustly. As this accusation contradicts the whole tenor of his life, so it does the manner of his death. It is universally agreed, that having chose to have the arteries of his Arms and Legs opened in a hot bath,

he supped cheerfully with his friends, and then taking leave of them with the greatest tranquillity of mind, and the highest contempt of death, went into the bath, and submitted to the operation. When he found the extremities of his body growing cold, and death's last alarm in every part, he called to mind a passage of his own in the *ninth* Book of the *Pharsalia*, which he repeated to the standers-by, with the same grace and accent, with which he used to declaim in public, and immediately expired, in the 27th year of his age, and tenth of Nero. The passage was that, where he describes a soldier of Cato's dying much after the same manner, being bit by a serpent, and is thus translated by Mr. Rowe.

" So the warm blood at once from every part
Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting
heart.

Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace.
Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,
There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray.
His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ouse out the trickling blood ;
In the red deluge, all the parts lie drown'd,
And the whole body seems one bleeding wound."

He was buried in his garden at Rome, and there was lately to be seen in the church of *S^{to} Paulo*, an ancient marble with the following inscription.

MARCO ANNEO LUCANO, CORDUBENSI POETE,
BENEFICIO NERONIS, FAMA SERVATA.

This inscription, if done by Nero's order, shows, that even in spite of himself, he paid a secret homage to Lucan's genius and virtue, and would have atoned in some measure for the injuries and the death he gave him. But he needed no marble or inscription to perpetuate his memory. His PHARSALIA will outlive all these.

Lucan wrote several books that have perished by the injury of time, and of which nothing remains but the titles. The first we are told, he wrote, was a *Poem on the combat between Achilles and Hector, and Priam's redeeming his son's body*, which, it is said, he wrote before he had attained eleven years of age. The rest were, *The descent of Orpheus, into Hell*; *The burning of Rome*, in which he is said not to have spared Nero that set it on fire; and a *Poem in praise of his wife Polla Argentaria*. He wrote likewise several books of *Saturnalia*, ten books of *Silvæ*, an imperfect *Tragedy of Medea*, a *Poem upon the burning of Troy*, and *The fate of Priam*; to which some have added the *Panegyric to Calphurnius Piso*, yet extant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later age. But the book he staked his fame on, was his PHARSALIA, the only one that now remains, and which Nero's cruelty has left us imperfect, in respect of what it would have been, if he had lived to finish it.

Statius in his *Sylvæ* gives us the catalogue of Lucan's works in an elegant manner, introducing the muse Calliope accosting him to this purpose. "When thou art scarce past the age of childhood," says Calliope to Lucan, "thou shalt play with the valour of Achilles, and Hector's skill in driving of a chariot. Thou shalt draw Priam at the feet of his unrelenting conqueror, begging the dead body of his darling son. Thou shalt set open the gates of Hell for Eurydice, and thy Orpheus shall have the preference in a full theatre in spite of Nero's envy;" alluding to the dispute for the prize between him and Nero, where the piece exhibited by Lucan, was Orpheus's descent into Hell. "Thou shalt relate" (continues Calliope) "that flame which the execrable tyrant kindled, to lay in ashes the mistress of the world; nor shalt thou be silent in the praises that are justly due to thy beloved wife; and when thou hast attained to riper years, thou shalt sing in a lofty strain, the fatal fields of Philippi, white with Roman bones, the dreadful battle of Pharsalia, and the thundering wars of that great Captain, who by the renown of his arms merited to be enrolled among the Gods." "In that work" (continues Calliope) "thou shalt paint in never-fading colours, the austere virtues of Cato, who scorned to outlive the liberties of his country, and the fate of Pompey, once the darling of Rome. Thou shalt, like a true Roman, weep over the

crime of the young tyrant Ptolemy ; and shalt raise to Pompey, by the power of thy eloquence, a higher monument than the Egyptian pyramids." " The poetry of Ennius," (adds Calliope) " and the learned fire of Lucretius, the one that conducted the Argonauts through such vast seas to the conquest of the golden fleece, the other that could strike an infinite number of forms from the first atoms of matter, both of them shall give place to thee, without the least envy, and even the divine *Æneid* shall pay thee a just respect."

Thus far Statius, concerning Lucan's work ; and even Lucan, in two places of the *Pharsalia* has promised himself immortality to his poem. The first is in the seventh Book, which I beg leave to give in prose, though Mr. Rowe has done it a thousand times better in verse. " One day," says he, " when these wars shall be spoken of in ages yet to come, and among nations far remote from this clime, whether from the voice of fame alone, or the real value I have given them by this my history, those that read it shall alternately hope and fear for the great events therein contained. In vain, shall they offer up their vows for the righteous cause, and stand thunder-struck at so many various turns of fortune ; nor shall they read them as things that are already past, but with that concern as if they were yet to come, and shall range themselves, O Pompey, on thy side."

The other passage, which is the ninth Book,

may be translated thus: "Oh! Cæsar, profane thou not through envy the funeral monuments of these great patriots, that fell here sacrifices to thy ambition. If there may be allowed any renown to a Roman muse, while Homer's verses shall be thought worthy of praise, they that shall live after us, shall read his and mine together; My *Pharsalia* shall live, and no time nor age shall consign it to oblivion."

This is all that I can trace from the ancients, or himself concerning Lucan's life and writings; and indeed there is scarce any one author, either ancient or modern, that mentions him but with the greatest respect and the highest encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more instances.

I design not to enter into any criticism on the *Pharsalia*, though I had ever so much leisure or ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain set of men that read the ancients only to find fault with them, and seem to live only on the excrements of authors. I beg leave to tell these *Gentlemen*, that Lucan is not to be tried by those rules of an *Epic* poem, which they have drawn from the *Iliad* or *Æneid*; for if they allow him not the honor to be on the same foot with Homer or Virgil, they must do him the justice at least, as not to try him by laws founded on their model. The *Pharsalia* is properly an historical heroic poem, because the subject is a known true story. Now, with our late

critics, truth is an unnecessary trifle for an epic poem, and ought to be thrown aside as a curb to invention. To have every part a mere web of their own brain, is with them a distinguishing mark of a mighty genius in the epic way. Hence if these critics observe, that their favourite poems of that kind do always produce in the mind of the reader the highest wonder and surprise, and the more improbable the story is, still the more wonderful and surprising. Much good may this notion ~~do~~ ^{do} them; but to my taste, a fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with surprising circumstances, big with the highest events, and conducted with all the arts of the most consummate wisdom, does not strike the less strong, but leaves a more lasting impression on my mind, for being true.

If Lucan therefore wants these ornaments, he might have borrowed from *Helicon*, or his own invention; he has made us more than ample amends by the great and true events that fall within the compass of his story. I am of opinion, that in his first design of writing this poem of the Civil Wars, he resolved to treat the subject fairly and plainly, and that fable and invention were to have had no share in the work: but the force of custom, and the design he had to induce the generality of readers to fall in love with Liberty and abhor Slavery, the principal design of the poem, induced him to embellish it with some fables, that without

them his books would not be so universally read: so much was fable the delight of the Roman people.

If any shall object to his privilege of being examined and tried as an historian, that he has given in to the poetical province of invention, and fiction in the Sixth Book, where Sixtus enquires of the Thessalian Witch Erictho the event of the civil war, and the fate of Rome; it may be answered, that perhaps the story was true, or at least it was commonly believed to be so, in his time, which is a sufficient excuse for Lucan to have inserted it. It is true, no other author mentions it. But it is usual to find some one passage in one historian, that is not mentioned in any other, though they treat of the same subject. For though I am fully persuaded that all these *Oracles* and *Responses*, so famous in the pagan world, were the mere cheats of Priests, yet the belief of them, and of magic and witchcraft, was universally received at that time. Therefore Lucan may very well be excused for falling in with a popular error, whether he himself believed it or no, especially when it served to enliven and embellish his story. If it be an error, it is an error all the ancients have fallen into, both Greek and Roman: and Livy, the prince of the Latin Historians, abounds in such relations. That it is not below the dignity and veracity of an historian to mention such things, we have a late instance in a noble author of

Our time, who has likewise wrote the civil wars of his country, and intermixed in it the story of the ghost of the Duke of Buckingham's father.

In general, all the actions that Lucan relates in the course of his history are true; nor is it any impeachment of his veracity, that sometimes he differs in place, manner, or circumstances of actions, from other writers, any more, than it is an imputation on them, that they differ from him. We ourselves have seen in the course of the late two famous wars, how differently almost every battle and siege have been represented, and sometimes by those of the same side, when at the same time there be a thousand living witnesses, ready to contradict any falsehood, that partiality should impose upon the world. This I may affirm; the most important events, and the whole thread of action in Lucan are agreeable to the universal consent of all authors, that have treated of the civil wars of Rome. If now and then he differs from them in lesser incidents or circumstances, let the critics in history decide the question; for my part, I am willing to take them for anecdotes first discovered and published by Lucan, which may at least conciliate to him the favor of our late admirers of *secret history*.

After all I have said on this head, I cannot but in some measure call in question some parts of Cæsar's character, as drawn by Lucan; which seem to me not altogether agreeable to truth, nor to the

universal consent of history. I wish I could vindicate him in some of his personal representations of men, and Cæsar in particular, as I can do in the narration of the principal events and series of his story. He is not content only to deliver him down to posterity, as the subverter of the laws and liberties of his country, which he truly was, and than which, no greater infamy can possibly be cast upon any name ; but he describes him as pursuing that abominable end, by the most execrable methods, and some that were not in Cæsar's nature to be guilty of. Cæsar was certainly a man far from revenge, or delight in blood, and he made appear in the exercise of the supreme power, a noble and generous inclination to clemency upon all occasions : Even Lucan, though never so much his enemy, has not omitted his generous usage of Domitius at Corfinium, or of Afranius and Petreus, when they were his prisoners in Spain. What can be then said in excuse for Lucan, when he represents him riding in triumph over the field of Pharsalia, the day after the battle, taking delight in that horrid landscape of slaughter and blood, and forbidding the bodies of so many brave Romans to be either buried or burnt ? Not any one passage of Cæsar's life gives countenance to a story like this : and how commendable soever the zeal of a writer may be, against the oppressor of his country, it ought not to have transported him to such a degree of malevolence, as to paint the

most merciful conqueror that ever was, in colors proper only for the most savage natures. But the effects of prejudice and partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of life, in which even the best of men, are not guilty of them in some degree or other. How many instances have we in history, of the best princes, treated as the worst of men, by the pens of authors that were highly prejudiced against them?

Shall we wonder then, that the Roman people, smarting under the lashes of Nero's tyranny, should exclaim in the bitterest terms against the memory of Julius Cæsar, since it was from him that Nero derived that power to use mankind as he did? Those that lived in Lucan's time, did not consider so much what Cæsar was in his own person, or temper, as what he was the occasion of, to them. It is very probable, there were a great many dreadful stories of him handed about by tradition among the multitude, and even men of sense might give credit to them so far as to forget his clemency, and remember his ambition, to which they imputed all the cruelties and devastations committed by his successors. Resentments of this kind in the soul of a man, fond of the antient constitution of the Commonwealth, such as Lucan was, might betray him to believe, upon too slight grounds, whatever was to the disadvantage of one, he looked upon as the subverter of that constitution. It was in that quality, and for that crime alone, that

Brutus afterwards stabbed him ; for personal prejudice against him he had none, and had been highly obliged by him : and it was upon that account alone, that Cato scorned to owe his life to him, though he well knew, Cæsar would have esteemed it one of the greatest felicities of his, to have had it in his power to pardon him. I would not be thought to make an apology for Lucan's thus traducing the memory of Cæsar ; but would only beg the same indulgence to his partiality, that we are willing to allow to most other authors ; for I cannot help believing all historians are more or less guilty of it.

I beg leave to observe one thing further on this head, that it is odd, Lucan should thus mistake this part of Cæsar's character, and yet do him so much justice in the rest. His greatness of mind, his intrepid courage, his indefatigable activity, his magnanimity, his generosity, his consummate knowledge in the art of war, and the power and grace of his eloquence, are all set forth in the best light, upon every proper occasion. He never makes him speak, but it is with all the strength of argument, and all the flowers of rhetoric. It were tedious to enumerate every instance of this, and I shall only mention the speech to his Army before the battle of Pharsalia, which in my opinion surpasses all I ever read, for the easy nobleness of expression, the proper topics to animate his soldiers, and the force of an inimitable eloquence.

Among Lucan's few mistakes in matters of fact, may be added those of geography and astronomy; but finding Mr. Rowe has taken some notice of them in his Notes, I shall say nothing of them. Lucan had neither time, nor opportunity to visit the scenes where the actions he describes were done, as some other historians both Greek and Romans had, and therefore it was no wonder he might commit some minute errors in these matters. As to astronomy, the schemes of that noble science were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduced to that mathematical certainty they have been since.

The method and disposition of a work of this kind, must be much the same with those observed by other historians, with one difference only, which I submit to better judgments; an historian who like Lucan has chosen to write in verse, though he is obliged to have strict regard to truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not obliged to mention all facts, as other historians are. He is not tied down to relate every minute passage, or circumstance, if they be not absolutely necessary to the main story; especially, if they are such as would appear heavy and flat, and consequently incumber his genius, or his verse. All these trifling parts of action would take off from the pleasure and entertainment, which is the main scope of that manner of writing. Thus the particulars of an army's march, the journal of a siege, or the situation of a camp, where they are not subservient to

the relation of some great and important event, had better be spared than inserted in a work of that kind. In a prose writer, these perhaps ought, or at least may be properly and agreeably enough mentioned; of which we have innumerable instances in most ancient historians, and particularly in Thucydides and Livy.

There is a fault in Lucan against this rule, and that is his long and unnecessary enumeration of the several parts of Gaul, whence Cæsar's army was drawn together, in the *First Book*. It is enlivened, it is true, with some beautiful verses he throws in, about the ancient *Bards* and *Druids*; but still in the main it is dry, and but of little consequence to the story itself. The many different people and cities there mentioned were not Cæsar's confederates, as those in the *Third Book* were Pompey's, and these last are particularly named, to express how many nations espoused the side of Pompey. Those reckoned up in Gaul were only the places where Cæsar's troops had been quartered, and Lucan might with as great propriety have mentioned the different routes by which they marched, as the garrisons from which they were drawn. This therefore, in my opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewise think, that the digression of Thessaly, and an account of its first inhabitants, is too prolix, and not of any great consequence to his purpose. I am sure it signifies but little to the Civil War in general, or the battle of Pharsalia in

particular, to know how many rivers there are in Thessaly, or which of its mountains lies East or West.

But if these be faults in Lucan, they are such as will be found in the most admired poets, nay, and thought excellencies in them; and besides, he has made us most ample amends in the many extraordinary beauties of his Poem. The story itself is noble and great; for what can there be in History more worthy of our knowledge and attention, than a war of the highest importance to mankind, carried on between the two greatest Leaders that ever were, and by a people the most renowned for arts and arms, and who were at that time *Masters of the World*? What a poor subject is that of the *Æneid*, when compared with this of the *Pharsalia*? and what a despicable figure does Agamemnon, (*Homer's King of King's*) make, when compared with Chiefs, who by saying only, *Be thou a King*, made far greater Kings than him? The scene of the *Iliad* contained but Greece, some Islands in the *Ægean* and *Ionian Seas*, with a very little part of the lesser Asia; this of the Civil War of Rome drew after it, almost all the nations of the then known world. Troy was but a little town, of the little kingdom of Phrygia; whereas Rome was then Mistress of an Empire, that reached from the Straits of Hercules, and the Atlantic Ocean, to the Euphrates, and from the bottom of the Euxine and the Caspian seas, to *Æthiopia* and Mount Atlas.

The inimitable Virgil is yet more straitened in his subject. Æneas, a poor fugitive from Troy, with a handful of followers, settles at last in Italy, and all the Empire that immortal pen could give him, is but a few miles upon the banks of the Tiber. So vast a disproportion there is between the importance of the subject of the *Æneid*, and that of the *Pharsalia*, that we find one single Roman, Crassus, master of more slaves on his estate, than Virgil's hero had subjects. In fine, it may be said, nothing can excuse him for his choice, but that he designed his hero for the Ancestor of Rome, and the Julian Race.

I cannot leave this parallel, without taking notice, to what a height of power the Roman Empire was then arrived, in an instance of Cæsar himself, when but Pro-Consul of Gaul, and before it is thought he ever dreamed of being what he afterwards attained to : it is in one of Cicero's letters to him, wherein he repeats the words of Cæsar's letters to him some time before. The words are these ; " As to what concerns Marcus Furius, whom you recommended to me, I will, if you please, make him King of Gaul ; but if you would have me advance any other friend of yours, send him to me." It was no new thing for citizens of Rome, such as Cæsar was, to dispose of kingdoms as they pleased, and Cæsar himself had taken away Deiotarus's kingdom from him, and given it to a private gentleman of Pergamum. But there is one

surprising instance more, of the prodigious greatness of the Roman power, in the affair of king Antiochus, and that long before the height it arrived to, at the breaking forth of the Civil War. That prince was master of all Egypt, and marching to the conquest of Phœnicia, Cyprus, and the other appendixes of that Empire, Popilius overtakes him in his full march, with letters from the senate, and refuses to give him his hand, till he had read them. Antiochus, startled at the command that was contained in them, to stop the progress of his victories, asked a short time to consider of it. Popilius makes a circle about him with a stick he had in his hand, "Return me an answer," said he, "before thou stirrest out of this circle, or the Roman people are no more thy friends." Antiochus, after a short pause, told him with the lowest submission, he would obey the Senate's commands. Upon which Popilius gives him his hand and salutes him a friend of Rome. After Antiochus had given up so great a monarchy, and such a torrent of success, upon receiving only a few words in writing, he had indeed reason to send word to the senate, as he did by his ambassadors, that he had obeyed their commands, with the same submission, as if they had been sent him from the immortal Gods.

To leave this digression. It were the height of arrogance to detract ever so little from Homer or Virgil, who have kept possession of the first places, among the poets of Greece and Rome, for so

many ages ; yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I say there are several passages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the dignity, that shines almost in every page of Lucan. It were to take both the *Iliad* and *Æneid* in pieces, to prove this ; but I shall only take notice of one instance, and that is, the different coloring of *Virgil's Hero*, and *Lucan's Cæsar*, in a storm. *Æneas* is drawn weeping, and in the greatest confusion and despair, though he had assurance from the Gods that he should one day settle and raise a new Empire in Italy. *Cæsar*, on the contrary, is represented perfectly sedate, and free from fear. His courage and magnanimity brighten up as much upon this occasion, as afterwards they did at the battles of *Pharsalia* and *Munda*. Courage would have cost *Virgil* nothing, to have bestowed it on his *Hero*, and he might as easily have thrown him upon the coast of *Carthage* in a calm temper of mind, as in ~~any~~ fear.

St. Evremont is very severe upon *Virgil* on this account, and has criticised upon his character of *Æneas* in this manner. When *Virgil* tells us,

Exemplò *Æneæ* solvuntur frigore membra,
Ingemit, & duplèes tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.

Seized as he is," says *St. Evremont*, " with this
" chillness through all his limbs, the first sign of
" life we find in him, is his groaning ; then he lifts
" up his hands to Heaven, and in all appearance,

" would implore its succour, ~~if~~ the condition
 " wherein the good Hero finds himself, would
 " afford him strength enough to raise his mind to
 " the Gods, and pray with attention. His soul,
 " which could not apply itself to any thing else,
 " abandons itself to lamentations; and like those
 " desolate widows, who upon the first trouble they
 " meet with, wish they were in the grave with
 " their dear husbands, the poor Æneas bewails his
 " not having perished before Troy with Hector,
 " and esteems them very happy who left their bones in
 " the bosom of so sweet and dear a country. Some
 " people," adds he, " may perhaps believe he says
 " so, because he envies their happiness; but I am
 " persuaded," says St. Evremont, " it is for
 " fear of the danger that threatens him." The
 same author, after he has exposed his want of
 courage, adds, " The good Æneas hardly ever con-
 " cerns himself in any important or glorious de-
 " sign: it is enough for him that he discharges his
 " conscience in the office of a pious, tender, and
 " compassionate man. He carries his father on
 " his shoulders, he conjugally laments his dear
 " Creüsa, he causes his nurse to be interred, and
 " makes a funeral pile for his trusty pilot Palinurus,
 " for whom he sheds a thousand tears." Here is
 (says he) " a sorry hero in paganism, who would
 " have made an admirable saint among some
 " Christians. In short, it is St. Evremont's opinion,
 " he was fitter to make a founder of an order than
 " a state."

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. Evremont : I beg leave to take notice, that the storm in Lucan is drawn in stronger colors, and strikes the mind with greater horror, than that in Virgil ; notwithstanding the first has no supernatural cause assigned for it, and the latter is raised by a God, at the instigation of a Goddess, that was both wife and sister of Jupiter.

In the *Pharsalia*, most of the transactions and events, that compose the relation, are wonderful and surprising, though true, as well as instructive, and entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to transcribe the work itself, and therefore I shall only hint at some of the most remarkable. With what dignity, and justness of character, are the two great rivals, Pompey and Cæsar, introduced in the *first book* ; and how beautifully, and with what a masterly art, are they opposed to one another ? add to this, the justest similitudes by which their different characters are illustrated in the *second* and *ninth book*. Who can but admire the figure that Cato's virtue makes, in more places than one ? and I persuade myself, if Lucan had lived to finish his design, the death of that illustrious Roman had made one of the most moving, as well as one of the most sublime episodes of his Poem. In the *third book*, Pompey's dream, Cæsar's breaking open the temple of Saturn, the siege of Marseilles, the sea fight, and the sacred grove, have each of them their particular excellence, that in my opinion come very

little short of any thing we find in Homer or Virgil.

In the *fourth book*, there are a great many charming incidents, and among the rest, that of the soldiers running out of their camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable story of Vultcius. The *fifth book* affords us a fine account of the oracle of Delphos, its origin, the manner of its delivering answers, and the reason of its then silence. Then upon the occasion of a mutiny in Cæsar's camp near Placentia, in his manner of passing the Adriatic in a small boat, amidst the storm I hinted at, he has given us the noblest and the best image of that great man. But what affects me above all, is the parting of Pompey and Cornelia, in the end of the book. It has something in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagined.

In the description of the witch Erictho, in the *sixth book*, we have a beautiful picture of horror; for even works of that kind have their beauties in poetry, as well as in painting. The *seventh book* is most taken up with what relates to the *famous battle of Pharsalia, which decided the fate of Rome*. It is so related, that the reader may rather think himself a spectator of, or even engaged in, the battle, than so remote from the age in which it was fought. There is, towards the end of this book, a noble majestic description of the general conflagration, and of that last catastrophe, which

must put an end to this frame of heaven and earth. To this is added, in the most elevated stile, his sentiments of the Immortality of the Soul, and of rewards and punishments after this life. All these are touched with the nicest delicacy of expression and thought, especially that about the universal conflagration; and agrees with what we find of it in HOLY WRIT. In so much that I am willing to believe Lucan might have conversed with St. Peter at Rome, if it be true he was ever there; or he might have seen that *Epistle* of his, wherein he gives us the very same idea of it.

In the *eighth book* our passions are again touched with the misfortunes of Cornelia and Pompey; but especially with the death, and unworthy funeral, of the latter. In this book is likewise drawn, with the greatest art, the character of young Ptolemy and his ministers; particularly that of the villain Photinus is exquisitely exposed in his own speech in council.

In the *ninth book*, after the Apotheosis of Pompey, Cato is introduced as the fittest man after him to head the cause of liberty and Rome. This book is the longest, and, in my opinion, the most entertaining in the whole poem. The march of Cato through the deserts of Lybia, affords a noble and agreeable variety of matter; and the virtue of his hero, amidst these distresses through which he leads him, seems every where to deserve those raptures of praise he bestows upon him. Add to this, the

artful descriptions of the various poisons with which these deserts abounded, and their different effects upon human bodies, than which nothing can be more moving or poetical.

But Cato's answer to Labienus in this book, upon his desiring him to consult the oracle of Jupiter Hammon about the event of the Civil War, and the fortune of Rome, is a master-piece not to be equalled. All the attributes of GOD, such as his omnipotence, his prescience, his justice, his goodness, and his unsearchable decrees, are painted in the most awful, and the strongest colors, and such as may make Christians themselves blush, for not coming up to them in most of their writings upon that subject. I know not but St. Evremont has carried the matter too far, when in mentioning this passage, he concludes, "If all the ancient poets had spoke as worthily of the oracles of their Gods, he should make no scruple to prefer them to the divines and philosophers of our time. We may see," says he, "in the concourse of so many people, that came to consult the oracle of Hammon, what effect a public opinion can produce, where zeal and superstition mingle together. We may see in Labienus, a pious sensible man, who to his respect for the Gods, joins that consideration and esteem we ought to preserve for virtue in good men. Cato is a religious severe philosopher, weaned from all vulgar opinions, who entertains those lofty thoughts

“ of the Gods, which pure undebauched reason,
 “ and a true elevated knowledge can give us of
 “ them; every thing here,” says St. Evremont,
 “ is poetical, every thing is consonant to truth and
 “ reason. It is not poetical upon the score of any
 “ ridiculous fiction, or for some extravagant hyper-
 “ bole, but for the daring greatness and majesty of
 “ the language, and for the noble elevation of the
 “ discourse. It is thus,” adds he, “ that poetry
 “ is the language of the Gods, and that poets are
 “ wise; and it is so much the greater wonder to
 “ find it in Lucan,” says he, “ because it is neither
 “ to be met with in Homernor Virgil.” I remem-
 ber Montaigne, who is allowed by all to have been
 an admirable judge in these matters, prefers Lucan’s
 character of Cato to Virgil, or any other of the
 ancient poets. He thinks all of them flat and lan-
 guishing, but Lucan’s much more strong, though
 overthrown by the extravagancy of his own force.

The *tenth book*, imperfect as it is, gives us,
 among other things, a view of the Ægyptian mag-
 nificence, with a curious account of the then re-
 ceived opinions of the increase and decrease of the
 river Nile. From the variety of the story, and
 many other particulars I need not mention in this
 short account, it may easily appear, that a true his-
 tory may be a romance or fiction, when the author
 makes choice of a subject that affords so many, and
 so surprising incidents.

Among the faults that have been laid to Lucan’s

charge, the most justly imputed[†] are those of his title; and indeed how could it be otherwise? Let us remember the imperfect state, in which his sudden and immature death left the *Pharsalia*, the design itself being probably but half finished, and what was writ of it, but slightly, if at all, revised. We are told, it is true, he either corrected the *three first books* himself, or his wife did it for him, in his own life-time. Be it so: but what are the corrections of a lady, or a young man of six and twenty, to those he might have made at forty, or a more advanced age? Virgil, the most correct and judicious poet that ever was, continued correcting his *Æneid* for near as long a series of years together, as Lucan lived, and yet died with a strong opinion, that it was imperfect still. If Lucan had lived to his age, the *Pharsalia* without doubt would have made another kind of figure, than it now does, notwithstanding the difference to be found in the Roman language, between the times of Nero and Augustus.

It must be owned he is in many places obscure, and hard, and therefore not so agreeable, and comes short of the purity, sweetness and delicate propriety of Virgil. Yet it is still universally agreed among both ancients and moderns, that his genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too headstrong to be governed by art; and that it was like his genius, learned, bold, and fiery, but withal too tragical and blustering.

I am by no means willing to compare the *Pharsalia* to the *Aeneid*, but I must say with St. Evremont, that for what purely regards the elevation of thought, *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, *Cato*, and *Labiænus* shine much more in *Lucan*, than *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, *Juno*, or *Venus* do in *Virgil*. The ideas which *Lucan* has given us of these great men are truly greater, and affect us more sensibly, than those which *Virgil* has given us of his deities: the latter has clothed his Gods with human infirmities, to adapt them to the capacity of men; the other, has raised his heroes so, as to bring them into competition with the Gods themselves. In a word, the Gods are not so valuable in *Virgil*, as the Heroes: In *Lucan*, the Heroes equal the Gods. After all, it must be allowed, that most things throughout the whole *Pharsalia* are greatly and justly said, with regard even to the language and expression; but the sentiments are every where so beautiful and elevated, that they appear, as he describes *Cæsar* in *Amyclus's* cottage in the *fifth book*, noble and magnificent in any dress. It is in this elevation of thought that *Lucan* justly excels; this is his *fort*, and what raises him up to an equality with the greatest of the ancient poets.

I cannot omit here the delicate character of *Lucan's* genius, as mentioned by *St. Evremont*, in the emblematic way. It is commonly known, that pope *Leo the Tenth* was not only learned himself, but a great patron of learning, and used the present

ACCOUNT OF LUCAN,

the conversations and performances of all the polite writers of his time. The wits of Rome entertained him one day at his villa on the banks of the Tiber, with an interlude in the nature of a Poetical Maskerade. They had their *Parnassus*, their *Pegasus*, their *Helicon*, and every one of the ancient Poets in their several characters, where each acted the part that was suitable to his manner of writing, and among the rest one that acted Lucan. "There was none," says he, "that was placed in a higher station, or had a greater prospect under him than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain, while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off, insomuch that the spectators often gave him for gone, and cried out now and then, he was tumbling." *Thos. Strada.*

I shall sum up all I have time to say of Lucan, with another character, as it is given by one of the most polite men of the age he lived in, and who was under the protection of the same pope Leo X. who was one of the first restorers of learning in the latter end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. I mean Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus, who, with the assistance of Beroaldus, Badius, and some others of the first form in the

republic of letters, published Lucan with notes at Rome in the year 1514, being the first impression, if I mistake not, that ever was made of him. Poetry and Painting, with the knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, rose about that time to a prodigious height in a small compass of years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declined ever since. Verulanus in his dedication to Cardinal Palavicini, prefixed to that edition, has not only given us a delicate sententious criticism on his *Pharsalia*, but a beautiful judicious comparison between him and Virgil, and that in a stile which in my opinion comes but little short of Sallust, or the writers of the *Augustan Age*. It is to the following purpose in English, and it may not be unacceptable to the reader, that I have put the Latin in the margin.*

* Nunc ad vatem quem enarravimus me convertam: qualisque sit, & in quo à Virgilio poeta summo differat explicabo. Lucanus non minus oratoribus quam poetis Fabii judicio imitandus, cum puram historię fidem sequatur, etiam historici sustinere personam videtur: singulorum enim pariter officio fungitur. Quippe ardens concitatus, sententiis clarissimus, modesta figmenta & concinnas habet evagationes: estque in concionibus artificiosus, abundans, virilis, & cultus. In cæteris vero gravis, copiosus, amplius, tersus, mira eruditione & rerum varietate perfusus. Tantaque carminis majestate, consilia, rationes, gesta que explicat; ut hæc ipsa non legere sed cernere videaris. Belli vero & conflictus non narrari sed geri: urbes trepidare: acies concurrere: & militum ardorem, terroremque putes aspicere. Cunque sit in descriptionibus fragore & locuples in rerum perscrutanda natura, experientieque adfectibus perspicax: in moribus judicandis argutus: ceteris in quibus ostentanda doctrina versatilis: quem Cosmographicum, quem Astrologum, aut Mathematicum, aut Philosophum, non solum legimus, desideramus! Quis enim de rebus in quibus hæc aut affectat: subtilius & accuratius disserit? *Lucan. lib. 1.*

I come now to the author I have commented upon, says Sulpitius Verulanus, and shall endeavor to describe him, as well as observe in what he differs from that great poet Virgil. Lucan, in the opinion of Fabius, is no less a pattern for orators than for poets; and always adhering strictly to truth, he seems to have as fair a pretence to the character of an historian; for he equally performs each of these offices. His expression is bold and lively; his sentiments are clear, his fictions within compass of probability, and his digressions proper. His orations artful, correct, manly, and full of matter. In the other parts of his work, he is grave, fluent, copious, and elegant: abounding with great variety, and wonderful crudition. And in unrid- dling the intricacy of contrivances, designs and ac- tions, his stile is so masterly, that you rather seem to see, than read of those transactions. But as for enterprises and battles, you imagine them not re-

factus est Maro, magnus Lucanus: adeoque prope par: ut uter sit major possis ambigere. Summis enim uterque est laudibus eminentius cumulatus. Dives & magnificus Maro: hic sumptuosus & splendidus. Ille maturus sublimis abundans: hic vehemens cinorus effusus. Ille venerabilis pontificio more quadam cum religione videtur incedere: hic cum terrore concitatus imperatorio. Ille cura & diligentia cultus: hic natura & studio perpolitus. Ille suavitate & dulcedine animos capit: hic ardore & spiritu complet. Virgilius nitidus, beatus, compositus. Lucanus varius floridus aptus. Ille fortioribus telis pugnare videtur: hic pluribus. Ille plus roboris habere: hic plus terroris & acrimoniae. Illum grandi tuba uti & horrida ducere: hunc sese pari sed clariori. Talis denique est huic cum illo affinitas & in diversitate praestantia: ut cum ad illam Magni divinitatem accesserit nemo, tamen nisi ille priorem locum apud nos occupasset, hic posideret.

lated but acted ; towns alarmed, armies engaged ; the eagerness and terror of the several soldiers, seem present to your view. As our author is frequent and fertile in descriptions, and none more skilful in discovering the secret springs of action, and their rise in human passions : as he is an acute searcher into the manners of men, and most dextrous in applying all sorts of learning to his subject : what other cosmographer, astrologer, philosopher or mathematician do we stand in need of, while we read of him ? who has more judiciously handled, or treated with more delicacy, whatever topics his fancy has led him to, or have casually fallen in his way : Maro is without doubt, a great Poet ; so is Lucan. In so apparent an equality, it is hard to decide which excels, for both have justly obtained the highest commendations. Maro is rich and magnificent ; Lucan sumptuous and splendid ; the first, is discreet, inventive, and sublime ; the latter, harmonious and full of spirit. Virgil seems with the devout solemnity of a reverend prelate ; Lucan to march with the noble haughtiness of a victorious general. One owes most to labor and application ; the other to nature and practice ; one, lulls the soul with the sweetness and music of his verse, the other raises it by his fire and rapture. Virgil is sedate, happy in his conceptions, free from faults ; Lucan quick, various and florid ; he seems to fight with stronger weapons, this with more. The first, surpasses all in solid strength ; the latter

excels in vigour and poignancy. You would think that the one sounds rather a larger and deeper toned trumpet ; the other, is less indeed, but clearer. In short, so great is the affinity, and the struggle for precedence between them, that though no body be allowed to come up to that *Divinity* in *Maro* ; yet had *He* not been possessed of the chief seat on *Parnassus*, our author's claim to it had been indisputable.

Thus much for *Lucan* ; and it may be expected I should give some account of Mr. ROWE, who has obliged the world with the following translation of him in English verse. Never man had it more in his nature than he, to love and oblige his friends living, or celebrate their memory when dead ; what pity is it then, that for want of information, there cannot be paid to his name that just encomium he every way deserved ?

He was born at *Little-Berkford* in *Bedfordshire*, at the house of Jasper Edwards, Esq. his mother's father, in the year 1673, of an ancient family in *Devonshire*, that for many ages had made a handsome figure in their country, and was known by the name of *Rowes of Lambertoun*. He could trace his ancestors, in a direct line, up to the times of the Holy War, where one of them so distinguished himself in the Holy Land, that at his return, he had the coat of arms given him, which they bore ever since, that being in those days all the reward of military virtue, or of blood spilt in

those expeditions. From that time downward to Mr. Rowe's father, the family kept themselves to the frugal management of a private fortune, and the innocent pleasures of a country life. Having a handsome seat, and a competent estate, they lived beyond the fear of want, or reach of envy. In all the changes of governments, they are said to have ever leaned towards the side of public liberty, and in that retired situation of life to have beheld with grief and concern the many incroachments that have been made upon it from time to time.

His father was John Rowe, and the first of the family, as his son has told me, that changed a country life for a liberal profession. After he had past the schools at home, he was brought up to London, and entered a student of the law in the Middle-Temple, where some time after he was called to the bar, and at length made a Serjeant at Law. He was a gentleman in great esteem for many engaging qualities, of very considerable practice at the bar, and stood fair for the first vacancy on the bench, when he died the 30th of April, 1692, and was buried in the Temple Church the 7th of May following. Let it be mentioned to the honor of this gentleman, that when he published Serjeant Benloe and Judge Dalison's *Reports*, he had the honesty and boldness to observe in the preface, how moderate these two great lawyers had been in their opinions, concerning the extent of the "*Royal Prerogative*;" and that he durst do

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LUCAN was born in the late king James's reign, at a time when the "Dispensing Power" was set up, as inherent in the crown. From such worthy ancestors NICHOLAS HOWE was descended, who, together with the ancient paternal seat of the family, inherited their probity and good-nature, contentment of mind, and an unbiassed love to their country.

His father took all the care possible of his education, and when he was fit for it, sent him to Westminster School, under the famous Dr. Busby. He made an extraordinary progress in all the parts of learning taught in that school, and about the age of twelve years was chosen one of the king's scholars. He became in a little time master to a great perfection of all the classical authors, both Greek and Latin, and made a tolerable proficiency in the Hebrew; but poetry was his early bent, and his darling study. He composed at that time several copies of ~~verses~~ upon different subjects, both in Greek and Latin, and some in English, which were much admired, and the more that they cost him very little pains, and seemed to flow from his imagination, almost as fast as his pen.

His father designing him for his own profession, took him from that school when he was about sixteen years of age, and entered him a student in the Middle Temple, whereof he himself was a member, that he might have him under his immediate care and instruction. Being capable of any part of knowledge he applied his mind to, he made

very remarkable advances in the study of the law; and was not content, as he told me, to know it as a collection of Statutes or Customs only, but as a *system* founded upon right reason, and calculated for the good of mankind. Being afterwards called to the Bar, he appeared in as promising a way to make a figure in that profession, as any of his contemporaries, if the love of the *Belles Lettres*, and t^hat of poetry in particular, had not stopped him in his career. He had the advantage of the friendship and protection of one of the finest gentlemen, as well as one of the greatest lawyers of that time, Sir George Treby, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who was fond of him to a great degree, and had it both in his power and inclination to promote his interest.

But the *Muses* had stolen away his heart from his infancy, and his passion for them rendered the study of the law dry and tasteless to his palate. He struggled for some time against the natural bent of his mind, but in vain; for Homer and Virgil, Sophocles and Euripides, had infinitely more charms with him, than the best authors that had writ of the law of England. He now and then could not refrain from making some copies of verses on subjects that fell in his way, which being approved of by his intimate friends, to whom only he showed them, that approbation proved his snare, so that from that time he began to give way to the natural

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bias of his mind, and would needs try what he could do in tragedy.

The first he wrote was *The Ambitious Stepmother*; which meeting with universal applause, as it well deserved, he laid aside all thoughts of rising in the law, and turned them ever after, in their main channel, towards poetry. This his first Tragedy he writ when twenty-five years of age, and as a trial only of his genius that way. The purity of the English language, the justness of his characters, the noble elevation of the sentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the plan of the play. His talent lay in the *Heroic Poetry*, and consequently in *Tragedy*: for comedy, he once tried it, but found his genius did not lean that way. He writ several tragedies afterwards, which are in every body's hands, and all of them highly approved by men of taste, upon the account of the loftiness of thought, and the delicate propriety of the language; in which last I may venture to say, no one has ever outdone him, few equalled him.

The tragedy he valued himself most upon, and which was most valued, was his *Tamerlane*; and never author, in my opinion, did more justice to his hero, than he to that excellent prince; for Tamerlane was the very man that Mr. Rowe has painted him. In that play he aimed at a parallel between the late king William of immortal memory and Tamerlane; as also between Bajazet and

a monarch who is since dead. That glorious ambition and noble ardor in Tamerlane, to break the chains of enslaved nations, and set mankind free from the encroachments of lawless power, are painted in the most lively, as well as the most amiable colors; on the other side, his manner of introducing on the stage, a prince that thinks mankind is made but for him, and whose chief aim is to posterity his name, by that havoc and ruin he has spread through the world, are all drawn with that deep of horror and detestation which such monstrous actions do deserve. And since nothing could be more calculated for raising in the minds of the audience, a true passion for liberty, and a just abhorrence for slavery; how this play came to be discouraged, next to a prohibition, in the latter end of a late reign, I leave it to others to give a reason.

I shall say nothing of any of the rest of Mr. Rowe's plays in particular; but it may be justly said of them all, that never poet painted virtue or religion in a more charming dress on the stage, nor were ever vice and impiety better exposed to contempt and hatred. There runs through every one of them an air of religion and virtue, attended with all the social duties of life, and a constant untainted love to his country. The same principles of liberty he had early imbibed himself, and seemed a part of his constitution, appeared in every thing he wrote, and he took all

occasions that fell in his way, to make the stage subservient to them. His muse was so religiously chaste, that I do not remember one word in any of his plays or writings that might admit but of a *double entendre* in point of decency or morals. There is nothing to be found in them to humor the depraved taste of the age, by nibbling at scripture, or depreciating things in themselves sacred, and it was the less wonder, that he observed the rule in his dramatic performance, as well in his ordinary conversation, and when his mirth and humor enlivened the whole company, he used to express his dissatisfaction, in the severest manner, with any thing that looked the least profane. Being much conversant in the Holy Scriptures, he observed that to raise the highest ideas of virtue, he has with great art in several of his tragedies, made use of those expressions, and metaphors in them, that taste most of the sublime.

Besides his plays, Mr. Rowe wrote a great many copies of verses on different subjects, which it is hoped his friends may some time or other publish together, and whereof many have already been printed apart. Being a great admirer of Shakspeare, he obliged the public with a new edition of his works, and prefixed to it a short account of his life. In that account he lay under the same misfortune that I have done in this account of Mr. Rowe; he wanted information to do justice to Shakspeare. He took all occasions to express the vast esteem he

had for that wonderful ~~man~~ and endeavored in some of his pieces to ~~imitate~~ his manner of writing, particularly in the tragedy of *Jane Shore*. He has given him the character he well deserved in the prologue to that play in the following verses, which I am the more willing to insert here, because I believe there is no man of taste but pays to Shakspeare's memory the homage that is due to one of the greatest genius's that ever appeared in dramatic poetry. The lines are these,

In such an age, immortal Shakspeare wrote,
By no quaint rules, nor hampering critics taught ;
With rough, majestic force, he moved the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for art.
Our humble author does his steps pursue,
He owns he had the mighty bard in view ;
And in these scenes has made it more his care
To rouse the Passions, than to charm the Ear,

But Mr. Rowe's last, and perhaps his best poem, is this his *Translation of Lucan* which he just lived to finish. He had entertained an early inclination for that author, and I believe it was the darling passion he had for the liberty and constitution of his country, that first inclined him to think of translating him. He thought it was a pity, that a work in which the cause of liberty was set in such a shining light, should be preserved only in the dead language wherein it was written ; and therefore thought it well worth his pains to

put it in an English dress, for the benefit of his countrymen. As ~~THIS~~ *the happiest nation of the world in its constitution*, and happy even in spite of ourselves, he judged that all who are in love with it, must needs be fond of an author, who ~~not~~ only wrote for the ancient constitution of his own country, but fell a sacrifice for endeavoring to support it.

As to the translation itself, I persuade myself it will meet with a kind reception in the world. I dare be bold to say the language is pure, and the versification both musical and adapted to the subject. I have no reason to doubt but the true meaning of the original is faithfully preserved through the whole work, and if I may venture to judge, the translation comes up to the spirit of the original, as far as the difference between the Roman and English languages will allow of.

I am afraid I have gone out of my depth, in giving my opinion of a piece of this kind, being no poet myself; so I leave this translation of Lucan to make its way by its own merit. I know May has translated it near an age ago, and I confess it is many years since I read it. But it must be owned, that it is but a lame performance, and does not reach the spirit or sense of Lucan. The language and versification are yet worse, and fall infinitely short of the lofty numbers and propriety of expression in which Mr. Rowe excels, I know of no other translation of Lucan in any of the liv-

ing languages, in verse, except that of Brebeuf in French. I have a very great value for it, and the author, if it were for no other reason, but that he had the honest boldness to publish such a work in his native language, that was diametrically opposite to the maxims of government pursued by the prince then reigning. His courage in this matter deserves yet the more to be applauded, that when all the other *Classics* were published for the use of the Dauphin, Lucan alone was prohibited. It is observable, he has carried in some places in the French language the heat of Lucan, farther than Lucan himself in the Latin, and that by attempting the fire of his author, he has, if I may be allowed the expression, fired himself much more. This is what happens to him frequently; but again, at other times he flags, and when Lucan happily hits on the true beauty of a thought, Brebeuf falls infinitely below him, through an affectation of appearing easy and natural, when he ought to exert all his force. I might give a great many instances of this last, but shall confine myself to one, which will set in a true light the difference between the two translations of Lucan by Brebeuf and Mr. Rowe. That strong celebrated line in Lucan,

Victrix causa Dis placuit, sed victa Catoni,

is with the whole period, thus done by Mr. Rowe, though none of the brightest lines in his translation.

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Justly to name the better cause were hard,
While greatest names for either side declar'd,
Victorious Cæsar by the Gods was crown'd,
The vanquish'd party was by Cato own'd.

When Brebeuf comes to translate this passage, he does it after this manner,

*De si hauts partisans s'arment pour chacun d'eux,
Qu'on ne sçait qui defendre, ou qui blamer des deux,
Qui des deux a tiré plus justement l'épée,
Les dieux servent Cesar, & Caton suit Pompée.*

What can be poorer than this last? It does not answer the nobleness of the Latin, and besides it maims the sense of the author. For Lucan, who had his imagination full of the virtue of Cato, intended to raise him above, or at least equal him to, the Gods, as to the merit of the cause, that occasioned the opposition; but Brebeuf, instead of raising him to a competition with the Gods, makes him only a retainer of Pompey's. This puts me in mind of an observation I have frequently made upon most of our English translations. Whenever there happens an expression or period of a distinguished beauty, there they fall often not only short of the original, but mistake entirely the sense. I shall give but one instance in Dryden's Virgil. There is not in all the inimitable *Æneid* a more beautiful period than that in the sixth book

concerning Marcellus, which Virgil sums up in this Hemisticon,

Tu Marcellus eris :

Dryden turns it thus,

*O ! could'st thou break through Fate's severe Decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.*

which is altogether wide from the meaning of Virgil, and sinks infinitely below the dignity of his verse.

I might take notice here of several passages of Lucan left out in Brebeuf, which well deserved a place in his translation. I shall only mention one in the *sixth book* concerning the Witch *Ericho*, which in my opinion is a very beautiful picture of horror. Brebeuf cuts it short, and in its place gives us a love-story of his own invention between Burrhus and Octavia, which is nothing to the purpose, and falls infinitely short of the spirit of Lucan. Yet after all it cannot be denied, but Brebeuf's performance is in the main admirably well done, and in many places he appears animated with the same fire we find in Lucan. I cannot omit one instance of this in the passage of the *third book* concerning the origin of letters, which is one of the finest in Lucan, and excellently done into French by Brebeuf. Lucan has it thus,



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*Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, ausi
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.*

Brebeuf turns it after this manner,

*C'est de lui que nous vient cet art ingenieux,
De peindre la parole & de parler aux yeux,
Et par les traits divers des figures tracées,
Donner de la Couleur, & du Corps aux pensées.*

The translation of this passage by Brebeuf is excellently imitated in English by a young lady* that I had the honor to be acquainted with, which if I mistake not transcends Brebeuf, or even Lucan himself. It is thus,

The noble art from Cadmus took its rise
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes.
He first in woud'rous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound.
The various figures by his pencil wrought,
Gave color, and a body to the thought.

To return to Mr. Rowe; he just lived to put an end to this translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, and if he had but lived a little longer, it is probable he had prefixed to it another kind of preface than this, with a thorough criticism on the whole work. I shall say nothing further of him in the quality of a poet, since this translation, and

* A Daughter of the Viscount Molesworth.

his other works, will sufficiently justify his title to it. As to his person, it was graceful and well made, his face regular and of a manly beauty. As his soul was well lodged, so its rational and animal faculties excelled in a high degree. He had a quick and fruitful invention, a deep penetration, and a large compass of thought, with a singular dexterity, and easiness in making his thoughts to be understood. He was master of most parts of polite learning, especially the classical authors both Greek and Latin, understood the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, and spoke the first fluently, and the other two tolerably well.

He had likewise read most of the Greek and Roman histories in their original languages, and most that are writ in English, French, Italian, and Spanish. He had a good taste in philosophy, and and having a firm impression of religion upon his mind, he took great delight in divinity and ecclesiastical history, in both which he made great advances in the times he retired into the country, which were frequent. He expressed on all occasions his full persuasion of the truth of revealed religion, and being a sincere member of the established church himself, he pitied, but condemned not, those that dissented from it. He abhorred the principle of persecuting men upon the account of their opinions in religion; and being strict in his own, he took it not upon him to censure those of another persuasion. His conversation was plea-

sant, witty, and learned, without the least tincture of affectation or pedantry, and his inimitable manner of diverting and enlivening the company, made it impossible for any one to be out of humour when he was in it. Envy and detraction seem-
ed to be entirely foreign to his constitution; and whatever provocations he met with at any time, he passed them over without the least thought of resentment or revenge. As Homer had a Zephyrus, so Mr. Rowe had sometimes his; for there were not wanting malevolent people, and pretend-
ers to poetry too, that would now and then bark at his best performances; but he was so much conscious of his own genius, and had so much good-nature as to forgive them, nor could he ever be tempted to return them an answer.

The love of learning and poetry made him not the less fit for business, and no body applied him-
self closer to it, when it required his attendance. The late duke of Queensbury, when he was Sec-
retary of State, made him his Secretary for public
affairs; and when that truly great man came to
know him well, he was never so pleased as when
Mr. Rowe was in his company. After the duke's
death, all avenues were stopped to his preferment;
and during the rest of that reign, he past his time
with the muses and his book, and sometimes the
conversation of his friends.

Upon the king's accession to the throne, his
merit was taken notice of. The king gave him a

lucrative place in the Customs, and made him *Poet Laureat*; the Prince of Wales conferred on him the place of *Clerk of his Council*; and the Lord Parker, Lord Chancellor, made him his *Secretary for the Presentations*, the very day he received the Seals, and without his dissent. He was much loved and cherished by the King; and it is no wonder that one of his endowments was in favor with that noble person, who, together with a profound knowledge in the *law*, was, at his high station, has adorned his mind with all other more polite parts of learning. When he had just got to be easy in his fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better, death swept him away, and in him deprived the world of one of the best men, as well as one of the best geniuses of the age. He died like a Christian and a Philosopher, in charity with all mankind, and with an absolute resignation to the will of God. He kept up his good humour to the last, and took leave of his wife and friends, immediately before his last agony, with the same tranquillity of mind, and the same indifference for life, as though he had been upon taking but a short journey. He was twice married, first to a daughter of the deceased Mr. Persons, one of the *Auditors of the Revenue*, and afterwards to a daughter of Mr. Devenish of a good family in Dorsetshire; by the first, he had a son, and by the second a daughter, both yet living. He died the 6th of December, 1718, in the 45th year of his

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age, and was buried the 19th of the same month in Westminster-Abbey, in the isle where many of our English poets are interred, over against Chaucer, the body being attended by a select number of his friends, and the Dean and Choir officiating at the funeral.

28, 25, 1718.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the First Book, after a proposition of his subject, a short view of the ruins occasioned by the civil wars in Italy, and a compliment to NERO, Lucan traces the principal causes of the civil war, together with the characters of Cæsar and Pompey: after that, the story properly begins with Cæsar's passing the Rubicon, which was the bound of his province towards Rome, and his march on to the city. Thither the Tribunes, and Curio, who had been driven out of the city by the opposite party, come to him, and demand his protection. Then follows his speech to his army, and a particular mention of the several parts of Gaul from which his troops were drawn together to his assistance. From Cæsar, the poet turns to describe the general consternation at Rome, and the flight of great part of the senate and people at the news of his march. Hence he takes occasion to relate the foregoing prodigies, which were partly an occasion of those panic terrors, and likewise the ceremonies that were used by the priests for purifying the city, and averting the anger of the Gods; and then ends this Book with the inspiration and prophecy of a Roman matron, in which she enumerates the principal events which were to happen in the course of the civil war.

ROMAN EMPIRE,
according to
LUCIAN.



LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK I.

EMATHIAN plains with slaughter cover'd o'er;
And rage unknown to Civil Wars before,
Establish'd violence, and lawless might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of right;
A race renown'd, the world's victorious lords,
Turn'd on themselves with their own blood;—twice
Piles against piles oppos'd in impious fight,
And eagles against eagles heading flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents, spilt;
One common horror and promiscuous guilt,
A shatter'd world in wild disorder tost,
Leagues, laws, and empire in confusion lost;

Verse 1. *Emathian Plains*.] This first period contains a proposition of the whole work, the Civil War, and I would only observe once for all, that as some critics, who compare it with the original may see that I have not followed the order of it in the translation, and that on purpose, I have taken the same liberty in other places of this work, especially where I thought that a disposition would give an emphasis and a strength to the latter end of the period. *Emathia* was a province of Macedonia, and adjoining to Thessalia, but is not commonly used by this author for Thessalia.

Ver. 7. *Piles against piles*.] I have not translated the Latin word *Pilum* thus nearly, or *the spears against the spears*, as some make it English; because it was a weapon, as eagles were, the emblems peculiar to the Romans, and made use of here by Lucan purposely to denote the war made amongst themselves. *Pilum* was a sort of javelin which they darted at the enemy. The description of it may be found in Polybius, Vegetius, &c. &c. our own Dr. Keble's Roman Antiquities.

Of all the woes which civil discords bring,
 And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I sing.
 What blind, detested madness could afford 15
 Such horrid licence to the murthering sword?
 Say, Romans, whence so dire a fury rose,
 To glut with Latian blood your barb'rous foes?
 Could you in wars like these provoke your fate?
 Wars, where no triumphs on the victor wait! 20
 While Babylon's proud spires yet rise so high,
 And rich in Roman spoils invade the sky;
 While yet no vengeance is to Crassus paid,
 But unaton'd repines the wand'ring shade!
 What tracts of land, what realms unknown before,
 What seas wide-stretching to the distant shore, 26
 What crowns, what empires might that blood have
 gain'd,
 With which Emathia's fatal fields were stain'd!
 Where Seres in their silken woods reside,
 Where swift Araxes rolls his rapid tide: 30
 Where-e'er (if such a nation can be found)
 Nile's secret fountain springing cleaves the ground;

Ver. 21. While Babylon's proud spires.] Lucan here ~~describes~~
 both the Persian and Parthian Empire, which he very often joins
 and confounds together, taking very often one name for both.
 The death of Crassus, and his defeat by the Parthians, is a story
 too well known to need a note. See it at large in Plutarch.

Ver. 23. Where Seres.] In ancient Geographers we find two
 nations of this name, one in Aethiopia, and the other between
 India and Scythia; the latter, which are here meant, according
 to the learned Cellarius, answer to the northern parts of China.

Ver. 25. Araxes.] Of this name were several rivers in Asia;
 the chief, and that which is here mentioned, seems to be that in
 Armenia, it runs into the Caspian sea.

Where southern suns with double ardor glow,
 Flame o'er the land, and scorch the mid-day skies;
 Where winter's hand the Scythian seas constrains,
 And binds the frozen floods in crystal chains; 36
 Where-e'er the shady-night and day-spring come,
 All had submitted to the yoke of *Rome*.

Oh *Rome*! if slaughter be thy only care,
 If such thy fond desire of impious war: 40
 Turn from thyself, at least, the destin'd wound,
 'Till thou art mistress of the world around, }
 And none to conquer but thyself be found. }
 Thy foes as yet a juster war afford.
 And barb'rous blood remains to glut thy sword.
 But see! her hands on her own vitals seize, 48
 And no destruction but her own can please.
 Behold her fields unknowing of the plow!
 Behold her palaces and tow'rs laid low!
 See where o'erthrown the massy column lies, 50
 While weeds obscene above the cornish rise.
 Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd walls remain,
 There mould'ring pillars nodding roots sustain.
 The landskip once in various beauty spread,
 With yellow harvests and the flow'ry mead, 55
 Displays a wild uncultivated face,
 Which bushy brakes and brambles vile disgrace;
 No human footstep prints the untrodden green,
 No chearful maid nor village is seen.
 Ev'n in her cities famous once and great, 60
 Where thousands crowded in the noisy street,

No sound is heard of human voices now,
 But whistling winds through empty dwellings blow;
 While passing strangers wonder, if they spy
 One single melancholy face go by. 65
 Nor Pyrrhus' sword, nor Cannæ's fatal field,
 Such universal desolation yield:
 Her impious sons have her worst foes surpass'd,
 And Roman hands have laid Hesperia waste.
 But if our fates severely have decreed 70
 No way but this for Nero to succeed;
 If only thus our heroes can be Gods,
 And earth must pay for their divine abodes;
 If Heaven could not the thunderer obtain,
 'Till Giants' wars made room for Jove to reign, }
 'Tis just, ye Gods, nor ought we to complain: }
 Opprest with death though dire Pharsalia groan,
 Though Latian blood the Punic ghosts atone;
 Though Pompey's hapless sons renew the war,
 And Munda view the slaughter'd heaps from far;

Ver. 64. *Nor Pyrrhus.*] Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, a terrible and famous enemy of the Romans. See his life in Plutarch. Hannibal's victory at Cannæ is well known.

Ver. 69. *Hesperia.*] the ancient name of Italy; and likewise of Spain.

Ver. 77. *Opprest'd with Death.*] Upon this occasion Lucan enumerates the principal actions not only in this civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, but the others between the sons of Pompey, Octavius, Cæsar, and Antony. *Pharsalia* were fields so called from *Pharsalus*, a town in Thessaly, where the famous battle between Cæsar and Pompey was fought.

Ver. 80. *Munda.*] A town in Spain, where Pompey's sons fought a battle with Cæsar after their father's death, and where Cælius the eldest was killed. It is supposed not to have been above six leagues from the present Malaga.

Though meagre famine in Perusia reign, 81
 Though Mutina with battles fill the plain;
 Though Lepidus' side, and wide Ambracia's bay,
 Record the ruin of Actium's fatal day;
 Though servile hands are arm'd to man the fleet,
 And on Sicilian seas the navies meet: 86
 All crimes, all horrors, we with joy regard,
 Since thou, O Cæsar, art the great reward.

Vast are the thanks thy grateful Rome should pay
 To wars, which usher in thy sacred sway. 90
 When the great business of the world atchiev'd,
 Late by the willing stars thou art receiv'd,
 Through all the blissful seats the news shall roll,
 And Heaven resound with joy from pole to pole: 4
 Whether great Jove resign supreme command, 95
 And trust his scepter to thy abler hand;
 Or if thou choose the empire of the day,
 And make the sun's unwilling steeds obey;
 Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
 While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam; 100
 Where-e'er thou reign, with one consenting voice,
 The Gods and nature shall approve thy choice.
 But oh! whatever be thy godhead great,
 Fix not in regions too remote thy seat;

Ver. 81. *Perusia*] A Town in Umbria in Italy, where L. Antonius was besieged by Oct. Cæsar, and reduced by Famine.

Ver. 82. *Mutina*.] (the present Modena) D. Brutus was there besieged by M. Antony; but the siege was raised by Augustus, and both the Consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, killed. The two last actions mentioned, are the famous battle of Actium, between Anthony and Augustus; and another sea-fight, between Augustus and Sextus Pompeius, near Sicily, where the latter had immo-
 med, his fleet with slaves.

Nor deign thou near the frozen Bear to shine,
 Nor where the sultry southern stars decline ; 106
 Less kindly thence thy influence shall come,
 And thy blest rays obliquely visit Rome.
 Press not too much on any part the sphere :
 Hard were the task thy weight divine to bear ;
 Soon would the Axis feel the unusual load, 111
 And groaning bend beneath the incumbent God :
 O'er the mid orb more equal shalt thou rise,
 And with a juster balance fix the skies. 114
 Serene for ever be that azure space,
 No black'ning clouds the purer heaven disgrace, }
 Nor hide from Rome her Cæsar's radiant face. }
 Then shall mankind consent in sweet accord,
 And warring nations sheath the wrathful sword ;
 Peace shall the world in friendly leagues compose,
 And Janus' dreadful gates for ever close.
 To me thy present godhead stands confest,
 Oh let thy sacred fury fire my breast ;
 So, thou vouchsafe to hear, let Phœbus dwell
 Still uninvok'd in Cyrrha's mystic cell ; 125
 By me uncall'd, let sprightly Bacchus reign,
 And lead the dance on Indian Nysa's plain.
 To thee, O Cæsar ! all my vows belong,
 Do thou alone inspire the Roman song.
 And now the mighty task demands our care,
 The fatal source of discord to declare ; 131

[Cyrrha's mystic.] Was a town near Delphos and
 held in great respect for the residence of the Oracle.

[Nysa's.] There were many towns of this
 name sacred to Bacchus, especially one in India near the river
 Ganges.

What cause accurst produc'd the dire event,
 Why rage so dire the madding nations rent,
 And peace was driv'n away by one consent.
 But thus the malice of our fate commands, 135
 And nothing great to long duration stands ;
 Aspiring Rome had ris'n too much in height,
 And sunk beneath her own unwieldy weight.
 So shall one hour at last this globe control,
 Break up the vast machine, dissolve the whole,
 And time no more through measur'd ages roll, }
 Then Chaos hoar shall seize his former right,
 And reign with anarchy and eldest might ;
 The starry lamps shall combat in the sky,
 And lost and blended in each other die ; 145
 Quench'd in the deep the heavenly fires shall fall,
 And ocean cast abroad o'er-spread the ball :
 The moon no more her well known course shall
 run,

But rise from western waves, and meet the sun ;
 Ungovern'd shall she quit her ancient way, 150
 Herself ambitious to supply the day :
 Confusion wild shall all around be huri'd,
 And discord and disorder tear the world. &
 Thus power and greatness to destruction haste,
 Thus bounds to human happiness are plac'd,
 And Jove forbids prosperity to last.
 Yet fortune, when she meant to save
 From foreign foes preserv'd the
 Nor suffer'd barb'rous hands to
 That laid the queen of earth in

To Rome herself for enemies she sought,
 And Rome herself her own destruction wrought ;
 Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly heads before ;
 First fell by fatal partnership of pow'r.

What blind ambition bids your force combine ?
 What means this frantic league in which you join ?
 Mistaken men ! who hope to share the spoil, 167
 And hold the world within one common toil !
 While earth the seas shall in her bosom bear,
 While earth herself shall hang in ambient air, 170
 While Phœbus shall his constant task renew ;
 While through the Zodiac night shall day pursue ;
 No faith, no trust, no friendship, shall be known }
 Among the jealous partners of a throne ;
 But he who reigns, shall strive to reign alone. }
 Nor seek for foreign tales to make this good, 176
 Were not our walls first built in brother's blood ?
 Nor did the Feud for wide dominion rise,
 Nor was the world their impious fury's prize ;
 Divided pow'r contention still affords, 180
 And for a village strove the petty lords.

The fierce triumvirate combin'd in peace, }
 Preserv'd the bond but for a little space,
 Still with an awkward disagreeing grace. }
 It was not a league by inclination made, 185
 But base agreement, such as friends persuade.

heads, } The first triumvir
 Pompey and Crassus to
 be
 Pompey killed by his brother Re-

Desire of war in either chief was seen,
 Through interposing Crassus stood between.
 Such in the midst the parting Isthmus lies,
 While swelling seas on either side arise ; 190
 The solid boundaries of earth restrain
 The fierce Ionian and Ægean main ;
 But if the mound gives way, straight roaring loud
 In at the breach the rushing torrents croud,
 Raging they meet, the dashing waves run high,
 And work their foamy waters to the sky.
 So when unhappy Crassus sadly slain,
 Dy'd with his blood Assyrian Carre's plain ;
 Sudden the seeming friends in arms engage,
 The Parthian sword let loose the Latian rage. 200
 Ye fierce Arsacidæ ! ye foes of Rome,
 Now triumph, you have more than overcome :
 The vanquish'd felt your victory from far,
 And from that field receiv'd their civil war.

The sword is now the umpire to decide, 205
 And part what friendship knew not to divide.
 'Twas hard, an empire of so vast a size,
 Could not for two ambitious minds suffice ;
 The peopled earth, and wide extended main,
 Could furnish room for only one to reign. 210
 When dying Julia first forsook the light,
 And Hymen's tapers sunk in endless night.

Ver. 189. *Isthmus.*] By Corinth.

Ver. 201. *Arsacidæ.*] The kings of *Parthia*, called *Artabases*, a great prince, or perhaps the *Artabases* family.

Ver. 211 When dying Julia.] Julia was the daughter of *Julius Cæsar*, and married to *Pompey*. The manner of her death is said to have been thus: a servant of *Domitius* happening to be

The tender ties of kindred-love were torn,
 Forgotten all, and bury'd in her urn.
 Oh! if her death had haply been delay'd, 215
 How might the daughter and the wife persuade!
 Like the fam'd Sabine dames she had been seen
 To stay the meeting war, and stand between :
 On either hand had woo'd them to accord,
 Sooth'd her fierce father and her furious lord, }
 To join in peace, and sheath the ruthless sword.
 But this the fatal sisters doom deny'd ; 222
 The friends were sever'd, when the matron dy'd,
 The rival leaders mortal war proclaim, }
 Rage fires their souls with jealousy of fame,
 And emulation fans the rising flame. }
 Thee Pompey thy past deeds by turns infest,
 And jealous glory burns within thy breast ;
 Thy fam'd piratic laurel seems to fade,
 Beneath successful Cæsar's rising shade : 230
 His Gallic wreaths thou view'st with anxious eyes
 Above thy naval crowns triumphant rise.

killed in a tumult at Rome, Pompey, who was near him, by accident was dabb'd with his blood ; and thereupon sending him gone home, his wife, who was then with child, saw it, and imagining her husband to be killed, fell into labor with the infant, miscarried, and died of the illness she had contracted on that occasion.

Ver. 217. *Sabine Dames.*] The Sabine virgins, who were taken away by force, and married to Romulus and the first Romans, made peace between their husbands and their fathers.

Ver. 227. *Thee Pompey.*] Pompey had triumphed over several nations, especially over the Cilician pirates, whom though they had great fleets, and were masters of the seas, he oblig'd them to surrender themselves and their ships within forty days.

Ver. 231. *His Gallic wreaths.*] Cæsar had subdued Gaul,

Thee Cæsar thy long labors past incite,
 Thy use of war, and custom of the fight :
 While bold ambition prompts thee in the race,
 And bids thy courage scorn a second place.
 Superior pow'r, fierce faction's dearest care,
 One could not brook, and one disdain'd to share.
 Justly to name the better cause were hard,
 While greatest names for either side declar'd : 240
 Victorious Cæsar by the Gods was crown'd,
 The vanquished party was by Cato own'd.
 Nor came the rivals equal to the field ;
 One to increasing years began to yield,
 Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown, 245
 And civil functions weigh'd the soldier down ;
 Disus'd to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,
 And pleas'd himself with popular applause ;
 With gifts, and lib'ral bounty sought for fame,
 And lov'd to hear the vulgar shout his name ;
 In his own theatre rejoic'd to sit, 251
 Amidst the noisy praises of the pit.
 Careless of future illa that might betide,
 No aid he sought to prop his failing side.
 But on his former fortune much rely'd.
 Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his place,
 But stood the shadow of what once he was.
 So in the field with Ceres' bounty crown'd,
 Uprears some ancient oak his reverend shade,
 Chaplets and sacred gifts his boughs adorn,
 And spoils of war by mighty heroes worn.

But the first vigor of his root now gone,
 He stands dependent on his weight alone ;
 All bare his naked branches are display'd,
 And with his leafless trunk he forms a shade : 260
 Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
 As ev'ry blast would heave him from his seat :
 Though thousand fairer trees the field supplies,
 That rich in youthful verdure round him rise ;
 Fix'd in his ancient state he yields to none, 270
 And wears the honors of the grove alone.
 But Cæsar's greatness, and his strength was more
 Than past renown and antiquated pow'r ;
 'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
 Or tales in old records and annals seen ; 275
 But 'twas a valor, restless, unconfin'd,
 Which no success could sate, nor limits bind ;
 'Twas shame, a soldier's shame untaught to yield,
 That blush'd for nothing but an ill-fought field ;
 Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to stay, 280
 Where vengeance or ambition led the way ;
 A prodigal of war whene'er withstood,
 Not spar'd to stain the guilty sword with blood ;
 For gain andantage he improv'd all odds,
 And the most of fortune and the Gods ; 285
 Pleas'd to return whate'er withheld his prize,
 And saw the spoils with rejoicing eyes.
 Such sights the earth trembles, and Heav'n thunders
 Loud,
 Darts the swift lightning from the rending cloud ;

Fierce through the day it breaks, and in its flight
 The dreadful blast confounds the gazer's sight; 291
 Resistless in its course delights to rove,
 And cleaves the temples of its master Jove :
 Alike where-e'er it passes or returns,
 With equal rage the fell destroyer burns; 295
 Then with a whirl full in its strength retires,
 And recollects the force of all its scatter'd fires.

Motives like these the leading chiefs inspir'd ;
 But other thoughts the meaner vulgar fir'd.
 Those fatal seeds luxurious vices sow, 300
 Which ever lay a mighty people low.
 To Rome the vanquish'd earth her tribute paid,
 And deadly treasures to her view display'd :
 Then truth and simple manners left the place,
 While riot rear'd her lewd dishonest face ; 305
 Virtue to full prosperity gave way,
 And fled from rapine and the lust of prey.
 On ev'ry side proud palaces arise,
 And lavish gold each common use supplies.
 Their fathers frugal tables stand abhorr'd, 310
 And Asia now and Afric are explor'd,
 For high-pric'd dainties, and the citron board.

Ver. 312. *Citron Board.*] This is not here taken from the lemon-tree, but for a tree something resembling the olive-press, and growing chiefly in Afric. It is very fragrant among the Roman authors, and was used by their great people for beds and tables at entertainments. The spots and crispness of the wood were its great excellence. Hence they were called *Mossæ Tygrinae & Pantherinae*.

In silken robes the minion men appear,
Which maids and youthful brides should blush to
wear.

That age by honest poverty adorn'd, 315
Which brought the manly Romans forth, is scorn'd;
Where-ever ought pernicious does abound,
For luxury all lands are ransack'd round,
And dear-bought deaths the sinking state con- }
found.

The Curii's and Camilli's little field, 320
To vast extended territories yield;
And foreign tenants reap the harvest now,
Where once the great Dictator held the plow.

Rome, ever fond of war, was tir'd with ease;
Ev'n liberty had lost the pow'r to please: 325
Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,
And want could ev'ry wickedness persuade:
Hence impious pow'r was first esteem'd a good,
Worth being sought with arms, and bought with
With glory, tyrants did their country awe, [blood:
And violence prescrib'd the rule to law. 331
Hence pliant servile voices were constrain'd,
And force in popular assemblies reign'd;
Consuls and tribunes, with opposing might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the right: 335
Hence shameful magistrates were made for gold,
And a base people by themselves were sold:

Ver. 320. *The Curii's and Camilli's.*] Old frugal Romans
who thought seven acres an estate large enough for any honest

Hence slaughter in the venal field returns,
And Rome her yearly competitions mourns:
Hence debt unthrifty, careless to repay, 340
And usury still watching for its day:
Hence perjuries in ev'ry wrangling court;
And war, the needy bankrupt's last resort.

Now Cæsar, marching swift with winged haste,
The summits of the frozen Alps had past; 345
The vast events and enterprizes fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought,
Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood;
When lo! as he survey'd the narrow flood,
Amidst the dusky horrors of the night, 350
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight.
Her awful head Rome's rev'rend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd:
A tow'ry crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around: 355
Her naked arms uplifted e'er she spoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful silence broke.
" Presumptuous men! oh whither do you run?
" Oh whither bear you these my ensigns on?

Ver. 338. *The venal field.*] The *Campus Martius*, or field of Mars, where the yearly magistrates were chosen.

Ver. 348. *The banks of Rubicon.*] This river divided the Cisalpine Gaul from Italy, and was the utmost bounds of Cæsar's province that way. It is said, that on the banks towards Italy a pillar was placed by decree of the Senate, with an inscription importing, that whatever general officer or soldier should presume to pass over this river armed, (it must be understood from Gaul) should be deemed a rebel, and an enemy to his country.

" If friends to right, if citizens of Rome, 360
 " Here to your utmost barrier are you come."
 She said : and sunk within the closing shade :
 Astonishment and dread the chief invade ;
 Stiff rose his starting hair, he stood dismay'd,
 And on the bank his slack'ning steps were stay'd.
 ' O thou (at length he cry'd) whose hand controls
 ' The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls; 367
 ' Who from thy capitol's exalted height,
 ' Dost o'er the wide-spread city cast thy sight !
 ' Ye Phrygian Gods who guard the Julian line !
 ' Ye mysteries of Romulus divine ! 371
 ' Thou Jove ! to whom from young Ascanius came }
 ' Thy Alban temple, and thy Latial name : }
 ' And thou immortal sacred vestal flame ! }
 ' But chief, oh ! chiefly, thou majestic Rome ! }
 ' My first, my great divinity, to whom 376 }
 ' Thy still successful Cæsar am I come ;
 ' Nor do thou fear the sword's destructive rage,
 ' With thee my arms no impious war shall wage.
 ' On him thy hate, on him thy curse bestow, 380
 ' Who would persuade thee Cæsar is thy foe ;
 ' And since to thee I consecrate my toil,
 ' Oh favor thou my cause, and on thy soldier smile.'

Ver. 370. *Ye Phrygian Gods.*] Cæsar pretended to be descended from Iulus or Ascanius, the son of Æneas; and the Gods he invokes here are the Household-Gods of Æneas, which he brought from Troy. Jupiter had a temple built on the mountain of Alba to him by Ascanius, by the name of Jupiter Latialis; and the holy fire, sacred to Vesta, was first preserved there by virgins, till it was translated from Alba to Rome by Numa.
 That Romulus was worshipped as a God, under the name of Quirinus, is very well known.

He said ; and straight, impatient of delay,
 Across the swelling flood, pursu'd his way. 385
 So when on sultry Libya's desert sand
 The lion spies the hunter hard at hand,
 Couch'd on the earth the doubtful savage lies,
 And waits awhile 'till all his fury rise ;
 His lashing tail provokes his swelling sides, 390
 And high upon his neck, his mane with horror rides.
 Then if at length the flying dart infest,
 Or the broad spear invade his ample breast,
 Scorning the wound he yawns a dreadful roar,
 And flies like lightning on the hostile Moor. 395

While with hot skies the fervent summer glows,
 The Rubicon an humble river flows ;
 Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
 And rolls his ruddy waters to the sea.
 His bank on either side a limit stands, 400
 Between the Gallic and Ausonian lands.
 But stronger now the wintry torrent grows,
 The wetting winds had thaw'd the Alpine snows,
 And Cynthia rising with a blunted beam
 In the third circle, drove her wat'ry team,
 A signal sure to raise the swelling steam.
 For this, to stem the rapid waters course, 407
 First plung'd amidst the flood the bolder horse,
 With strength oppos'd against the stream they lead,
 While to the smoother ford, the foot with ease suc-
 The leader now had pass'd the torrent o'er, [ceed.
 And reach'd fair Italy's forbidden shore :

Then rearing on the hostile bank his head, 413
 Here farewell peace, and injur'd laws, (he said.)
 Since faith is broke, and leagues ~~are~~ set aside,
 Henceforth thou Goddess Fortune art my guide; }
 Let fate and war the great event decide.
 He spoke; and on the dreadful task intent,
 Speedy to near Ariminum he bent;
 To him the Balaeric sling is slow, 420
 And the shaft loiters from the Parthian bow.
 With eager marches swift he reach'd the town,
 As the shades fled, the sinking stars were gone, }
 And Lucifer the last was left alone.
 At length the morn, the dreadful morn arose, 425
 Whose beams the first tumultuous rage disclose:
 Whether the stormy south prolong'd the night, }
 Or the good Gods abhorr'd the impious sight,
 The clouds awhile withheld the mournful light. }
 To the mid Forum on the soldier pass'd, 430
 There halted, and his victor ensigns plac'd:
 With dire alarms from band to band around,
 The fife, hoarse horn, and rattling trumpets sound.
 The starting citizens uprear their heads;
 The lustier youth at once forsake their beds; 435
 Hasty they snatch the weapons, which among
 Their household-gods in peace had rested long;

Ver. 419. *Ariminum.*] A city near the Rubicon. It now
 called Rimini, and lies not far from Ancona in the Pope's terri-
 tories.

Ver. 420. *Balaeric.*] The inhabitants of the Balcerca, at pre-
 sent Majorca and Minorca, were famous for their slings.

Old bucklers of the cov'ring hides bereft,
The mould'ring frames disjoin'd and barely left;
Swords with foul rust indented deep they take,
And useless spears with points inverted shake. 441
Soon as their crests the Roman eagles rear'd,
And Cæsar high above the rest appear'd;
Each trembling heart with secret horror shook,
And silent thus within themselves they spoke. 445
 Oh hapless city! oh ill-fated walls!
Rear'd for a curse so near the neighbouring Gauls!
By us destruction ever takes its way,
We first become each bold invader's prey;
Oh that by fate we rather had been plac'd 450
Upon the confines of the utmost east!
The frozen north much better might we know,
Mountains of ice, and everlasting snow.
Better with wand'ring Scythians choose to roam,
Than fix in fruitful Italy our home,
And guard these dreadful passages to Rome. }
Through these the Cimbrians laid Hesperia waste;
Through these the swarthy Carthaginian pass'd;
Whenever fortune threatens the Latian states,
War, death, and ruin enter at these gates. 460
 In secret murmurs thus they sought relief,
While no bold voice proclaim'd aloud their grief.

Ver. 457. *Cimbrians.*] A barbarous people about the northern parts of Germany (now Denmark) who about 663 years after the building of Rome over-ran and ravaged Italy, and were at length vanquished by C. Marius.

O'er all, one deep, one horrid silence reigns ; }
 As when the rigor of the winter's chains, }
 All nature, heav'n, and earth at once constrains ; }
 The tuneful feather'd kind forget their lays, 466
 And shiv'ring tremble on the naked sprays ;
 Ev'n the rude seas compos'd forget to roar,
 And freezing billows stiffen on the shore.

The colder shades of night forsook the sky, 470
 When, lo ! Bellona lifts her torch on high :
 And if the chief, by doubt or shame detain'd,
 Awhile from battle and from blood abstain'd ;
 Fortune and fate, impatient of delay,
 Force ev'ry soft relenting thought away. 475
 A lucky chance a fair pretence supplies,
 And justice in his favor seems to rise.
 New accidents new stings to rage suggest,
 And fiercer fires inflame the warrior's breast. 479
 The senate threat'ning high, and haughty grown,
 Had driv'n the wrangling tribunes from the town ;
 In scorn of law, had chas'd 'em through the gate,
 And urged them with the factious Gracchi's fate.

Ver. 480. *The Senate threatening.*] Caesar had on this occasion very favorable appearances of reason and equity on his side : he proffered to lay down his command, if Pompey would do the same ; but the violence of the Consuls and Pompey's party was so great against him, that they would hear of no proposals for an accommodation, though never so reasonable : and forced the Tribunes who appeared for him, to fly out of the city disguised like slaves, for the immediate safety of their lives ; so that when these came for protection to Caesar's camp, it seemed as if he had marched towards Rome for no other reason than the preservation of the privileges of so sacred a magistracy as the Tribunes were, and the support of the laws of his country.

With these, as for redress their course they sped
To Cæsar's camp, the busy Curio fled ; 485
Curio, a speaker, turbulent and bold,
Of venal eloquence, that served for gold,
And principles that might be bought and sold. }
A tribune once himself, in loud debate,
He strove for public freedom and the state ; 490
Essay'd to make the warring nobles bow,
And bring the potent party-leaders low.
To Cæsar thus, while thousand cares infest,
Revolving round, the warrior's anxious breast, }
His speech the ready orator address.

While yet my voice was useful to my friend ;
While 'twas allow'd me, Cæsar to defend,
While yet the pleading bar was left me free,
While I could draw uncertain Rome to thee ;
In vain their force the moody fathers join'd, 500
In vain to rob thee of thy pow'r combin'd :
I lengthen'd out the date of thy command,
And fix'd thy conqu'ring sword within thy hand.
But since the vanquish'd laws in war are dumb,
To thee, behold, an exil'd band we come ; 505
For thee, with joy our banishment we take,
For thee our household hearths and Gods forsake ;
Nor hope to see our native city more,
Till victory and thou the loss restore.

Ver. 485. Curio.] Curio formerly had been a bitter enemy of Cæsar, but was afterwards bought off by him, and died in his quarrel in Afric. The Gracchi, whose fate the Senate now threatened him with, were two factious leaders, who were killed in popular tumults. See their lives in Plutarch.

Th' unready faction, yet confus'd with fear, 510
Defenceless, weak, and unresolv'd appear ;
Haste then thy tow'ring eagles on their way :
When fair occasion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.
If twice five years the stubborn Gaul withheld,
And set thee hard in many a well-fought field ;
A nobler labor now before thee lies, 516
The hazard less, yet greater far the prize :
A province that, and portion of the whole ;
This the vast head that does mankind control.
Success shall sure attend thee, boldly go 520
And win the world at one successful blow.
No triumph now attends thee at the gate ;
No temples for thy sacred laurel wait :
But blasting envy hangs upon thy name,
Denies thee right, and robs thee of thy fame ; 525
Imputes as crimes, the nations overcome,
And makes it treason to have fought for Rome :
Ev'n he who took thy Julia's plighted hand,
Waits to deprive thee of thy just command.
Since Pompey then, and those upon his side, 530
Forbid thee, the world's empire to divide ;
Assume that sway which best mankind may bear,
And rule alone what they disdain to share.

He said ; his words the list'ning chief engage,
And fire his breast, already prone to rage. 535
Not peals of loud applause with greater force,
At *Grecian Elis*, rouse the fiery horse ;
When eager for the course each nerve he strains,
Hangs on the bit, and tugs the stubborn reins,

At ev'ry shout erects his quiv'ring ears, 540
And his broad breast upon the barrier bears.
Sudden he bids the troops draw out, and strait
The thronging legions round their ensigns wait :
Then thus, the croud composing with a look,
And with his hand commanding silence, spoke. 545

Fellows in arms, who chose with me to bear }
The toils and dangers of a tedious war, }
And conquer to this tenth revolving year ; }
See what reward the grateful senate yield,
For the lost blood which stains yon northern field ;
For wounds, for winter camps, for Alpine snow,
And all the deaths the brave can undergo.
See ! the tumultuous city is alarm'd,
As if another Hannibal were arm'd :
The lusty youth are cull'd to fill the bands, 555
And each tall grove falls by the shipwright's hands ;
Fleets are equipp'd, the field with armies spread,
And *all* demand devoted Cæsar's head.

If thus, while fortune yields us her applause,
Whiles the Gods call us on and own our cause, 560
If thus returning conquerors they treat,
How had they us'd us flying from defeat ;
If fickle chance of war had prov'd unkind,
And the fierce Gauls pursu'd us from behind ?
But let their boasted hero leave his home, 565 }
Let him, dissolv'd with lazy leisure, come, }
With ev'ry noisy talking tongue in Rome : }
Let loud Marcellus troops of gown-men head,
And their great Cato peaceful burghers lead.

Shall his base followers, a venal train, 570
 For ages, bid their idol Pompey reign ?
 Shall his ambition still be thought no crime,
 His breach of laws, and triumph e'er the time ?
 Still shall he gather honors and command,
 And grasp all rule in his rapacious hand ? 575
 What need I name the violated laws,
 And famine made the servant of his cause ?
 Who knows not, how the trembling judge beheld
 The peaceful court with armed legions fill'd ?
 When the bold soldier, justice to defy, 580
 In the mid *Forum* rear'd his ensigns high :
 When glitt'ring swords the pale assembly scar'd, }
 When all for death and slaughter stood prepar'd, }
 And Pompey's arms were guilty Milo's guard ? }
 And now, disdaining peace and needful ease, 585
 Nothing but rule and government can please.

Ver. 570. *Shall his base.*] Pompey had for a long while almost monopolized and engrossed all power in Rome. By the laws, no man could pretend to a triumph till he was *thirty* years old, and Pompey had triumphed over Hiarbas and the Numidians at *twenty-four*.

Ver. 577. *And famine made.*] Cicero in his epistles to Atticus, and Plutarch in the life of Pompey, informs us, that by a law the whole power of importing corn was intrusted with Pompey for *five years* ; and Plutarch particularly mentions it as a malicious charge of Clodius, *That the law was not made because of the dearth or scarcity of corn ; but the dearth or scarcity of corn was made, that they might make a law to invest Pompey with so great a power as that necessity would be.*

Ver. 578. *Who knows not how the trembling judge.*] Milo was accused of the death of Clodius, and defended by that famous oration of Cicero's *pro Milone*. Pompey was then sole Consul, and to prevent the tumults that were threatened by the friends of Clodius, drew a strong guard into the *forum* ; but Cæsar insinuates here, that it was to overawe the judges and witnesses in favor of Milo.

Aspiring still, as ever, to be great,
 He robs his age of rest to vex the state :
 On war intent, to that he bends his cares,
 And for the field for battle now prepares. 590
 He copies from his master Sylla well,
 And would the dire example far excel.
Hircanian tigers fierceness thus retain,
 Whom in the woods their horrid mothers train, }
 To chace the herds, and surfeit on the slain.
 Such, Pompey, still has been thy greedy thirst, 596
 In early love of impious slaughter nurst ;
 Since first thy infang cruelty essay'd
 To lick the curst Dictator's reeking blade.
 None ever give the savage nature o'er, 600
 Whose Jaws have once been drench'd in floods of
 gore.

But whither would a pow'r so wide extend ?
 Where will thy long ambition find an end ?
 Remember him who taught thee to be great ;
 Let him who chose to quit the sovereign seat, }
 Let thy own Sylla warn thee to retreat.
 Perhaps, for that too boldly I withstand,
 Nor yield my conqu'ring eagles on command ;
 Since the *Cilician* pirate strikes his sail,
 Since o'er the *Pontic* king thy arms prevail ; 610

Ver. 591. *His Master Sylla.*] Pompey was a kind of disciple of Sylla, and like him espoused the Patrician party ; and about a dozen verses lower Caesar advises him to imitate his example, in the resignation of his power.

Since the poor prince, a weary life o'er-past,
By thee and poison is subdu'd at last ;
Perhaps, one latest province yet remains,
And vanquish'd Cæsar must receive thy chains.
But though my labors lose their just reward, 615
Yet let the senate these my friends regard ;
Whate'er my lot, my brave victorious bands
Deserve to triumph, whosoe'er commands.
Where shall my weary Veteran rest ? Oh where
Shall virtue worn with years and arms repair ? 620
What town is for his late repose assign'd ?
Where are the promis'd lands he hop'd to find,
Fields for his plow, a country village seat,
Some little comfortable safe retreat ;
Where failing age at length from toil may cease, 625
And waste the poor remains of life in peace ?
But March ! Your long victorious ensigns rear,
Let valor in its own just cause appear.
When for redress intreating armies call,
They who deny *just* things, permit them all. 630
The righteous Gods shall surely own the cause,
Which seeks not spoil, nor empire, but the laws.
Proud lords and tyrants to depose we come,
And save from slavery submissive Rome.

Ver. 611. *Since the poor prince.*] Mithridates after about *forty years* war with the Romans, being shut up in a castle by his son Pharnaces, would have poisoned himself, but had taken so many antidotes formerly, that it was said the poison could not take place, so that he was forced to have recourse to his sword to make an end of himself.

Ver. 614. *And vanquish'd Cæsar.*] This is a strong irony, a figure which the satirical genius of this author makes frequent use.

He said ; a doubtful sullen murm'ring sound ;
 Ran through the unresolving vulgar round ; 636
 The seeds of piety their rage restrain'd,
 And somewhat of their country's love remain'd ;
 These the rude passions of their soul withstood,
 Elate to conquest, and inur'd to blood : 640
 But soon the momentary virtue fail'd,
 And war and dread of Cæsar's frown prevail'd.
 Straight Lelius from amidst the rest stood forth,
 An old Centurion of distinguish'd worth ;
 The oaken wreath his hardy temples wore, 645
 Mark of a citizen preserv'd he bore.

If against thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,
 Thou greatest leader of the Roman name ;
 If truth for injur'd honor may be bold, 649
 What ling'ring patience does thy arms withhold ?
 Canst thou distrust our faith so often try'd,
 In thy long wars not shrinking from thy side ?
 While in my veins this vital torrent flows,
 This heaving breath within my bosom blows,
 While yet these arms sufficient vigor yield 655
 To dart the javelin, and to lift the shield,
 While these remain, my Gen'ral, wo't thou own
 The vile dominion of the lazy gown ?

Ver. 643. *Strait Lelius.*] This officer seems to have been of that degree which the Romans called *Primipilus*, *Primipilaris*, or *Præmæ Centurio*, which answers to our Lieutenant Colonel, or it may be to a Colonel, since he was the supreme officer in the legion, except the Tribune. The *Fistæ*, or rod made of a Vine-tree, which he bore, was a badge not only of his, but of every other Centurion's office.

The Oaken Crown was an honorary reward given to him who had saved the life of a citizen.

Wo't thou the lordly Senate choose to bear,
 Rather than conquer in a Civil War? 660
 With thee the Scythian wilds we'll wander o'er,
 With thee the burning Libyan sands explore,
 And tread the Syrt's inhospitable shore. }
 Behold! this Hand, to nobler labors train'd,
 For thee the servile oar has not disdain'd, 665
 For thee the swelling seas was taught to plow,
 Through the Rhine's whirling stream to force thy
 prow, }
 That all the vanquish'd world to thee might bow.
 Each faculty, each pow'r thy will obey,
 And inclination ever leads the way. 670
 No friend, no fellow citizen I know,
 Whom Cæsar's trumpet once proclaims a foe.
 By the long labors of thy sword, I swear,
 By all thy fame acquir'd in ten years war,
 By thy past triumphs, and by those to come, 675
 (No matter where the vanquish'd be, nor whom)
 Bid me to strike my dearest brother dead,
 To bring my aged father's hoary head,
 Or stab the pregnant partner of my bed;
 Though nature plead, and stop my trembling hand,
 I swear to execute thy dread command. 681
 Dost thou delight to spoil the wealthy gods,
 And scatter flames through all their proud abodes?
 See through thy camp our ready torches burn,
 Moneta soon her sinking fane shall mourn. 685

Ver. 685. *Moneta soon.*] There was a temple in Rome dedicated to Juno under the name of Moneta, or the Monitor, a

Would'st thou yon haughty factious senate brave,
And awe the Tuscan river's yellow wave ?
On Tiber's bank thy ensigns shall be plac'd,
And thy bold soldier lay Hesperia waste.
Dost thou devote some hostile city's walls ? 690
Beneath our thund'ring rams the ruin falls ;
She falls, ev'n though thy wrathful sentence doom
The world's imperial mistress, mighty Rome.

He said : the ready legions vow to join
Their chief belov'd, in ev'ry bold design ; 695
All lift their well-approving hands on high,
And rend with peals of loud applause the sky.
Such is the sound when Thracian Boreas spreads
His weighty wing o'er Ossa's piney heads :
At once the noisy groves are all inclin'd, 700
And bending, roar beneath the sweeping wind ;
At once their rattling branches all they rear,
And drive the leafy clamor through the air.

Cæsar with joy the ready bands beheld,
Urg'd on by Fate, and eager for the field : 705
Swift orders straight the scatter'd warriors call,
From ev'ry part of wide-extended Gaul ;
And lest his fortune languish by delay,
To Rome the moving ensigns speed their way.

Some, at the bidding of the chief, forsake 710
Their fix'd encampment near the Leman lake :

voice having been heard out of one of her temples, directing the Romans how they should pacify the anger of the Gods after an earthquake.

Ver. 711. *Leman Lake.*] The lake of Geneva.

Some from Vogesus' lofty rocks withdraw,
 Plac'd on those heights the Lingones to awe :
 The Lingones still frequent in alarms,
 And rich in many-color'd painted arms. 715
 Others from Isara's low torrent came,
 Who winding keeps thro' many a mead his name ;
 But seeks the sea with waters not his own,
 Lost and confounded in the nobler Rhone.
 Their garrison the Ruthen city send, 720
 Whose youth's long locks in yellow rings depend.
 No more the Varus and the Atax feel
 The lordly burden of the Latian keel.
 Alcides' fame the troops commanded leave,
 Where winding rocks the peaceful flood receive ;
 Nor Corus there, nor Zephyrus resort, 726
 Nor roll rude surges in the sacred port ;
 Circius' loud blast alone is heard to roar,
 And vex the safety of Monæchus' shore.
 The legions move from Gallia's farthest side, 730
 Wash'd by the restless ocean's various tide ;

Ver. 712. *Vogesus*.] A mountain in Lorrain, from whence the Mosæ takes its original

Ver. 713. *Lingones*.] A people of the Belgic Gaul, the Pais de Langres in Champagne.

Ver. 716. *Isara*.] L'Isere in France: It falls into the Rhone.

Ver. 720. *Ruthen City*.] A town in the Pais de Rouvergne.

Ver. 722. *Varus and Atax*.] The rivers Var in Provence, and Aude in Languedoc.

Ver. 724. *Alcides' fame*.] Monaco.

Ver. 728. *Circius*.] This wind is generally reckoned a national one, and ascribed by the ancients to Gallia Narbonensis. Some call it a Southern, though in a Scheme of Winds in the learned Cellarius, it is placed rather as a Nore-west, or Nore-nore-west. According to the same Author, Corus is West-nore-

Now o'er the land flows in the pouring main, }
 Now rears the land its rising head again, }
 And seas and earth alternate rule maintain. }
 If driv'n by winds from the far distant pole, 735
 This way and that, the floods revolving roll;
 Or if compell'd by Cynthia's silver beam,
 Obedient Tethys heaves the swelling stream;
 Or if by heat attracted to the sky, }
 Old Ocean lifts his heavy waves on high, }
 And briny deeps the wasting sun supply;
 What cause soe'er the wondrous motion guide,
 And press the ebb, or raise the flowing tide;
 Be that your task, 'ye sages, to explore,
 Who search the secretsprings of nature's pow'r: 745
 To me, for so the wiser Gods ordain,
 Untrac'd the mystery shall still remain.
 From fair Nemossus moves a warlike band,
 From Atur's banks, and the Tarbellian strand,
 Where winding round the coast pursues its way,
 And folds the sea within a gentle bay. 751
 The Santones are now with joy releast
 From hostile inmates, and their Roman guest.

west. At the same time his Maps lay down the port of Maan-
 chus as opening to the South-west, and according to that situ-
 ation cannot be exposed to any Northerly wind.

Ver. 744. *From fair Nemossus.*] Nemossus, the metropolis
 of the Arverni, in the Eastern part of Gallia Aquitanica.

Ver. 749.] *From Atur's banks.*] Atur, at present Dour or
 Ador, ran through the country of the Tarbelli, at the foot of the
 Pyrenean mountains, into the Gulph of Bayonne.

Ver. 752. *The Santones.*] People of Xanotiga.

Now the Bituriges forget their fears,
 And Suessons nimble with unwieldy spears; 755
 Exult the Leuci, and the Remi now,
 Expert in javelins, and the bending bow.
 The Belgæ taught on cover'd wains to ride,
 The Sequani the wheeling horse to guide;
 The bold Averni who from Ilium come, 760
 And boast an ancient brotherhood with Rome;
 The Nervii oft rebelling, oft subdu'd,
 Whose hands in Cotta's slaughter were embu'd;
 Vangiones, like loose Sarmatians drest,
 Who with rough hides their brawny thighs invest;
 Batavians fierce, whom brazen trumps delight, 766
 And with hoarse rattlings animate to fight;
 The nations where the Cinga's waters flow,
 And Pyrenæan mountains stand in snow;
 Those where slow Arar meets the rapid Rhone,
 And with his stronger stream is hurry'd down;
 Those o'er the mountains lofty summit spread,
 Where high Gebenna lifts her hoary head; 773

Ver. 754. *Bituriges*.] People near Bourdeaux.

Ver. 755. *Suessons*.] People of Soissons.

Ver. 756. *Leuci and Remi*.] The former near Toul, the latter near Rheims.

Ver. 759. *Sequani*.] Inhabitants of Burgundy.

Ver. 760. *Averni*.] It should be Arverni, people of Auvergne.

Ver. 762. *Nervii*.] A very barbarous and fierce people, who inhabited whereabouts Tournay now stands. They surprised Tetullus Sabinus and Cotta in their winter-quarters, and cut them off, with five cohorts under their command, at the time that Cæsar was in Britain.

Ver. 764. *Vangiones*.] A people of Germany about Wormes.

Ver. 766. *Cinga*.] A river rising out of the Pyrenees.

Ver. 770. *Arar*.] The river Saone.

Ver. 773. *Gebenna*.] This is by some taken for the city of Geneva, but falsely. Cellarius places it more truly between the Arverni and the Helvi: perhaps the Sevensnes.

With these the Trevir, and Ligurian shorn,
 Whose brow no more long falling locks adorn;
 Though chief amongst the Gauls he wont to deck,
 With ringlets comely spread, his graceful neck:
 And you where Hesus' horrid altar stands,
 Where dire Teutates human blood demands;
 Where Taranis by wretches is obey'd, 780
 And vies in slaughter with the Scythian maid:
 All see with joy the wars departing rage
 Seek distant lands, and other foes engage.
 You too, ye bards! whom sacred raptures fire,
 To chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre; 785
 Who consecrate, in your immortal strain,
 Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain;
 Securely now the tuneful task renew,
 And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.

In this place, in all the modern editions of Lucan, are five more verses; but, as the learned Grotius observed, they are wanting in most of the ancient manuscripts, and from thence he conjectures they are spurious. I have omitted them in the translation, especially since I think this dry recapitulation of so many places is not the most useful nor entertaining part of Lucan, if it be at all of him.

Ver. 774. *Trevir.*] People near Trier. *Ligurians.* Those near Genoa.

Ver. 778. *And you where Hesus.*] These three ancient Gods of the Gauls were thought, Hesus to be the same with Mars, Teutates with Mercury, and Taranis with Jupiter. The poet very justly puts a mark of honor upon them, since they were all three worshipped with human sacrifices, as the Diana Taurica was.

Ver. 784. *You too, ye Bards.*] These were the ancient poets among the Gauls: and the Commentators upon this place observe, that the word in the old Gaulish language signifies a singer. Of the Druids, their religion, their worshipping under trees, &c. so much has been said by so many others, that an explanatory note would not be very necessary here.

The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
 Old mysteries and barb'rous rites restore :
 A tribe who singular Religion love,
 And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
 To these, and these of all mankind alone,
 The Gods are sure reveal'd, or sure unknown. 795
 If dying mortals dooms they sing aright,
 No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night :
 No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,
 Nor seek the dreary silent shades below :
 But forth they fly immortal in their kind, 800
 And other bodies in new worlds they find.
 Thus life for ever runs its endless race,
 And like a line, death but divides the space,
 A stop which can but for a moment last,
 A point between the future and the past. 805
 Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
 Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise ;
 Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
 But rush undaunted on the pointed steel ;
 Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn 810
 To spare that life which must so soon return.
 You too, tow'rd's Rome advance, ye warlike band,
 That wont the shaggy Cauca to withstand ;
 Whom once a better order did assign,
 To guard the passes of the German Rhine ; 815
 Now from the fenceless banks you march away,
 And leave the world the fierce barbarians prey.

¹ Ver. 813. *The shaggy Cauca.*] Chauci, or Caljel, for they are written these three ways, were a people of Germany, near the Rhine.

While thus the num'rous troops, from ev'ry part
 Assembling, raise their daring leader's heart; 819
 O'er Italy he takes his warlike way,
 The neighb'ring towns his summons strait obey, }
 And on their walls his ensigns high display.
 Mean-while the busy messenger of ill,
 Officious Fame, supplies new terror still:
 A thousand slaughters, and ten thousand fears, 825
 She whispers in the trembling vulgar's ears.
 Now comes a frightened messenger, to tell
 Of ruins which the country round befel;
 The foe to fair Mevania's walls is past,
 And lays Clitumnus' fruitful pastures waste; 830
 Where Nar's white waves with Tiber mingling fall,
 Range the rough German and the rapid Gaul.
 But when himself, when Cæsar they would paint,
 The stronger image makes description faint;
 No tongue can speak with what amazing dread 835
 Wild thought presents him at his army's head;
 Unlike the man familiar to their eyes,
 Horrid he seems, and of gigantic size:
 Unnumber'd eagles rise amidst his train,
 And millions seem to hide the crowded plain. 840
 Around him all the various nations join,
 Between the snowy Alps and distant Rhine.

Ver. 829. *Mevania.*] This was a city in that part of Umbria nearest to Rome: the river Clitumnus ran by it, and its pastures were famous for their fruitfulness.

Ver. 831. *Where Nar's white waves.*] Virgil gives the reason for this epithet, when he calls it

Sulphurea Nar albus Aquæ.

Nar with sulphureous waters white.

He draws the fierce barbarians from their home,
 With rage surpassing theirs he seems to come,
 And urge them on to spoil devoted Rome. }
 Thus fear does half the work of lying fame 846
 And cowards thus their own misfortunes frame;
 By their own feigning fancies are betray'd,
 And groan beneath those ills themselves have made.
 Nor these alarms the crowd alone infest, 850
 But ran alike through ev'ry beating breast;
 With equal dread the grave Patricians shook,
 Their seats abandon'd, and the court forsook.
 The scatt'ring fathers quit the public care,
 And bid the consuls for the war prepare. 855
 Resolv'd on flight, yet still unknowing where
 To fly from danger, or for aid repair.
 Hasty and headlong diff'ring paths they tread, }
 As blind impulæ and wild distraction lead;
 The crowd, a hurrying, heartless train, succeed. }
 Who that the lamentable sight beheld, 861
 The wretched fugitives that hid the field,
 Would not have thought the flames, with rapid
 haste
 Destroying wide, had laid their city waste;
 Or groaning earth had shook beneath their feet,
 While threatening fabrics nodded o'er the street,
 By such unthinking rashness were they led;
 Such was the madness which their fears had bred,
 As if, of ev'ry other hope bereft,
 To fly from Rome were all the safety left. 870

So when the stormy South is heard to roar,
 And rolls huge billows from the Libyan shore ;
 When rending sails slit with the driving blast,
 And with a crash down comes the lofty mast ;
 Some coward master leaps from off the deck, 875
 And hasty to despair prevents the wreck ;
 And though the bark unbroken hold her way,
 His trembling crew all plunge into the sea.
 From doubtful thus they run to certain harms,
 And flying from the city rush to arms. 880
 Then sons forsook their sires un-nerv'd and old,
 Nor weeping wives their husbands could withhold ;
 Each left his guardian lares unador'd,
 Nor with one parting pray'r their aid implor'd ;
 None stopp'd, or sighing turn'd for one last view,
 Or bid the city of his birth, adieu. 886
 The headlong crowd regardless urge their way,
 Though ev'n their gods and country ask their stay, }
 And pleading nature beg them to delay. }
 What means, ye Gods ! this changing in your
 doom ? 890

Freely you grant, but quickly you resume.
 Vain is the short-liv'd sov'reignty you lend ;
 The pile you raise you deign not to defend.

Ver. 883. *Guardian Laræ.*] The Laræ were the domestic or family-gods, placed on or near the hearth. They were said to be children of Mercury and the nymph Lara. The reverence the Romans had for them was very great, and the hearth for their sakes was held sacred. There were two sorts of these Gods, the *Domestici* and *Compitales*; the former had the care of the *domus*, and the latter of high-ways.

See where, forsaken by her native bands,
All desolate the once great city stands! 895
She whom her swarming citizens made proud,
Where once the vanquish'd nations wont to crowd,
Within the circuit of whose ample space
Mankind might meet at once, and find a place;
A wide defenceless desert now she lies, 900
And yield herself the victor's easy prize.
The camp intrench'd securest slumbers yields,
Though hostile arms beset the neighb'ring fields;
Rude banks of earth the hasty soldier rears,
And in the turfy wall forgets his fears: 905
While, Rome, thy sons all tremble from afar,
And scatter at the very name of war;
Nor on thy tow'rs depend, nor rampart's height,
Nor trust their safety with thee for a night.

Yet one excuse absolv'd the panic dread; 910
The vulgar justly fear'd when Pompey fled.
And lest sweet hope might mitigate their woes,
And expectation better times disclose,
On ev'ry breast presaging terror sate, 914
And threaten'd plain some yet more dismal fate.
The Gods declare their menaces around,
Earth, air, and seas in prodigies abound;
Then stars, unknown before, appear'd to burn,
And foreign flames about the pole to turn;
Unusual fires by night were seen to fly, 920
And dart obliquely through the gloomy sky.

Ver. 905. *The turfy wall.*] The fortifications of the Roman camps consisted only of a ditch, a bank raised behind that, of the earth dug out of it, and palisaded!

Then horrid comets shook their fatal hair,
And bade proud royalty for change prepare;
Now dart swift lightnings through the azure
clear,

And meteors now in various forms appear: 925
Some like the javelin shoot extended long,
While some like spreading lamps in heav'n are
hung.

And though no gathering clouds the day control,
Through skies serene portentous thunders roll;
Fierce blasting bolts from Northern regions come,
And aim their vengeance at imperial Rome. 931
The stars that twinkled in the lonely night,
Now lift their bolder head in day's broad light.
The moon, in all her brother's beams array'd,
Was blotted by the earth's approaching shade: 935
The sun himself, in his meridian race,
In sable darkness viel'd his brighter face;
The trembling world beheld his fading ray,
And mourn'd despairing for the loss of day.
Such was he seen, when backward to the east 940
He fled, abhorring dire Thyestes' feast.

Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,
While Mulciber let loose his fiery store;
Nor rose the flames, but with a downward tide
Tow'rd Italy their burning torrent guide. 945
Charybdis' dogs howl doleful o'er the flood,
And all her whirling waves run red with blood;
The Vestal fire upon the altar dy'd,
And o'er the sacrifice the flames divide;

The parting points with double streams ascend, 950
 To shew the Latian festivals must end:
 Such from the Theban brethren's pile arose,
 Signal of impious and immortal foes.
 With op'nings vast the gaping earth gave way,
 And in her inmost womb receiv'd the day. 955
 The swelling seas o'er lofty mountains flow,
 And nodding Alps shook off their ancient snow.
 Then wept the Demi-Gods of mortal birth,
 And sweating Lares trembled on the hearth.
 In temples then, recording stories tell, 960
 Untouch'd the sacred gifts and garlands fell.
 Then birds obscene with inauspicious flight,
 And screamings dire, prophan'd the hallow'd light.
 The savage kind forsook the desert wood,
 And in the streets disclos'd their horrid brood. 965
 Then speaking beasts with human sounds were heard,
 And monstrous births the teeming mothers scar'd.
 Among the crowd, religious fears disperse
 The saws of Sibyls, and foreboding verse.
 Bellona's priests, a barb'rous frantic train, 970
 Whose mangled arms a thousand wounds distain,
 Toss their wild locks, and with a dismal yell,
 The wrathful Gods, and coming woes foretel.

Vers. 950. *The parting points.*] These feræ Latine, or Latin festivals were performed by night to Jupiter at Alba. As I shall be always very ready to acknowledge any mistake, so I believe in this place I ought rather to have translated these verses thus; . .

The parting points with double streams ascend,
 And Alba's Latian rites portentous end.

But I was led into the error by not considering enough the true meaning of the Latin expression, *confectus Latine*.

Lamenting ghosts amidst their ashes mourn,
And groanings echo from the marble urn. 975
The rattling clank of arms is heard around,
And voices loud in lonely woods resound.
Grim spectres ev'ry where affright the eye,
Approaching glare, and pass with horror by.
A fury fierce about the city walks, 980
Hell-born, and horrible of size, she stalks :
A flaming pine she brandishes in air,
And hissing loud up rise her snaky hair :
Where-e'er her round accurst the monster takes,
The pale inhabitant his house forsakes. 985
Such to Lycurgus was the phantom seen,
Such the dire visions of the Theban Queen ;
Such, at his cruel step-mother's command,
Before Alcides, did Megæra stand :
With dread, 'till then unknown, the hero shook 990
Though he had dar'd on Hell's grim king to look.
Amid the deepest silence of the night,
Shrill sounding clarions animate the fight ;
The shouts of meeting armies seems to rise,
And the loud battle shakes the gloomy skies. 995
Dead Sylla in the Martian field ascends,
And mischiefs mighty as his own portends.
Near Anio's stream old Marius rears his head ;
The hinds beheld his grisly form and fled.

Ver. 986. *Such to Lycurgus*] Lycurgus King of Thrace, and Agave Queen of Thebes, were both pursued by furies for their contempt of Bacchus.

Ver. 988. *Such as his cruel step-mother.*] Hercules at his descent into hell saw Pluto first, and the furies afterwards.

The state thus threaten'd, by old custom taught,
 For counsel to the Tuscan prophets sought : 1001
 Of these the chief for learning fam'd, and age,
 Aruns by name, a venerable sage,
 At Luna liv'd ; none better could descry
 What bodes the lightning's journey through the
 sky ; 1006

Presaging veins and fibres well he knew,
 And omens read aright, from ev'ry wing that flew.
 First he commands to burn the monstrous breed,
 Sprung from mix'd species, and discordant seed ;
 Forbidden and accursed births, which come 1010
 Where Nature's laws design'd a barren womb.
 Next, the remaining trembling tribes he calls,
 To pass with solemn rites about their walls,
 In holy march to visit all around,
 And with lustrations purge the utmost bound. 1015
 The sovereign Priests the long procession lead, }
 Inferior orders in the train succeed, }
 Array'd all duly in the Gabine weed. }

Ver. 1001. *The Tuscan Prophets.*] The Romans received their augurs and aruspices, with the arts of divining by the sight of birds and by sacrifices, from Etruria, or Tuscany ; and upon any remarkable occasion, such as this might well be supposed, they sent for soothsayers from that country, as not depending, in the last and greatest emergencies, upon their own.

Ver. 1018. *The Gabine Weed.*] This was not so much the habit itself as the manner of wearing it, tucked up and short. I do not remember it as used by the priests in any other ancient author. It was proper only to the Consuls or Generals upon some extraordinary occasions, as the denouncing war, burning the spoils of the enemy, devoting themselves to death for the safety of their army, or the like.

There the chaste head of Vesta's choir appears
 A sacred fillet binds her rev'rend hairs;
 To her, in sole pre-eminence, is due,
 Phrygian Minerva's awful shrine to view.
 Next the fifteen in order pass along,
 Who guard the fatal Sibyls secret song;
 To Almon's stream Cybele's form they bear,
 And wash the goddess each returning year. 1026
 The Titian brotherhood, the Augurs band,
 Observing flight on the left lucky hand;
 The Sev'n ordain'd Jove's holy feast to deck;
 The Salii blithe, with bucklers on the neck, 1030

Ver 1019 *Vesta's choir*] The business of these maids was chiefly to attend upon and preserve a holy fire By Vesta some meant the element or principle of fire, others that of earth; and Polydore Virgil that natural heat inclosed in the earth, by which all things are produced They had the custody likewise of the Palladium, or image of Pallas, brought from Troy by Æneas

Ver 1023 *The Fifteen*] These religious men were first two, then ten, and by Sylla increased to fifteen

Ver 1025 *Almon's Stream*] A little river that falls into the Tiber

Ver 1027 *The Titian Brotherhood*] There were several of these sodalities in Rome These particularly were instituted to supervise the solemnities in memory of Tatius the Sabine king

Ver 1029 *The Sevens*] These were called likewise Epulones, as well as Septemviri At their first creation they were but three, but soon increased to seven It is thought they were at last increased to ten, though they still kept their name of Septemviri They had their name Epulones from a custom among the Romans in times of public danger, of making a sumptuous feast in their temples, to which they did, as it were, invite the Gods themselves, for their statues were brought on rich beds and pillows, and placed at the honourable part of the table as the principal guests These solemnities were called *Lectisternia*

Ver 1030 *The Salii*] These were priests of Mars, who made a sort of dancing processions along the streets with the sacred ancylus or bucklers about their necks.

~~All~~ marching in their order just appear ;
~~And~~ the generous Flamens close the rear.
 While ~~these~~ through ways uncouth, and tiresome
 ground,

Patient perform their long laborious round, 1034
 Aruns collects the marks of Heav'n's dread flame
 In earth he hides them with religious hand,
 Murmurs a pray'r, then gives the place a name, }
 And bids the fix'd Bidental hallow'd stand.
 Next from the herd a chosen male is sought,
 And soon before the ready altar brought. 1040
 And now the acer the sacrifice began,
 The pouring wine upon the victim ran ;
 The mingled meal upon his brow was plac'd ;
 The crooked knife the destin'd line had trac'd ;
 When with reluctant rage th' impatient beast
 The rites unpleasing to the god confest. 1046
 At length compell'd his stubborn head to bow,
 Vanquish'd he yields him to the fatal blow, ;
 The gushing veins no cheerful crimson pour,
 But stain with pois'nous black the sacred floor.

Ver. 1032. *The generous Flamens.*] Of these there were three principal, appropriated to Jupiter, Mars, and Quirinus, who were always chosen out of the nobility.

Ver. 1038. *The fix'd bidental.*] What person, thing, or place soever had been struck by lightning, the Romans looked upon as peculiarly sacred to the gods. Whatever it was, it was immediately encompassed in by a wall, palisadoes, or at least by a rope ; sometimes it was covered up in the earth, and accounted holy. It was called Bidental from bidens, a sheep about two years old, with two teeth longer than the rest, that was always sacrificed on these occasions.

The paler prophet stood with horror struck ;
 Then with a hasty hand the entrails took, 1052
 And sought the angry gods again ; but there
 Prognostics worse, and sadder signs appear ;
 The pallid guts with spots were marbled o'er,
 With thin cold serum stain'd, and livid gore 1056
 The liver wet with putrid streams he spy'd,
 And veins that threaten'd on the hostile side ;
 Part of the heaving lungs is no where found,
 And thinner films the sever'd entrails bound ;
 No usual motion stirs the panting heart ; 1061
 The chinky vessels ouze on ev'ry part ;
 The cawl, where wrapt the close intestines lie,
 Betrays its dark recesses to the eye.
 One prodigy superior threaten'd still, 1065
 The never-failing harbinger of ill :
 Lo ! by the fibrous liver's rising head,
 A second rival prominence is spread ;
 All sunk and poor the friendly part appears,
 And a pale sickly, withering visage wears ; 1070
 While high and full the adverse vessels ride,
 And drive, impetuous, on their purple tide.
 Amaz'd, the sage foresaw th' impending Fate ;
 Ye Gods ! (he cry'd) forbid me to relate
 What woes on this devoted people wait. }

Ver. 1058. *The Hostile side.*] In divining by the entrails especially the liver, the priest were wont to divide them into two parts, one to prognosticate for themselves, and the other for their enemies. And of all bad omens nothing had a worse signification than a duplicate, or any superfluous part. All the conditions and appearances indeed of this accident were of the worst kind that could be.

Nor dost thou, Jove, in these our rites partake,
 Nor smile propitious on the pray'r we make;
 The dreadful Stygian gods this victim claim,
 And to our sacrifice the furies came.
 The ills we fear command us to be dumb; 1080
 Yet somewhat worse than what we fear shall come.
 But may the gods be gracious from on high,
 Some better prosperous event supply,
 Fibres may err, and augury may lye;
 Arts may be false, by which our sires divin'd,
 And Tages taught them, to abuse mankind.
 Thus darkly he the prophecy exprest,
 And riddling sung the double-dealing priest.

But Figulus exclaims (to Science bred,
 And in the gods' mysterious secrets read; 1090
 Whom nor Egyptian Memphis' sons excell'd,
 Nor with more skill the rolling orbs beheld:
 Well could he judge the labours of the sphere,
 And calculate the just revolving year.) 1094
 The stars he (he cries) are in confusion hurl'd,
 And wand'ring error quite misguides the world,
 Or if the laws of Nature yet remain,
 Some swift destruction now the Fates ordain.
 Shall earth's wide op'ning jaws for ruin call,
 And sinking cities to the center fall? 1100

Ver. 1086. *And Tages*] This was a miraculous prophet, who rose out of the ground in Etruria or Tuscany, and first taught the rites of divination.

Ver. 1089. *But Figulus*] Cicero and Aulus Gellius make mention of Nigidius Figulus, a Pythagorean philosopher, who was likewise eminent for his skill in astrology.

Shall raging drought infest the sultry sky?
Shall faithless earth the promis'd crop deny?
Shall pois'nous vapours o'er the waters brood,
And taint the limpid spring and silver flood?
Ye gods! What ruin does your wrath prepare?
Comes it from heav'n, from earth, from seas, or
air?

The lives of many to a period haste,
And thousands shall together breathe their last.
If Saturn's sullen beams were lifted high,
And baneful reign'd ascendant o'er the sky, 1110
Then moist Aquarius deluges might rain,
And earth once more lie sunk beneath the main :
Or did thy glowing beams, O Phœbus, shine
Malignant in the lion's scorching sign, 1114
Wide o'er the world consuming fires might roll,
And heav'n be seen to flame from pole to pole :
Through peaceful orbits these unangry glide.
But, God of Battles ! what dost thou provide ? }
Who in the threat'ning scorpion dost preside ? }
With potent wrath around thy influence streams,
And the whole monster kindles at thy beams ;
While Jupiter's more gentle rays decline,
And Mercury with Venus faintly shine ;
The wand'ring lights are darken'd all and gone,
And Mars now lords it o'er the heav'ns alone.
Orion's starry falchion blazing wide, 1126
Refulgent glitters by his dreadful side.
War comes, and savage slaughter must abound,
The sword of Violence shall Right confound

The blackest crimes fair virtue's name shall wear,
 And impious fury rage for many a year. 1131
 Yet ask not thou an end of arms, O Rome,
 Thy peace must with a lordly master come.
 Protract destruction, and defer thy chain,
 The sword alone prevents the tyrant's reign,
 And civil wars thy liberty maintain. }

The heartless vulgar to the sage gave heed,
 New rising fears his words foreboding breed.
 When lo! more dreadful wonders strike their
 eyes,

Forth through the streets a Roman matron flies,
 Mad as the Thracian Dames that bound along,
 And chant Lyceus in their frantic song : 1142
 Enthusiastic heavings swell'd her breast,
 And thus her voice the Delphic God confest.

Where dost thou snatch me, Pæon! wherefore
 bear 1145
 Through cloudy heights and tracts of pathless air?
 I see Pangæan mountains white with snow,
 Æmus and wide Philippi's fields below.

Ver. 1147. *I see, Pangæan.*] Pangæus was a mountain in Thrace, and, as is plain from a passage in Dion Cassius, at the foot of it stood Philippi, the city near which the battle between Antony and Octavius on one side, and Brutus and Cassius on the other, was fought. Æmus or Hæmus was likewise a mountain in Thrace to the north of Pangæus.

It is pretty strange that so many great names of antiquity, as Virgil, Ovid, Petronius, and Lucan should be guilty of such a blunder in geography, as to confound the field of battle between J. Cæsar and Pompey with that between Oct. Cæsar and Brutus, when it was very plain one was in the middle of Thessaly, and the other in Thrace, a great

Say, Phœbus, wherefore does this fury rise ?
 What mean these spears and shields before my
 eyes ? 1150

I see the Roman battles croud the plain !
 I see the war, but seek the foe in vain.
 Again I fly, I seek the rising day,
 Where Nile's Ægyptian waters take their way :
 I see, I know upon the guilty shore, 1155
 The hero's headless trunk besmear'd with gore.
 The Syrts and Libyan sands beneath me lie,
 Thither Emathia's scatter'd relics fly.
 Now o'er the cloudy Alps I stretch my flight,
 And soar above Pyrene's airy height : 1160
 To Rome, my native Rome, I turn again,
 And see the senate reeking with the slain.
 Again the moving chiefs their arms prepare ;
 Again, I follow through the world the war. 1164

part of Macedonia lying between. Sulpitius indeed, one of the commentators upon Lucan, says, there was a town called Philippi, in whose neighbourhood the battle between Cæsar and Pompey was fought ; but upon what authority I know not : but supposing that, it is undeniable that these two battles were fought in two different countries. I must own, it seems to me to be the fault originally of Virgil (upon what occasion so correct a writer could commit so great an error is not easy to imagine) and that the rest took liberty easily from him, without making any farther inquiry.

Ver. 1152. [*I see the war, but seek the foe in vain.*] Because they were all Romans, or their subjects and confederates ; and should have been all on the same side.

Oh give me, Phœbus ! give me to explore,
Some region new, some undiscover'd shore ;
I saw Philippi's fatal fields before.

}

She said : the weary rage began to cease,
And left the fainting prophetess in peace.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Amidst the general consternation that fore-ran the Civil War, the Poet introduces an old man giving an account of the miseries that attended on that of Marius and Sylla; and comparing their present circumstances to those in which the Commonwealth was when that former war broke out. Brutus consults with Cato, whether it were the duty of a private man to concern himself in the public troubles; to which Cato replies in the affirmative: then follows his receiving Marcia again from the tomb of Hortensius. While Pompey goes to Capua, Caesar makes himself master of the greatest part of Italy, and among the rest of Corfinium, where Domitius, the governor for Pompey, is seized by his garrison, and delivered to Caesar, who pardons and dismisses him.

Pompey in an oration to his army makes a trial of their disposition to a general battle, but not finding it to answer his expectation, he sends his son to solicit the assistance of his friends and allies; then marches himself to Brundisium, where he is like to be shut up by Caesar, and escapes at length with much difficulty.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK II.

NOW manifest the wrath divine appear'd,
And Nature through the world the war declar'd ;
Teeming with monsters, sacred law she broke,
And dire events in all her works bespoke, 4
Thou Jove, who dost in Heav'n supremely reign, }
Why does thy providence these signs ordain, }
And give us prescience to increase our pain ? }
Doubly we bear thy dread inflicting doom,
And feel our miseries before they come.
Whether the great creating Parent Soul, 10
When first from chaos rude he form'd the whole,
Dispos'd futurity with certain hand,
And had the necessary causes stand ;
Made one decree for ever to remain,
And bound himself in Fate's eternal chain ; 15
Or whether fickle fortune leads the dance,
Nothing is fix'd, but all things come by chance ;

Ver. 10. *Whether the great.*] That is, whether according to the Stoics, all things were by necessity, or, according to the Epicureans, by chance.

Whate'er thou shalt ordain, thou ruling pow'r,
 Unknown and sudden be the dreadful hour :
 Let mortals to their future fate be blind, 20
 And hope relieve the miserable mind.

While thus the wretched citizens behold
 What certain ills the gods foretold ;
 Justice suspends her course in mournful Rome,
 And all the noisy courts at once are dumb ; 25
 No honours shine in the distinguished weed,
 Nor rods the purple magistrate precede :
 A dismal silent sorrow spreads around,
 No groan is heard, nor one complaining sound.
 So when some gen'rous youth resigns his breath,
 And parting sinks in the last pangs of death ; 31
 With ghastly eyes, and many a lift-up hand,
 Around his bed the still attendants stand ;
 No tongue as yet presumes his fate to tell,
 Nor speaks aloud the solemn last farewell ; 36

Ver. 19. *Unknown.*] This prayer of the poet's, that we may not foreknow our misfortunes before they happen, is a very natural consequence from the distractions under which the Romans laboured, by reason of the prodigies related in the last Book ; which they looked upon as so many certain denunciations of some terrible affliction that was suddenly to fall upon them from the Gods.

Ver. 24. *Justice suspends.*] This terrible kind of vacation in the courts of justice was never observed at Rome but in the greatest public calamities.

Ver. 35. *The solemn last farewell.*] A valediction to the dead, was a ceremony performed to all persons at their sepulture. *Ulysses* takes his leave of *Pallas* in *Virgil*.

Adieu mille mille Pallas.

As yet the mother by her darling lies,
 Nor breaks lamenting into frantic cries ;
 And though he stiffens in her fond embrace,
 His eyes are set, and livid pale his face ;
 Horror a while prevents the swelling tear, 40
 Nor is her passion grief, as yet, but fear ;
 In one fix'd posture motionless she keeps,
 And wonders at her woe before she weeps.
 The matrons sad their rich attire lay by,
 And to the temples madly crowding fly : 45
 Some on the shrines their gushing sorrows pour,
 Some dash their breasts against the marble floor,
 Some on the sacred thresholds rend their hair,
 And howling seek the gods with horrid pray'r.
 Nor Jove receiv'd the wailing suppliants all, 50
 In various fanes on various pow'rs they call.
 No altar then, no God was left alone,
 Unvex'd by some impatient parent's moan.
 Of these, one wretch her grief, above the rest,
 With visage torn, and mangled arms, confest. 55
 Ye mothers ! beat (she cry'd) your bosoms now,
 Now tear the curling honours from your brow ;
 The present hour ev'n all your tears demands,
 While doubtful fortune yet suspended stands.

But this expression of Lucan, in this place, refers more immediately to what the Romans called *conclamatio* ; which was a repeated and loud outcry of those that waited for that purpose about the bed of the dying person, probably to try if they could retain the departing soul a little longer ; and when that was in vain, and the body found to be quite dead, they were said to be *conclamantes*, or past call.

When we shall conquer, then for joy prepare, 60
 The victor chief, at least, shall end the war.
 Thus from renew'd complaints they seek relief,
 And only find fresh causes out for grief.

The men too, as to diff'rent camps they go,
 Join their said voices to the public woe ; 65
 Impatient to the gods they raise their cry,
 And thus expostulate with those on high.

Oh hapless times ! oh that we had been born,
 When Carthage made our vanquish'd country
 mourn !

Well had we then been number'd with the slain
 On Trebia's banks, or Cannæ's fatal plain. 71
 Nor ask we peace, ye pow'rs, nor soft repose ;
 Give us new wars, and multitudes of foes ;
 Let ev'ry potent city arm for fight,
 And all the neighbour nations round unite ; 75
 From Median Susa let the Parthians come,
 And Massagetes beyond their Ister roam :
 Let Elbe and Rhine's unconquer'd springs send
 forth

The yellow Suevi from the farthest North :

Ver. 71. *Trebia*.] A river in Italy that falls into the Po, near
 Placentia, where Luc. Sempsonius was routed by Hannibal with
 a very great slaughter.

Ver. 71. *Massagetes beyond their Ister*.] The Massagetes
 were properly those Asiatic Scythians (or Tartars) who were
 situated beyond the Caspian sea, near the head of the river
 Oxus, and of consequence very far from the Ister or Danube ;
 but these geographical liberties are often taken by our author ;
 and here he seems to take them for the European and Asiatic
 Scythians in general.

Ver. 75. *Suevi*.] A people, of Germany about the duchy of
 Mecklenberg and Pomerania.

Let the conspiring world in arms engage, 80
 And save us only from domestic rage.
 Here let the hostile Dacian inroads make,
 And there his way the Gete invader take.
 Let Cæsar in Iberia tame the foe ;
 Let Pompey break the deadly eastern bow,
 And Rome no hand unarm'd for battle know. }
 But if Hesperia stand condemn'd by Fate,
 And ruin on our name and nation wait ;
 Now dart thy thunder, dread Almighty Sire,
 Let all thy flaming heav'ns descend in fire ; 90
 On chiefs and parties hurl thy bolts alike,
 And, ere their crimes have made 'em guilty,
 strike.

Is it a cause so worthy of our care,
 That Pow'r may fall to this, or that man's share ?
 Do we for this the gods and conscience brave, 95
 That one may rule, and make the rest a slave ?
 When thus, ev'n Liberty we scarce should buy,
 But think a Civil war a price too high.

Thus groan they at approaching dire events,
 And thus expiring piety laments. 100
 Meanwhile the hoary sire his years depletes,
 And age that former miseries restores :
 He hates his weary life prolong'd for woe,
 Worse days to see, more impious rage to know.

Ver. 83. *Getæ.*] European Tartars.

Ver. 84. *Iberia.*] Spain.

Ver. 101. *Meanwhile some hoary sire.*] The poet here, to express the calamities attending on a Civil war, introduces some one particular old man, recapitulating the miseries of that between Marius and Sylla.

Then fetching old examples from afar 105
 'Twas thus (he cries) Fate usher'd in the war :
 When Cimbrians fierce, and Libya's swarthy Lord,
 Had fall'n before triumphant Marius' sword :
 Yet to Minturnæ's marsh the victor fled,
 And hid in oozy flags his exil'd head. 110
 The faithless soil the hunted chief reliev'd,
 And sedgy waters Fortune's pledge receiv'd.
 Deep in a dungeon plung'd at length he lay,
 Where Gyves and rankling fetters eat their }
 And noisome vapours on his vitals prey. [way,
 Ordain'd at ease to die in wretched Rome, 116
 He suffer'd them, for wickedness to come.
 In vain his foes had arm'd the Cimbrian's hand,
 Death will not always wait upon command;
 About to strike, the slave with horror shook, 120
 The useless steel his loos'ning gripe forsook ;
 Thick flashing flames a light unusual gave,
 And sudden shone around the gloomy cave ;

Ver. 107. *Libya's swarthy lord.*] Jugurtha.

Ver. 109. *Minturnæ's Marsh.*] Minturnæ was a city of Latium, now in ruins, near the river Garillan, in or near the territory of Trajetta. Hither, when Marius was driven out of Rome by Sylla, and declared a public enemy by the senate, he fled and hid himself among some reeds and sedges; but being found out, and committed to the public gaol, he was condemned to die. But the slave who was ordered to execute him (a Cimbrian, according to Lucan) being affrighted at somewhat terrible that he saw in him, and fancying he heard a voice saying, Darest thou kill Caius Marius? dropped his sword, ran out of the prison, and told the people the whole story: who being moved partly by this, and partly by compassion for a man who had once saved Italy, dismissed him. See all the particulars here mentioned by Lucan, more at large in Plutarch's Life of Marius.

Dreadful the gods of guilt before him stood,
And Marius terrible in future blood ; 125
When thus a voice began : Rash man ~~to~~ bear,
Nor touch that head which Fate resolves to spare ;
Thousands are doom'd beneath his arm to bleed,
And countless deaths before his own decreed ;
Thy wrath and purpose to destroy is vain : 130
Would'st thou ~~avenge~~ thee for thy nation slain ?
Preserve this man ; and in some coming day
The Cimbrian slaughter well he shall repay.
No pitying god, no pow'r to mortals good,
Could save a savage wretch who joy'd in blood :
But Fate reserv'd him to perform its doom, 136
And be the minister of wrath to Rome.
By swelling seas too favourably tost,
Safely he reach'd Numidia's hostile coast ; 139
There, driv'n from man, to wilds he took his way,
And on the earth, where once he conquer'd, lay ;
There in the lone unpeopled desert field,
Proud Carthage in her ruins he beheld ;
Amidst her ashes pleas'd he sat him down,
And joy'd in the destruction of the town. : 145
The Genius of the place, with mutual hate,
Rear'd its sad head, and smil'd at Marius' fate ;
Each with delight survey'd their fallen foe,
And each forgave the gods, that laid the other
low.

These with new fury was his soul possest, 150
And Libyan rage collected in his breast.
Soon as returning fortune own'd his cause,
Troops of revolting bondmen forth he draws ;
Cut-throats and slaves resort to his command,
And arms were giv'n to ev'ry baser hand. 155
None worthily the leader's standard bore,
Unstain'd with blood or blackest crimes before :
Villains of fame, to fill his bands, were sought,
And to his camp increase of crimes they brought.
Who can relate the horrors of that day, 160
When first these walls became the victor's prey !
With what a stride devouring Slaughter past,
And swept promiscuous orders in her haste !
O'er noble and plebeian rang'd the sword ;
Not pity or remorse one pause afford. 165
The sliding streets with blood were clotted o'er,
And sacred temples stood in pools of gore.
The ruthless steel, impatient of delay,
Forbad the sire to linger out his day :
It struck the bending father to the earth, 170
And cropt the wailing infant at his birth.
(Can innocents the rage of parties know,
And they who ne'er offended find a foe !)
Age is no plea, and childhood no defence,
To kill is all the murderer's pretence. 175
Rage stays not to inquire who ought to die,
Numbers must fall, no matter which, or why ;
Each in his hand a grisly venge bears,
And as the trophy of his virtue wears.

Who wants a prize, straight rushes through the
streets, 180

And undistinguish'd mows the first he meets ;
The trembling crowd with fear officious strive,
And those who kiss the tyrant's hand survive.
Oh could you fall so low, degenerate race !
And purchase safety at a price so base ! 185
What tho' the sword was master of your doom,
Though Marius could have giv'n you years to
come,

Can Romans live by infamy so mean ?
But soon your changing fortune shifts the scene ;
Short is your date ; you only live to mourn 190
Your hopes deceiv'd, and Sylla's swift return.
The vulgar falls, and none laments his fate,
Sorrow has hardly leisure for the great.
What tears could Bæbius' hasty death deplore !
A thousand hands his mangled carcass tore ; 195
His scatter'd entrails round the streets were tost,
And in a moment all the man was lost.
Who wept, Antonius' murder to behold,
Whose moving tongue the mischief oft foretold ?

Ver. 183. *Who kiss the Tyrant's hand.*] Marius had given it as a signal to his soldiers, that they should kill all whom he did not re-select, and offer his hand to kiss.

Ver. 198. *Antonius' murder.*] M. Antonius was a man of consular dignity, and an excellent orator. The soldiers who were sent to kill him, were so moved by his eloquence, that they were inclined to spare him: At last he was murdered by Lucius Julius, who brought his head to Marius while he was at table. After he had handled it for some time with scorn and impudence, he commanded it to be fixed upon the rostrum, or public pulpit.

Spite of his age and eloquence he bled ; 200
 The barb'rous soldier snatch'd his hoary head ;
 Dropping he bore it to his joyful lord,
 And while he feasted plac'd it on the board.
 The Crassi both by Fimbria's hand were slain,
 And bleeding magistrates the pulpit stain. 205
 Then did the doom of that neglecting hand,
 Thy fate, O holy Scævola, command ;
 In vain for succour to the Gods he flies,
 The priest before the vestal altar dies :
 A feeble stream pour'd forth the exhausted sire,
 And spar'd to quench the everliving fire. 211
 The seventh returning fasces now appear,
 And bring stern Marius' latest destin'd year :
 Thus the long toils of changing life o'erpast,
 Hoary and full of days, he breath'd his last. 215
 While fortune frown'd, her fiercest wrath he bore,
 And while she smil'd enjoy'd her amplest pow'r :
 All various turns of good and bad he knew,
 And prov'd the most that Chance or Fate cou'd do.
 What heaps of slain the Colline gate did
 yield ! 220
 What bodies strow'd the Sacriportan field,

Ver. 904. *The Cross.*] Father and Son killed together.
 Ver. 907. *Scissors.* He was the Pontifex Maximus, or chief priest.
 Ver. 918. *Fusces.*] They were rods carried before the magistrates as emblems of their authority.
 Ver. 930. *Colline Gate.*] Porta Collina, called likewise Porta Salina, was one of the gates of Rome. At Sacripontus, not far from Praeneste, Sylla overthrew the younger Marius, who fled to Praeneste, and was there besieged by Lucius Sulla.

When Empire was ordain'd to change her seat,
 To leave her Rome, and make Præneste great !
 When the proud Samnites troops the State defy'd,
 In terms beyond their Caudine treaty's pride. 225
 Nor Sylla with less cruelty returns,
 With equal rage the fierce avenger burns :
 What blood the feeble city yet retain'd,
 With too severe a healing hand he drain'd :
 Too deeply was the searching steel employ'd, 230
 What maladies had hurt the leach destroy'd.
 The guilty only were of life bereft :
 Alas ! the guilty only then were left.
 Dissembled hate and rancour rang'd at will,
 All as they pleas'd took liberty to kill ; 235
 And while Revenge no longer fear'd the laws,
 Each private murder was the public cause.
 The leader bad destroy ; and at the word,
 The master fell beneath the servant's sword,
 Brothers on brothers were for gifts bestow'd, 240
 And sons contended for their father's blood.

Sylla's lieutenant. And when Lamponius and Telastus, two leaders of the Samnites, came to raise the siege, they were likewise beaten by Sylla, about ten furlongs from the *Fora Collina*. In these two battles he is said to have killed seventy thousand men.

Ver. 225. *Caudine Treaty*.] The *Furca Caudina* were a pass with woods on each side near the town of Caudium, in the territories of the ancient Samnites : where, when these people had the Roman consuls and their army at a very great disadvantage, they obliged them to submit to very hard conditions, one article being, that every soldier should pass unarmed under a kind of gallows. Hence the expression *per Caudina*, for an ignominious peace.

Marius had promised the Samnites, who were of his side, to transfer the seat of the empire from Rome to them.

For refuge some to caves and forests fled ;
 Some to the lonely mansions of the dead ;
 Some, to prevent the cruel victor, die ;
 These strangled hang from fatal beams on high ;
 While those, from tops of lofty turrets thrown,
 Came headlong on the dashing pavement down.
 Some for their funerals the wood prepare,
 And build the sacred pile with hasty care : 249
 Then bleeding to the kindling flames they press,
 And Roman rites, while yet they may, possess.
 Pale heads of Marian chiefs are born on high,
 And heap'd together in the Forum lie ;
 There join the meeting slaughters of the town,
 There each performing villain's deeds are known.
 No sight like this the Thracian stables knew, 256
 Antæus' Libyan spoils to these were few :
 Nor Greece beheld so many suitors fall,
 To grace the Pisan tyrant's horrid hall.
 At length, when putrid gore, with foul disgrace,
 Hid the distinguish'd features of the face, 261
 By night the miserable parents came,
 And bore their sons to some forbidden flame.

Ver. 256. No sight like this.] Diomedes, king of Thrice,
 fed his horses with human flesh. Of Antæus see hereafter in
 the fourth book. Oenomaus, king of Elis, reigned at Pisa;
 his daughter Hippodamia was very beautiful; he proposed to
 her suitors, that whoever could vanquish him in a chariot race
 should marry her; but those that were beaten should be put to
 death. This last misfortune happened to several; at last her
 father breaking his neck by the treachery of his charioteer, she
 was won by Pelops.

Well I remember in that woeful reign,
 How I my brother sought amongst the slain;
 Hopeful by stealth his poor remains to ~~find~~
 And close his ashes in a peaceful urn;
 His visage in my trembling hands I ~~held~~
 And turn'd pacific Sylla's trophies ~~o'er~~
 Full many a mangled trunk I try'd, to see 270
 Which carcase & th the head wou'd best agree.
 Why shou'd my grief to Catulus return,
 And tell the victim offer'd at his urn,
 When struck with horror, the relenting shade
 Beheld his wrongs too cruelly repay'd? 275
 I saw where Marius' hapless brother stood,
 With limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with blood;
 A thousand gaping wounds increas'd his pain,
 While weary life a passage sought in vain,
 That mercy still his ruthless foes deny, 280
 And, whom they mean to kill, forbid to die;
 This from the wrist the suppliant hands divides,
 That hews his arms from off his naked sides:
 One crops his breathing nostrils, one his ears,
 While from the roots his tongue another tears;
 Panting awhile upon the earth it lies, 285
 And with mute motion trembles ere it dies:

Ver 269 *Pacific Sylla.* A strong irony.

Ver 272. *To Catulus.* Quintus Lutatius Catulus, hearing C. Marius had resolved to put him to death, killed himself. In revenge of this, his brother Catulus obtained of Sylla, that Marius, the brother of C. Marius, might be delivered into his hands, who sacrificed him, in the barbarous manner here described, at his brother's tomb.

From the sacred caverns where they lay,
 The bleeding orbs of sight are sent away. 289
 Can late posterity believe, when'er
 This tale of Marius and his foes they hear,
 They could ~~conflict~~ so much, or he cou'd bear? }
 Such is the broken carcase seen to lie,
 Crush'd by some tumbling turret from on high;
 Such to the shore the shipwreckt corpse is born,
 By rending rocks and greedy monsters torn. 296
 Mistaken rage! thus mangling to disgrace,
 And blot the lines of Marius' hated face!
 What joy can Sylla take? Unless he know
 And mark the features of his dying foe; 300
 Fortune beheld, from her Prænestine fane,
 Her helpless worshippers around her slain;
 One hour of fate was common to them all,
 And like one man she saw a people fall.
 Then dy'd the lusty youth in manly bloom, 305
 Hesperia's flow'r and hope for times to come;
 Their blood, Rome's only strength distains the
 fold,
 Ordain'd th' assembling centuries to hold.
 Numbers have oft been known on sea and land,
 To sink of old by Death's destructive hand; 310

Ver. 301. *Fortune beheld.*] The goddess Fortune had a famous temple at Præneste. After the town was taken by Lucr. Sulla, and many of all ranks slain; Sylla commanded 3000, who had laid down their arms, to be killed in cold blood.

Ver. 307. *Distains the Fold.*] The *Septa* or *Ovilia* of Rome were certain inclosures in or near the *Campus Martius*, where the people used to be polled, and give their votes in elections of magistrates, according to the *Centuriæ* or companies of which their tribes were composed. In this place Sylla commanded four whole legions to be cut to pieces at once.

Battles with multitudes have strown the plain;
And many perish on the stormy main :
Earthquakes destroy, malignant vapours blast,
And plagues and famines lay whole nations waste :
But Justice sure, was never seen, till now, 315
To massacre her thousands at a blow.
Satiety of death the victors prove,
And slowly through th' incumb'ring ruin move :
So many fall, there scarce is room for more,
The dying nod on those who fell before ; 320
Crowding in heaps their murderers they aid,
And, by the dead, the living are o'erlaid.
Meanwhile the stern Dictator, from on high,
Beholds the slaughter with a fearless eye ;
Nor sighs, to think his dread commands ordain
So many thousand wretches to be slain. 326
Amidst the Tiber's waves the load is thrown,
The torrent rolls the guilty burden down ;
Till rising mounds obstruct his wat'ry way,
And carcases the gliding vessels stay. 330
But soon another stream to aid him rose,
Swift o'er the fields a crimson deluge flows :
The Tuscan river swells above his shores,
And floating bodies to the land restores :
Struggling at length he drives his rushing flood,
And dyes the Tyrrhene ocean round with blood.
Could deeds like these the glorious stile demand
Of Prosperous, and Saviour of the land ? 338

Ver. 338. *Of Prosperous.*] These titles Sylla gave himself :
He called his son likewise Faustus, and his daughter Fausta.

Could this renown, cou'd these atchievements
build

A tomb for Sylla in the Martian field? 340

Again, behold the circling woes return,
Again the curse of civil wars we mourn;
Battles, and blood, and vengeance shall succeed,
And Rome once more by Roman hands shall
bleed.

Or if, for hourly thus our fears presage, 345

With wrath more fierce the present chiefs shall rage,
Mankind shall some unheard-of plagues deplore,
And groan for miseries unknown before.

Marius an end of exile only sought;
Sylla to crush a hated faction fought; 350

A larger recompence these leaders claim,
And higher is their vast ambition's aim:
Cou'd these be satisfy'd with Sylla's pow'r;

Nor, all he had possessing, ask for more;
Neither had force and impious arms employ'd,
Or fought for that which guiltless each enjoy'd.

Thus wept lamenting age o'er hapless Rome,
Rememb'ring evils past, and dreading those to
come. 358

But Brutus' temper fail'd not with the rest,
Nor with the common weakness was oppress'd;
Safe and in peace he kept his manly breast.
'Twas when the solemn dead of night came on,
When bright Calisto with her shining son,
Now half their circle round the pole had run;

Ver. 363. *Bright Calisto.*] The greater bear.

When Brutus, on the busy times intent,
 To virtuous Cato's humble dwelling went :
 Waking he found him, careful for the State;
 Grieving and fearing for his country's fate ;
 For Rome and wretched Rome, alone he fear'd ;
 Secure within himself, and for the worst prepar'd.

To him thus Brutus spoke. O thou, to whom
 Forsaken virtue flies, as to her home,
 Driv'n out, and by an impious age oppress,
 She finds no room on earth but Cato's breast :
 There, in her one good man, she reigns secure,
 Fearless of Vice, or Fortune's hostile pow'r. 375
 Then teach my soul, to doubt and error prone,
 Teach me a resolution like thy own.

Let partial favor, hopes or int'rest guide,
 By various motives, all the world beside,
 To Pompey's or ambitious Cæsar's side ;
 Thou Cato art my Leader. Whether peace 382
 And calm repose amidst these storms shall please :
 Or whether war thy ardor shall engage,
 To gratify the madness of this age,
 Herd with the factious chiefs, and urge the peoples
 rage.

The ruffian, bankrupt, loose adulterer,
 All who the pow'r of laws and justice fear,
 From guilt learn specious reasons for the war.
 By starving want and wickedness prepar'd, 390
 Wisely they arm for safety and reward.
 But oh ! what cause, what reason canst thou find ?
 Art thou to arms, for love of arms inclin'd ?

Thou the manners of this age withstood,
 As for so many years been singly good,
 To be repay'd with civil wars and blood ?
 Let those to vice inur'd for arms prepare,
 In thee 'twill be impiety to dare,
 Preserve at least, ye gods, these hands from war.
 Nor do thou meanly with the rabble join, 400
 Nor grace their cause with such an arm as thine.
 To thee, the fortune of the fatal field
 Inclining, unauspicious fame shall yield ;
 Each to thy sword shall press, and wish to be
 Imputed as thy crime, and charg'd on thee. 405
 Happy thou wer't, if with retirement blest,
 Which noise and faction never should molest,
 Nor break the sacred quiet of thy breast ;
 Where harmony and order ne'er should cease,
 But ev'ry day should take its turn in peace. 410
 So, in eternal steady motion, roll
 The radiant spheres around the starry pole :
 Fierce lightnings, meteors, and the winter's storm,
 Earth and the face of lower heav'n deform,
 Whilst all by nature's laws is calm above ; 415
 No tempest rages in the court of Jove.
 Light particles, and idle atoms fly,
 Toss'd by the winds, and scatter'd round the sky ;
 While the more solid parts the force resist,
 And fix'd and stable on the center rest. 420
 Cæsar shall hear with joy, that thou art join'd
 With fighting factions, to disturb mankind ;

Tho' sworn his foe, he shall applaud thy choice,
And think his wicked war approv'd by Cato's
voice.

See! how to swell their mighty leader's state, 425
The consuls and the servile senate wait :
Ev'n Cato's self to Pompey's yoke must bow,
And all mankind are slaves but Cæsar now.
If war, however, be at last our doom,
If we must arm for Liberty and Rome : 430
While undecided yet their fate depends,
Cæsar and Pompey are alike my friends ;
Which party I shall choose is yet to know,
That let the war decide ; who conquers is my foe.

Thus spoke the youth. When Cato thus express
The sacred councils of his inmost breast.

Brutus ! with thee, I own the crime is great ;
With thee, this impious civil war I hate ;
But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate. }
Answer yourselves, ye gods, and set me free ; 440
If I am guilty, 'tis by your decree.

If yon fair lamps above should lose their light,
And leave the wretched world in endless night ;
If chaos should in heav'n and earth prevail,
And universal Nature's frame should fail : 445
What Stoic would not the misfortune share,
And think that desolation worth his care ?
Princes and nations whom wide seas divide,
Where other stars far distant heav'ns do guide, }
Have brought their ensigns to the Roman side. }

Forbid it gods ! when barb'rous Scythians come }
 From their cold north, to pass declining Rome, }
 That I should see her fall, and sit secure at home. }
 As some unhappy sire by death undone,
 Robb'd of his age's joy, his only son, 455
 Attends the funeral with pious care,
 To pay his last paternal office there ;
 Takes a sad pleasure in the crowd to go,
 And be himself part of the pompous woe ;
 Then waits till ev'ry ceremony past, 460
 His own fond hand may light the pile at last.
 So fix'd, so faithful to thy cause, O Rome,
 With such a constancy and love I come,
 Resolv'd for thee and liberty to mourn,
 And never ! never from your sides be torn ; 465
 Resolv'd to follow still your common fate,
 And on your very names, and last remains to wait.
 Thus let it be, since thus the gods ordain ;
 Since hecatombs of Romans must be slain,
 Assist the sacrifice with ev'ry hand, 470
 And give them all the slaughter they demand.
 O ! were the gods contented with my fall,
 If Cato's life could answer for you all,
 Like the devoted Decius would I go,
 To force from either side the mortal blow,
 And for my country's sake, wish to be thought }
 her foe. }
 To me, ye Romans, all your rage confine,
 To me, ye nations from the barb'rous Rhine,
 Let all the wounds this war shall make be mine. }

Open my vital streams, and let them run, 480
Oh let the purple sacrifice atone
For all the ills offending Rome has done. }
If slavery be all the faction's end,
If chains the prize for which the fools contend,
To me convert the war, let me be slain : }
Me, only me, who fondly strive, in vain, }
Their useless laws and freedom to maintain ; }
So may the tyrant safely mount his throne, 488
And rule his slaves in peace, when I am gone.
How-e'er, since free as yet from his command,
For Pompey and the commonwealth we stand.
Nor he, if fortune should attend his arms,
Is proof against ambition's fatal charms ; 493
But urg'd with greatness, and desire of sway,
May dare to make the vanquish'd world his prey,
Then, least the hopes of empire swell his pride,
Let him remember I was on his side ;
Nor think he conquer'd for himself alone,
To make the harvest of the war his own,
Where half the toil was ours. So spoke the sage. }
His words the listening eager youth engage }
Too much to love of arms, and heat of civil rage. }

Now 'gan the sun to lift his dawning light,
Before him fled the colder shades of night ; 504.
When lo ! the sounding doors are heard to turn,
Chaste *Martia* comes from dead *Horatius*' urn,
Once to a better husband's happier bed,
With bridal rites, a virgin was she led :

When ev'ry debt of love and duty paid,
 And thrice a parent by Lullina made ; 510
 The teeming matron, at her Lord's command,
 To glad Hortensius gave her plighted hand,
 With a fair stock his barren house to grace,
 And mingle by the mother's side the race.
 At length this husband in his ashes laid, 515
 And ev'ry rite of due religion paid,
 Forth from his monument the mournful dame,
 With beaten breasts, and locks dishevel'd, came ;
 Then with a pale dejected rueful look,
 Thus pleasing, to her former Lord she spoke, 520
 While nature yet with vigor fed my veins,
 And made me equal to a mother's pains,
 To thee obedient, I thy house forsook,
 And to my arms another husband took :
 My pow'rs at length with genial labors worn, 525
 Weary to thee, and wasted I return.
 At length a barren wedlock let me prove,
 Give me the name, without the joys of love ;
 No more to be abandon'd, let me come,
 That Cato's wife may live upon my tomb. 530
 So shall my truth to latest times be read,
 And none shall ask if guiltily I fled,
 Or thy command estrang'd me from thy bed.
 Nor ask I now thy happiness to share,
 I seek thy days of toil, thy nights of care : 535

Ver 530. *Thus pleasing.* As her melancholy condition and habit was most agreeable to that time of public calamity. See this story in Plutarch.

Give me, with thee, to meet my country's foe,
 Thy weary marches and thy camps to know ;
 Nor let posterity with shame record,
 Cornelia follow'd, Martia left her lord.

She said. The hero's manly heart was mov'd,
 And the chaste matron's virtuous suit approv'd.
 And though the times far diff'ring thoughts de-
 mand, 548

Though war dissents from Hymen's holy band ;
 In plain unsolemn wise his faith he plights,
 And calls the gods to view the lonely rites. 545
 No garlands gay the cheerful portal crown'd,
 Nor woolly fillets wove the posts around ;
 No genial bed, with rich embroidery grac'd,
 On Iv'ry steps in lofty state was plac'd ; 549
 No Hymeneal torch preceding shone,
 No matron put the tow'ry frontlet on,
 Nor bad her feet the sacred threshold shun. }

Ver. 539. *Cornelia.*] This lady was the daughter of Lucius Scipio, descended from and allied to the Cornelli and Metelli, and widow of Pub. Crassus, who with his father M. Crassus was killed by the Parthians. Pompey married her soon after the death of Cæsar's daughter Julia.

Ver. 546. *No Garlands.*] The Poet here enumerates most of the ceremonies usually observed at the Roman marriages, by saying what was wanting at this of Cato and Martia ; so in the eighth book he gives an account of the magnificence of the Roman funerals, by deploring the misery and wretchedness of Pompey's.

Ver. 551. *No Matron put the tow'ry Frontlet on.*] This passage is diversely interpreted. We have taken that which I thought most probable : the bride was always crowned with flowers, and admonished not to touch the threshold by the *Frontlet* or *Matron* that attended her, in honor of *Vesta*, the Goddess of Chastity, to whom the threshold was sacred. The crown

No yellow veil was loosely thrown, to hide
 The rising blushes of the troubling bride ;
 No glitt'ring zone her flowing garments bound,
 Nor sparkling gems her neck encompass'd round ;
 No silken scarf, nor decent winding lawn, 557
 Was o'er her naked arms and shoulders drawn :
 But, as she was, in funeral attire,
 With all the sadness sorrow could inspire, 560
 With eyes dejected, with a joyless face,
 She met her husband's, like a son's embrace.
 No Sabine mirth provokes the bridegroom's ears,
 Nor sprightly wit the glad assembly cheers.
 No friends, nor ev'n their children grace the feast,
 Brutus attends, their only nuptial guest ; 566
 He stands a witness of the silent rite,
 And sees the melancholy pair unite
 Nor he, the chief his sacred visage cheer'd,
 Nor smooth'd his matted locks, or horrid beard ;
 Nor deigns his heart one thought of joy to know,
 But met his Martia with the same stern brow. 572
 (For when he saw the fatal factions arm,
 The coming war, and Rome's impending harm ;

mentioned here seems to be like that given to the Goddess Cybele; and so it is interpreted by Sulpitius upon this place. Perhaps it was worn in honor of that goddess.

Ver. 557. *Decent winding Lawn.* The word *Supparem* here likewise has various significations given to it. *Supparem* is commonly a shift, and sometimes a sort of veil or scarf; in which latter sense, as it plainly shows here an upper Garment, I have taken it.

Ver. 563. *No Sabine Mirth.* It was an old custom taken from the Sabines to repeat empty verses (the *Verses Fecennini*) and kind of the same sort at weddings. This was the province of the younger people.

Regardless quite of ev'ry other care, 575
 Unshorn he left his loose neglected hair;
 Rude hung the hoary honors of his head,
 And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'erspread.
 No stings of private hate his peace infest,
 Nor partial favor grew upon his breast; 580
 But safe from prejudice, he kept his mind
 Free, and at leisure to lament mankind.)
 Nor could his former love's returning fire,
 The warmth of one connubial wish inspire,
 But strongly he withstood the just desire. }
 These were the stricter manners of the man, 586
 And this the stubborn course in which they ran;
 The golden mean unchanging to pursue,
 Constant to keep the purpos'd end in view;
 Religiously to follow Nature's laws, 590
 And die with pleasure in his country's cause,
 To think he was not for himself design'd,
 But born to be of use to all mankind.
 To him 'twas feasting, hunger to repress :
 And home-spun garments were his costly dress :
 No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
 'Twas warm, and kept him from the winter sky
 He sought no end of marriage, but increase,
 Nor wish'd a pleasure, but his country's peace :
 That took up all the tend'rest parts of life, 600
 His country was his children and his wife.
 From justice' righteous lore he never swerv'd,
 But rigidly his honesty preserv'd.

On universal good his thoughts were bent,
 Nor knew what gain, or self-affection meant ; 605
 And while his benefits the public share,
 Cato was always last in Cato's care.

Mean time, the trembling troops, by Pompey led,
 Hasty to Phrygian Capua were fled.
 Resolving here to fix the moving war, 610
 He calls his scatter'd legions from afar ;
 Here he decrees the daring foe to wait,
 And prove at once the great event of fate ;
 Where Apennine's delightful shades arise,
 And lift Hesperia lofty to the skies. 615
 Between the higher and inferior sea,
 The long extended mountain takes his way ;
 Pisa and Ancon bound his sloping sides,
 Wash'd by the Tyrrhene and Dalmatic tides ; 619
 Rich in the treasure of his wat'ry stores,
 A thousand living springs and streams he pours, }
 And seeks the diff'rent seas by diff'rent shores. }
 From his left, falls Crustumium's rapid flood,
 And swift Metaurus red with Punic blood ;
 There gentle Sapis with Isaurus joins, 625
 And Sena there the Senones confines ;
 Rough Aufidus the meeting ocean braves,
 And lashes on the lazy Adria's waves ;
 Hence vast Eridanus with matchless force,
 Prince of the streams, directs his regal course ; 630
 Proud with the spoils of fields and woods he flows,
 And drains Hesperia's rivers as he goes.

His sacred banks, in ancient tales renown'd,
First by the spreading poplar's shade were crown'd ;
When the sun's fiery steeds forsook their way, 635
And downward drew to earth the burning day :
When every flood and ample lake was dry,
The Po alone his channel could supply.
Hither rash Phaeton was headlong driv'n,
And in these waters quench'd the flames of Heav'n.
Nor wealthy Nile a fuller stream contains, 641
Though wide he spreads o'er Egypt's flatter plains ;
Nor Ister rolls a larger torrent down,
Sought he the sea with waters all his own ;
But meeting floods to him their homage pay, 645
And heave the blended river on his way.
These from the left ; while from the right, there come
The Rutuba and Tiber dear to Rome ;
Thence slides Vulturnus swift descending flood,
And Sarnus hid beneath his misty cloud ; 650
Thence Liris, whom the Vestin fountains aid,
Winds to the sea through close Marica's shade ;
Thence Siler through Salernian pastures falls,
And shallow Macra creeps by Luna's walls.
Bord'ring on Gaul the lofty ridges rise, 655
And the low Alps from cloudy heights despise ;
Thence his long back the fruitful mountain bows,
Beneath the Umbrian and the Sabine plows ;
The race primæval, natives all of old,
His woody rocks within their circuit hold ; 660
Far as Hesperia's utmost limits pass,
The hilly father runs his mighty mass ;

Where Juno rears her high Lacinian fane,
 And Sylla's raging dogs molest the main.
 Once, farther yet ('tis said) his way he took, 665
 'Till through his side the seas conspiring broke ;
 And still we see on fair Sicilia's sands
 Where, part of Apennine, Pelorus stands.

But Cæsar for destruction eager burns,
 Free passages and bloodless ways he scorns ; 670
 In fierce conflicting fields his arms delight,
 He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his might,
 Resistless through the widening breach to go,
 To burst the gate, to lay the bulwark low,
 To burn the villages, to waste the plains, 675
 And massacre the poor laborious swains,
 Abhorring law, he chooses to offend,
 And blushes to be thought his country's friend.
 The Latian cities now, with busy care,
 As various they inclin'd, for arms prepare. 680
 Though doom'd before the war's first rage to yield,
 Trenches they dig, and ruin'd walls rebuild ;
 Huge stone, and darts their lofty tow'rs supply,
 And guarded bulwarks menace from on high.
 To Pompey's part the prone people lean, 685
 Though Cæsar's stronger terrors stand between.
 So when the blasts of sounding Auster blow,
 The waves obedient to his empire flow ;
 And though the stormy God fierce Eurus freeze,
 And sends him rushing cross the swelling sea ;
 Spite of his force, the billows yet retain 691
 Their former course, and that way roll the main ;

The lighter clouds with Eurus driving sweep,
 While Auster still commands the watry deep.
 Still Fear too sure o'er vulgar minds prevails, 695
 And Faith before successful Fortune fails.
 Etruria vainly trusts in Libo's aid,
 And Umbria by Thermus is betray'd ;
 Sylla, unmindful of his father's fame,
 Fled at the dreadful sound of Cæsar's name. 700
 Soon as the horse near Auximon appear,
 Retreating Varus owns his abject fear,
 And with a coward's haste neglects his rear ;
 On flight alone intent, without delay,
 Through rocks and devious woods he wings his way.
 Th' Esculean fortress Lentulus forsakes, 706
 A swift pursuit the speedy victor makes ;
 All arts of threats and promises apply'd,
 He wins the faithless Cohorts to his side.
 The leader with his ensigns fled alone, 710
 To Cæsar fell the soldier, and the town.

Ver. 697. Libo's Aid.] At the fame of Cæsar's approach the governors through Italy all fled, not daring to withstand him, or maintain any force against him: many of those are here named. Scribonius Libo leaves his charge in Etruria, and Thermus forsakes Umbria; Faustus Sylla, the son of the Dictator Sylla, wanting his father's spirit and fortune in civil war, fled at the very name of Cæsar.

Ver. 701. Near Auximon.] Now Osimo in the Marca d' Ancona. Atius Varus, when he perceived the citizens of Auximon favored Cæsar, withdrew his garrison and fled.

Ver. 706. The Esculean Fortress.] Lentulus Spinther, with ten cohorts, kept the town of Asculum, now Ascoli, in the Marca d' Ancona: hearing of Cæsar's advancing, he fled away, thinking to have drawn his troops along with him, but was deserted by most of his soldiers.

Thou Scipio too dost for retreat prepare ;
 Thou leav'st Luceria, trusted to thy care ;
 Though troops well try'd attend on thy command,
 (The Roman pow'r can boast no braver band) 715
 By wily arts of old from Cæsar rent,
 Against the hardy Parthians were they sent ;
 But their first chief the legion now obeys,
 And Pompey thus the Gallic loss repays ;
 Aid to his foe too freely he affords, 720
 And lends his hostile father Roman swords.

But in Corfinium bold Domitius lies,
 And from his walls the advancing pow'r defies ;
 Secure of heart, for all events prepar'd,
 He heads the troops once bloody Milo's guard,
 Soon as he sees the cloudy dust arise, 726
 And glittering arms reflect the sunny skies :
 Away, companions of my arms ! he cry'd,
 And haste to guard the river's sedgey side.

Ver. 712. *Thou Scipio.*] L. Scipio, father-in-law to Pompey, fled from Luceria, though he had two strong legions.

Marcellus, to weaken Cæsar, counselled the senate to make a decree that Cæsar should deliver one legion, and Pompey another to Bibulus, whom they pretended to send to the Parthian war. Cæsar, according to the Senate's decree, delivered to him one legion for himself, and another which he borrowed of Pompey for a present supply, after the great loss he had received under his Prætors Teturius and Cotta. These legions were now both in Scipio's camp.

Ver. 722. *But in Corfinium.*] A city now called *Popoli* in the Abruzzo. In this place lay L. Domitius with twenty cohorts. He had with him those soldiers of Pompey who had enclosed the Forum when Milo was arraigned for the death of Clodius. He sent a detachment to break down a bridge, three miles from the town ; but they were beaten back by Cæsar's advanced guard.

Break down the bridge. And thou that dwelt'st
 below,
 Thou watry God, let all thy fountains go,
 And rushing bid thy foamy torrent flow;
 Swell to the utmost brink thy rapid stream, 733
 Bear down the planks, and ev'ry floating beam;
 Upon the banks the ling'ring war delay,
 Here let the bold chief be taught to stay;
 'Tis vict'ry leads the victor's way.

He, with his footings swiftly cross the plain,
 Drew down the river to the flood in vain.
 For Cæsar came from the neighb'ring field, 740
 The purpose to obstruct his march beheld;
 Kindling to wrath, oh basest fear! (he cries)
 To whom nor tow'rs, nor shelt'ring walls suffice.
 Are these your coward stratagems of war?
 Hope you with brooks my conqu'ring arms to bar?
 Though Nile and Ister should my way control, 745
 Though swelling Ganges should to guard you roll,
 What streams, what floods soe'er athwart me fall,
 Who past the Rubicon, shall pass them all.
 Haste to the passage then, my friends. He said;
 Swift as a storm the nimble horse obey'd; 751
 Across the stream their deadly darts they throw
 And from their station drive the yielding foe:
 The victors at their ease the ford explore,
 And pass the undefended river o'er. 755
 The vanquish'd to Carfinium's strength retreat,
 Where warlike engines round the ramparts threat.

Close to the wall the creeping Vineæ lies,
And mighty tow'rs in dread approaches rise.

But see the stain of war! the soldier's shame!
And vile dishonor of the Latian name! 761

The faithless garrison betray the town,
And captive drag their valiant leader down.
The noble Roman, fearless, though in battle,
Before his haughty fellow-subject stands, 765

With looks erect, and with a fearless brow;
Death he provokes, and courts the conqueror's law;
But Cæsar's arts his inmost thoughts engage;
His fear of pardon, and desire of life.

From me thy forfeit life (he said) receive, 770

And though repining, by my bounty live;
That all, by thy example taught, may know,
How Cæsar's mercy treats a vanquish'd foe:
Still arm against me, keep thy hatred still,
And if thou conquer'st, use thy conquest, kill. 775

Returns of love, or favor, seek I none;
Nor give thy life to bargain for my own.

So saying, on the instant he commands
To loose the galling fetters from his hands.

Oh fortune! better were it, he had dy'd, 780

And fear'd the Roman shame, and Cæsar's pride.

Vineæ. The creeping Vineæ.] The Vineæ was an engine made up of by the Romans in sieges. It was composed of wide hurdles laid for a rolf on the top of posts, which the soldiers who went under it for shelter, bore up with their hands. Some will have them to have been contrived with a double roof, the uppermost of hurdles, and the next of plank. In the third book, at the siege of Munda, Lucan mentions the engines making their approach to the walls under the covert of these engines.

What greater grief can on a Roman seize,
Than to be forc'd to live on terms like these !
To be forgiven, fighting for the laws,
And need a pardon in his country's cause ! 785
Struggling with rage, undaunted he repress
The swelling passions in his lab'ring breast ;
Thus murm'ring to himself : wo't thou to Rome,
Base as thou art, and seek thy lazy home ?
To war, to battle, to destruction fly, 790
And haste, as it becomes thee well, to die ;
Provoke the worst effects of deadly strife,
And rid thee of this Cæsar's gift, this life.

Meanwhile, unknowing of the captiv'd chief,
Pompey prepares to march to his relief. 795
He means the scatt'ring forces to unite,
And with increase of strength expect the fight.
Resolving with the foll'wing sun to move,
First he decrees the soldier's heart to prove :
Then into words like these, rever'd he broke, 800
The silent legions list'ning while he spoke.

Ye brave avengers of your country's wrong,
You who to Rome and liberty belong ;
Whose breasts our father's virtue truly warms,
Whose hands the Senate's sacred order arms ; 805
With cheerful ardour meet the coming fight,
And pray the Gods to smile upon the right.
Behold the mournful view Hesperia yields,
Her flaming villages and wasted fields !
See where the Gauls a dreadful deluge flow, 810
And scorn the boundaries of Alpine snow.

Already Cæsar's sword is stain'd with blood,
 Be that, ye Gods, to us an ~~often~~ good ;
 That glory still be his pecùliar care,
 Let him begin, while we sustain the war. 815
 Yet call it not a war to which we go ;
 We seek a malefactor, not a foe ;
 Rome's awful injur'd Majesty demands
 The punishment of traitors at our hands.
 If this be war, then war was wag'd of old, 820
 By curst Cethegus, Catiline the bold,
 By ev'ry villain's hand who durst conspire .
 In murder, robbery, or midnight fire.
 Oh wretched rage ! Thee, Cæsar, fate design'd,
 To rank amongst the patrons of mankind ; 825
 Who brave Camillus to enrol thy fame,
 And mix thee with the great Metelli's name :
 While to the Cinna's thy fierce soul inclines,
 And with the slaughter-loving Marii joins.
 Since then thy crimes, like theirs, for justice call,
 Beneath our axe's vengeance shalt thou fall : 831
 Thee rebel Carbo's sentence, thee the fate
 Of Lepidus and bold Sertorius wait.
 Believe me yet, (if yet I am believ'd)
 My heart is at the task unpleasing griev'd : 835

Ver. 828. *To the Cinna's.*] Cinna joined with and brought Marius back to Rome.

Ver. 832. *Rebel Carbo.*] Cn. Papirius Carbo was a colleague and confederate of C. Marius. He was put to death in Sicily by Pompey.

Lepidus attempting to set aside what had been done by Sulla's authority, was overthrown by his colleague Catulus in the Campus Martius, fled into Cardinia, and died there.

See the life of Sertorius in Plutarch: he can hardly be said to have been conquered by Pompey.

I mourn to think that Pompey's hand was chose,
 His Julia's hostile father to oppose,
 And mark thee down amongst the Roman foes. }
 Oh that return'd in safety from the east,
 This province victor Crassus had possest ; 840
 New honors to his name thou might'st afford,
 And die like Spartacus beneath his sword ;
 Like him have fall'n a victim to the laws,
 The same th' avenger, and the same the cause.
 But since the Gods do otherwise decree, 845
 And give thee, as my latest palm, to me ;
 Again my veins confess the fervent juice,
 Nor has my hand forgot the javelin's use.
 And thou shalt learn, that those who humbly know
 To peace and just authority to bow, 850
 Can, when their country's cause demands their care,
 Resume their ardour, and return to war.
 But let him think my former vigour fled ;
 Distrust not, you, your General's hoary head ;
 The marks of age and long declining years, 855
 Which I your leader, his whole army wears :
 Age still is fit to counsel, or command,
 But falters in an unperforming hand.
 Whate'er superior pow'r a people free
 Could to their fellow-citizens decree, 860

Ver. 842. *Like Spartacus.*] He was a Thracian slave, a Gladiator, who fled with seventy of his companions from the games given by Lentulus at Capua. He gathered other slaves to his party, and arming them, made up an army of 70,000 men. With these he overcame several Prætors and Consuls, and was at last vanquished by M. Crassus.

All lawful glories, have my fortunes known,
 And reach'd all heights of greatness but a crown;
 Who to be more, than Pompey was, desires,
 To kingly rule, and tyranny aspires.
 Amidst my ranks, a venerable band, 865
 The conscript fathers and the consuls stand.
 And shall the senate and the vanquish'd state
 Upon victorious Cæsar's triumph wait?
 Forbid it Gods in honor of mankind!
 Fortune is not so shameless, nor so blind. 870
 What fame atchiev'd, what unexampled praise,
 To these high hopes the daring hero raise?
 Is it his age of war, for trophies calls
 His two whole years spent on the rebel Gauls?
 Is it the hostile Rhine forsook with haste? 875
 Is it the shoaly channel which he past,
 That ocean huge he talks of? Does he boast
 His flight on Britain's new discover'd coast?
 Perhaps abandon'd Rome new pride supplies,
 He views the naked town with joyful eyes,
 While from his rage an armed people flies. }
 But know, vain man, no Roman fled from thee;
 They left their walls, 'tis true; but 'twas to follow
 Me, who ere twice the moon her orb renew'd, [me.
 The Pirates' formidable fleet subdu'd: 885
 Soon as the sea my shining ensigns bore,
 Vanquish'd they fled, and sought the safer shore;
 Humbly content their forfeit lives to save,
 And take the narrow lot my bounty gave.
 By ^{one} the mighty Mithridates chas'd, 890
 Through all the windings of his Pontus pass'd.

He who the fate of Rome delay'd so long,
While in suspense uncertain empire hung ;
He who to Sylla's fortune scorn'd to yield,
To my prevailing arms resign'd the field : 895
Driv'n out at length, and press'd where-e'er he fled,
He sought a grave to hide his vanquish'd head.
O'er the wide world my various trophies rise,
Beneath the vast extent of distant skies ; 899
Me the cold bear, the northern climates know,
And Phasis' waters through my conquests flow ;
My deeds in Egypt and Syene live,
Where high meridian suns no shadow give.
Hesperian Bætis my commands obeys,
Who rolls remote to seek the western seas. 905
By me the captive Arabs' hands were bound,
And Colchians for their ravish'd fleece renown'd ;
O'er Asia wide my conqu'ring ensigns spread,
Armenia me, and lofty Taurus dread ;
To me submit Cilicia's warlike pow'rs, 910
And proud Sophene veils her wealthy tow'rs :
The Jews I tam'd, who with religion bow
To some mysterious name, which none beside them
know.
Is there a land, to sum up all at last,
Through which my arms with conquest have not past?

Ver. 903. *Meridian Suns no Shadow.*] That is, when the sun is in cancer, under which sign Syene lies.

Ver. 904. *Hesperian Bætis.*] Spain was more properly called Hesperia than Italy, as being the westernmost province of Europe : but the name was at times given to both. Bætis was a river in Spain ; it runs by Corduba and Sevil.

Ver. 911. *Sophene.*] A city in Armenia.

The world, by me, the world is overcome, 916
And Cæsar finds no enemy but Rome.

He said. The crowd in dull suspension hung,
Nor with applauding acclamations rung;
No cheerful ardour waves the lifted hand, 920
Nor military cries the fight demand.

The chief perceived the soldier's fire to fail,
And Cæsar's fame forerunning to prevail;
His eagles he withdraws with timely care,
Nor trusts Rome's fates to such uncertain war.

As when with fury stung and jealous rage, 926

Two mighty bulls for sov'reignty engage;
The vanquish'd far to banishment removes,
To lonely fields and unfrequented groves;
There, for a while, with conscious shame he burns,
And tries on ev'ry tree his angry horns: 931

But when his former vigour stands confest,
And larger muscles shake his ample breast,
With better chance he seeks the fight again,
And drives his rival bell'wing o'er the plain; 935
Then uncontrol'd the subject herd he leads,
And reigns the master of the fruitful meads.

Unequal thus to Cæsar, Pompey yields
The fair dominion of Hesperia's fields:
Swift through Apulia march his flying powers,
'And seek the safety of Brundisium's tow'rs. 941

This city a Dictæan people hold,
Here plac'd by tall Athenian barks of old;

Ver. 942. *Dictæan*.] Cretan from Dictæ, a city in that island.
Lucan tells us here upon what occasion the colony was planted
here. Brundisium is now called Brindisi.

When with false omens from the Cretan shore,
 Their sable sails victorious Theseus bore. 948
 Here Italy a narrow length extends,
 And in a scanty slip projected ends.
 A crooked mole around the waves she winds,
 And in her folds the Adriatic binds. 949
 Nor yet the bending shores could form a bay,
 Did not a barrier isle the winds delay,
 And break the seas tempestuous in their way. }
 Huge mounds of rocks are plac'd by nature's hand,
 To guard around the hospitable strand ;
 To turn the storm, repulse the rushing tide, 955
 And bid the anch'ring bark securely ride.
 Hence Nereus wide the liquid main displays,
 And spreads to various ports his wat'ry ways ;
 Whether the pilot from Corcyra stand,
 Or for Illyrian Epidamnus' strand. 960
 Hither when all the Adriatic roars,
 And thund'ring billows vex the double shores ;
 When sable clouds around the Welkin spread,
 And frowning storms involve Ceraunia's head ;
 When white with froth Calabrian Seson lies, 965
 Hither the tempest-beaten vessel flies.

Ver. 944. *With false Omens.*] The sails of Theseus ought to have been white, according to his success: being black, his father fearing his son was dead, threw himself into the sea: but this is a very known story.

Ver. 959. *Corcyra.*] Now Corfu.

Ver. 960. *Epidamnus.*] Afterwards called Dyrrhachium, and now Durazzo, on the coast of Albania in the gulph of Venice.

Ver. 965. *Seson.*] The ancient geographers differ about the situation of this isle. Some (among whom is Lucan) place it among the Italian, others among the Grecian isles. Of the latter opinion is Cellarius. Ceraunia were mountains in Epirus.

Now Pompey, on Hesperia's utmost coast,
 Sadly survey'd how all behind was lost ;
 Nor to Iberia could he force his way ;
 Long interposing Alps his passage stay. 970
 At length amongst the pledges of his bed,
 He chose his eldest-born ; and thus he said :
 Haste thee, my Son ! to ev'ry distant land,
 And bid the nations rouse at my command ; 974
 Where fam'd Euphrates flows, or where the Nile
 With muddy waves improves the fat'ning soil ;
 Where'er diffus'd by victory and fame,
 Thy father's arms have born the Roman name.
 Bid the Cilician quit the shore again,
 And stretch the swelling canvas on the main : 985
 Bid Ptolemy with my Tigranes come,
 And bold Pharnaces lend his aid to Rome.
 Through each Armenia spread the loud alarm,
 And bid the cold Riphean mountains arm.
 Pontus and Scythia's wand'ring tribes explore, 985
 The Euxine and Maeotis' icy shore ;
 Where heavy-laden wains slow journeys take,
 And print with grinding wheels the frozen lake.
 But wherefore should my words delay thy haste ?
 Scatter my wars around through all the east. 990

Ver. 981. *Bid Ptolemy.*] These princes, Ptolemy, Tigranes, and Pharnaces the son of Mithridates, were beholden to Pompey for their kingdoms of Egypt, Armenia, and Bosphorus.

Ver. 986. *The Euxine and Maeotis.*] The Euxine is now called the Black Sea, it discharges itself by the Hellespont into the Propontis, or sea of Marmora ; as the Palus Maeotis does into the Euxine.

Summon the vanquish'd world to share my fate,
And let my triumphs on my ensigns wait.
But you whose names the Roman annals bear,
You who distinguish the revolving year ;
Ye consuls ! to Epirus straight repair, 995
With the first northern winds that wing the air ;
From thence the pow'rs of Greece united raise,
While yet the wint'ry year the war delays.

So spoke the chief ; his bidding all obey ;
Their ships forsake the port without delay,
And speed their passage o'er the yielding way. }

But Cæsar, never patient long in peace,
Nor trusting in his fortune's present face ;
Closely pursues his flying son behind,
While yet his fate continu'd to be kind. 1005
Such towns, such fortresses, such hostile force,
Swept in the torrent of one rapid course ;
Such trains of long success attending still,
And Rome herself abandon'd to his will ;
Rome, the contending party's noblest prize, 1010
To ev'ry wish but Cæsar's might suffice.
But he with empire fir'd and vast desires,
To all, and nothing less than all, aspires ;
He reckons not the past, while ought remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd. 1015

Ver. 994. *You who distinguish.*] Among the Romans there were annual records kept of what happened most remarkable to the public every year. These books were called *Fasti* ; and as the Consuls were chosen on the calends (or first day) of January, their names were prefixed to the account of the ensuing year

Though Italy obey his wide command,
 Though Pompey linger on the farthest strand,
 He grieves to think they tread one common land ;
 His heart disdains to brook a rival pow'r,
 Ev'n on the utmost margin of the shore ; 1020
 Nor wou'd he leave, or earth, or ocean free ;
 The foe he drives from land, he bars from sea,
 With moles the op'ning flood he would restrain,
 Would block the port, and intercept the main ;
 But deep devouring seas his toil deride, 1025
 The plunging quarries sink beneath the tide,
 And yielding sands the rocky fragments hide.
 Thus, if huge Gaurus headlong should be thrown,
 In fathomless Avernus deep to drown ;
 Or if from fair Sicilia's distant strand, 1030
 Eryx uprooted by some giant hand,
 If pond'rous with his rocks, the mountain vast,
 Amidst the wide Ægean should be cast ;
 The rolling waves o'er either mass would flow,
 And each be lost within the depths below. 1035
 When no firm basis for his work he found,
 But still he fail'd in ocean's faithless ground,
 Huge trees and barks in massy chains he bound.
 For planks and beams he ravages the wood,
 And the tough boom extends across the flood.
 Such was the road by haughty Xerxes made, 1041
 When o'er the Hellespont his bridge he laid.

Ver. 1022. *Gaurus*,] Now called Monte Barbaro, in the kingdom of Naples. *Avernus* is a lake now called Averno in the same country.

Vast was the task, and daring the design,
 Europe and Asia's distant shores to join,
 And make the world's divided parts combine. }
 Proudly he pass'd the flood tumultuous o'er,
 Fearless of waves that beat, and winds that roar :
 Then spread his sails, and bid the land obey,
 And through mid-Athos find his fleet a way.
 Like him bold Cæsar yok'd the swelling tide,
 Like him the boist'rous elements defy'd ; 1051
 This floating bank the strait'ning entrance bound,
 And rising turrets trembled on the mound.
 But anxious cares revolve in Pompey's breast,
 The new surrounding shores his thoughts molest ;
 Secret he meditates the means, to free 1066
 And spread the war wide-ranging o'er the sea.
 Oft driving on the work with well-fill'd sails,
 The cordage stretching with the fresh'ning gales,
 Ships with a thund'ring shock the mole divide,
 And through the wat'ry breach securely glide.
 Huge engines oft by night their vengeance pour,
 And dreadful shoot from far a fiery show'r ;
 Through the black shade the darting flame de-
 scends
 And kindling o'er the wooden wall extends. 1068
 At length arriv'd with the revolving night,
 The-chosen hour appointed for his flight :

Ver. 1049. *Through mid-Athos.*] Xerxes cut a channel between the mountain Athos and the continent of Macedonia for his fleet to pass through.

Ver. 1072. *The heavenly maid.*] The time both of the day and the year is here described to be in the morning before sunrise, about the beginning of September: though the historians mention Pompey's sailing to have been in the dark before day.

Along the winding port they took their way,
But griev'd to find the fleet had gain'd the sea.
Cæsar with rage the less'ning sails descries,
And thinks the conquest mean, though Pompey
flies.

A narrow pass the horned mole divides,
Narrow as that where Euripus' strong tides
Beat on Eubœan Chalcis' rocky sides :
Here two tall ships become the victor's prey ;
Just in the strait they stuck ; the foes belay ;
The crooked grappling's steely hold they cast,
Then drag them to the hostile shore with haste.
Here civil slaughter first the sea profanes,
And purple Nereus blush'd in guilty stains.
The rest pursue their course before the wind,
These of the rear-most only left behind. 1105
So when the Pagæan Argo bore
The Grecian heroes, to the Colchian shore ;
Earth her Cyanean islands floating sent,
The bold advent'urers' passage to prevent ;
But the fam'd bark a fragment only lost, 1110
While swiftly o'er the dangerous gulf she coast :

Ver. 1096. *Euripus*.] The channel between the island of Eubra, now Negropont, and Greece. It was very narrow near the city of Chalcis, Negropont.

Ver. 1106. *The Paganese Argo.*] The enterprise of Jason and the Argonauts for the golden-wool is well known: they set out from Pagasæ, a port of Thessaly. When they came near the Cyanæ Insulæ, or Symplegades, now called the Paganæ, two islands at the entrance into the Euxine sea, which were then believed to move, they were like to be crushed between them; but as the ship escaped, and the malicious islands were disappointed, it is said they grew sullen, and never moved since.

Thund'ring the mountains met and shook the main,
But move no more, since that attempt was vain.

Now through night's shade the early dawning broke,
And changing skies the coming sun bespoke; 1115

As yet the morn was drest in dusky white,
Nor purpled o'er the east with ruddy light;
At length the Pleiads' fading beams gave way,

And dull Boötes languish'd into day;
Each larger star withdrew his fainting head, 1120

And Lucifer from stronger Phœbus fled;
When Pompey, from Hesperia's hostile shore
Escaping, for the azure Offin bore.

O hero, happy once, once stil'd the great!
What turns prevail in thy uncertain fate! 1125

How art thou chang'd since sov'reign of the main,
Thy natives cover'd o'er the liquid plain!

When the fierce pirates fled before thy prow,
Where-ever waves could waft, or winds could
blow!

But fortune is grown weary of thee now.
With thee, thy sons, and tender wife, prepare
The toils of war and banishment to bear;
And holy household-gods thy sorrows share.

And yet a mighty exile shalt thou go,
While nations follow to partake thy woe. 1135

Far lies the land in which thou art decreed,
Unjustly, by a villain's hand to bleed.
Nor think the Gods a death so distant doom,
To rob thy ashes of an urn in Rome;

But fortune fav'rably remov'd the crime, 1140
And forc'd the guilt on Egypt's curs'd clime ;
The pitying pow'rs to Italy were good,
And sav'd her from the stain of Pompey's blood.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA,

THE ARGUMENT.

The third book begins with the relation of Pompey's dream in his voyage from Italy. Cæsar, who had driven him from thence, after sending Curio to provide corn in Sicily, returns to Rome: There disdaining the single opposition of L. Metellus, then tribune of the people, he breaks open the temple of Saturn, and seizes on the public treasure. Then follows an account of the several different nations that took part with Pompey. From Rome, Cæsar passes into Gaul, where the Massilians, who were inclinable to Pompey, send an embassy to propose a neutrality; this Cæsar refuses, and besieges the town. But meeting with more difficulties than he expected; he leaves C. Trebonius his lieutenant before Masilia, and marches himself into Spain, appointing at the same time D. Brutus admiral of a navy which he had built and fitted out with great expedition. The Massilians likewise send out their fleet, but are engaged and beaten at sea by Brutus.

I saw the Fury's horrid hands prepare
New rage, new flames, to kindle up thy war.
The sire no longer trusts his single boat,
But navies on the joyless river float. 25
Capacious Hell complains for want of room,
And seeks new plagues for multitudes to come.
Her nimble hands each fatal sister plies,
The sisters scarcely to the task suffice.
When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy
head ! 30
Now thou hast chang'd thy fortune with thy bed.
In an ill hour thy second choice was made,
To slaughter thou, like Crassus, art betray'd.
Death is the dow'r Cornelia's love affords,
Ruin still waits upon her potent lords ; 35
While yet my ashes glow'd, she took my place,
And came a harlot to thy loose embrace.
But let her partner of thy welfare go,
Let her by land and sea thy labors know ;
In all thy broken sleeps I will be near, 40
In all thy dreams sad Julia shall appear.
Your loves shall find no moment for delight,
The day shall all be Cæsar's, mine the night.
Not the dull stream, where long oblivions roll,
Shall blot thee out, my husband, from my soul.
The pow'rs beneath my constancy approve, 46
And bid me follow wheresoe'er you rove.
Amidst the joining battles will I stand,
And still remind thee of thy plighted hand. 49

Ver. 24. *The Sire.*] Charon.

Ver. 29. *The Sisters.*] The Destinies.

Nor think, those sacred ties no more remain ;
The sword of war divides the knot in vain,
That very war shall make thee mine again. }

The Phantom spoke, and gliding from the place,
Deluded her astonish'd Lord's embrace.

But he, though Gods forewarn him of his fate, 55
And furies with destruction threat'ning wait,
With new resolves his constant bosom warms,
And sure of ruin, rushes on to arms.

What mean these terrors of the night ? he cries ;
Why dance these visions vain before our eyes ?

Or endless apathy succeeds to death,
And sense is lost with our expiring breath ;
Or if the soul some future life shall know,
To better worlds immortal shall she go :
Whate'er event the doubtful question clears, 65
Death must be still unworthy of our fears.

Now headlong to the west the sun was fled,
And half in seas obscur'd his beamy head ;
Such seems the moon, while, growing yet, she
shines,

Or waning from her fuller orb declines : 70
When hospitable shores appear at hand,
Where fair Dyrrachium spreads her friendly strand ;
The seamen furl the canvas, strike the mast,
Then dip their nimble oars, and landward haste.

Thus, while they fled, and less'ning by degrees
'The navy seem'd to hide beneath the seas : 76
Cæsar, though left the master of the field,
With eyes unpleas'd the foes' escape beheld :

With fierce impatience victory he scorns,
And viewing Pompey's flight, his safety mourns.
To vanquish seems unworthy of his care, 81
Unless the blow decides the ling'ring war.
No bounds his headlong vast ambition knows,
Nor joys in aught, though fortune all bestows.
At length his thoughts from arms and vengeance
cease,
And for awhile revolve the arts of peace; 86
Careful to purchase popular applause,
And gain the lazy vulgar to his cause.
He knew the constant practice of the great,
That those who court the vulgar, bid them eat. 90
When pinch'd with want all rev'rence they with-
draw,
For hungry multitudes obey no law:
Thus therefore factions make their parties good,
And buy authority and pow'r with food.
The murmurs of the many to prevent, 95
Curio to fruitful Sicily is sent.
Of old the swelling sea's impetuous tide
Tore the fair island from Hesperia's side;
Still foamy wars the jealous waves maintain,
For fear the neighb'ring lands should join again.
Sardinia too renown'd for yellow fields; 101
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coast:
Not Libya more abounds in wealthy grain, 105
Nor with a fuller harvest spreads the plain;

Though Northern winds their cloudy treasures }
 bear, }
 To temper well the soil and sultry air,
 And fatt'ning rains increase the prosp'rous year. }

This done, to Rome his way the leader took:
 His train the rougher shews of war forsook; 111
 No force, no fears their hands unarmed bear,
 But looks of peace and gentleness they wear.
 Oh! had he now his country's friend return'd,
 Had none but barb'rous foes his conquest mourn'd;
 What swarming crowds had issu'd at the gate,
 On the glad triumph's length'ning train to wait!
 How might his wars in various glories shine,
 The ocean vanquish'd, and in bonds the Rhine!
 How would his lofty chariot roll along, 120
 Through loud applauses of the joyful throng!
 How might he view from high his captive thralls,
 The beauteous Britons, and the noble Gauls!
 But oh! what fatal honors has he won!
 How is his fame by victory undone! 125
 No cheerful citizens the victor meet,
 But hush'd with awful dread his passage greet.
 He too the horrors of the crowd approv'd,
 Joy'd in their fears, and wish'd not to be lov'd.

Now steepy Anxur past, and the moist way,
 Which o'er the faithless Pomtine marshes lay;

Ver. 130 *Anxur*.] Now called Terracina, a city sixty miles west of Rome, in the way between that city and Naples.

Ver. 131. *Pomtine Marshes*.] These are in the Pope's territories along the coast of the Tuscan sea from Nettuno to the west of Terracina.

Through Scythian Dian's Aricinian grove,
 Cæsar approach'd the fane of Alb^{an} Jove.
 Thither with yearly rites the consuls come,
 And thence the chief survey'd his native Rome :
 Wond'ring awhile he view'd her from afar, 136
 Long from his eyes withheld by distant war.
 Fled they from thee, Thou seat of gods ! (he cry'd)
 Ere yet the fortune of the fight was try'd ?
 If thou art left, what prize can earth afford, 140
 Worth the contention of the warrior's sword ?
 Well for thy safety now the Gods provide,
 Since Parthian inroads spare thy naked side ;
 Since yet no Scythians and Pannonians join,
 Nor warlike Daci with the Getes combine ; 145
 No foreign armies are against thee led,
 While thou art curst with such a coward head.
 A gentler fate the heav'nly pow'rs bestow,
 A civil war, and Cæsar for thy foe. 149
 He said ; and strait the frightened city sought :
 The city with confusion wild was fraught,
 And lab'ring shook with ev'ry dreadful thought. }
 They think he comes to ravage, sack, and burn ;
 Religion, Gods, and temples to o'erturn.
 Their fears suggest him willing to pursue 155
 Whatever ills unbounded pow'r can do.

Ver. 132. *Through Scythian Dian's Aricinian.*] Aricia was a city of Latium, now a town and castle in the Campagna di Roma on the Appian Way. In a grove near this place was worshipped an image of Diana, said to be brought thither by Orestes from Taurica.

Their hearts by one low passion only move;
Nor dare shew hate, nor can dissemble love.
The lurking fathers, a dishearten'd band, 159
Drawn from their houses forth, by proud command,
In Palatine Apollo's temple meet,
And sadly view the consul's empty seat;
No rods, no chairs curule adorn the place,
Nor purple magistrates th' assembly grace.
Cæsar is all things in himself alone, 165
The silent court is but a looker-on;
With humble votes obedient they agree,
To what their mighty subject shall decree :
Whether as king, or God, he will be fear'd,
If royal thrones, or altars, shall be rear'd. 170
Ready for death, or banishment, they stand
And wait their doom from his disposing hand,
But he, by secret shame's reproaches staid,
Blush'd to command, what Rome would have
obey'd.
Yet liberty thus slighted and betray'd, 175
One last effort with indignation made ;

Ver. 161. *In Palatine Apollo's Temple.*] Several historians tell us, that Cæsar coming to Rome after Pompey had left Italy, called the senate together in the temple of Apollo on the Palatine hill. In a speech to them there, he excused the war he had undertaken, as a thing he was compelled to for his own defence against the injuries and envy of a few; and at the same time desired they would send messengers to Pompey and the consuls to propose a treaty for accommodating the present differences. Lucan in this, as in many other places, puts Cæsar's actions in an invidious light; and the senate, according to him, make but a very mean figure upon this occasion.

~~On~~ ~~Man~~ she chose to try th' unequal fight,
 And prove the pow'r of Justice ~~Against~~ ~~Might~~.
 While with rude uproar armed hands essay
 To make old Saturn's treas'ring fane their prey;
 The bold Metellus, careless of his fate, 181
 Rush'd through, and stood to guard the holy gate.
 So daring is the sordid love of gold!
 So fearless death and dangers can behold!
 Without a blow defenceless fell the laws; 185
 While wealth, the basest, most inglorious cause,
 Against oppressing tyranny makes head,
 Finds hands to fight, and eloquence to plead.
 The bustling tribune, struggling in the crowd,
 Thus warns the victor of the wrong aloud. 190
 Through me, thou robber! force thy horrid way,
 My sacred blood shall stain thy impious prey.
 But there are Gods, to ~~mark~~ ~~thy~~ ~~guilty~~ ~~fate~~;
 Sure vengeance on thy ~~murder~~ ~~shall~~ ~~wait~~.
 Remember, by the tribune's curse purs'd, 195
 Crassus, too late, the violation ru'd.
 Pierce then my breast, nor shall the crime displease,
 This crowd is us'd to spectacles like these.
 In a forsaken city are we left,
 Of Virtue with her noblest sons bereft. 200

Ver. 180. *Old Saturn's treas'ring Fane.*] The temple of Saturn was the place where the public treasure was kept.

Ver. 181. *The bold Metellus*] He was then the Tribune of the people, an office accounted so sacred, that the cause of M. Crassus's great overthrow and death in Parthia, was looked upon as the effect of his being cursed by Atrius the tribune as he left Rome.

Why seek'st thou ours ? is there not foreign gold ?
Towns to be sack'd, and people to be sold ?
With those reward the ruffian soldier's toil ;
Nor pay him with thy ruin'd country's spoil.
Hast thou not war ? let war thy wants provide. 205

He spoke. The victor high in wrath, reply'd.
Sooth not thy soul with hopes of death so vain,
No blood of thine my conqu'ring sword shall stain.
Thy titles and thy popular command,
Can never make thee worthy Cæsar's hand. 210
Art thou thy country's sole defender ! thou !
Can Liberty and Rome be fall'n so low !
Nor time, nor chance breed such confusions yet,
Nor are the mean so rais'd, nor sunk the great ;
But laws themselves would rather choose to be 215
Suppress'd by Cæsar, than preserv'd by thee.

He said. The stubborn tribune kept his place,
While anger redcen'd on the warrior's face ;
His wrathful hand descending grasp'd his blade,
And half forgot the peaceful part he play'd. 220
When Cotta to prevent the kindling fire,
Thus sooth'd the rash Metellus to retire.

Where kings prevail, all liberty is lost,
And none but he who reigns can freedom boast ;
Some shadow of the bliss thou shalt retain,
Choosing to do what sov'reign pow'rs ordain : 225
Vanguish'd and long accusom'd to submit,
With patience underneath our loads we sit :
Our chains alone our slavish fears excuse,
While we bear ill, we know not to refuse. 230

Far hence the fatal treasures let him bear,
 The seeds of mischief, and the cause of war.
 Free states might well a loss like this deplore ;
 In servitude none miss the public store,
 And 'tis the curse of kings for subjects to be poor. }

The tribune with unwilling steps withdrew,
 While impious hands the rude assault renew :
 The brazen gates with thund'ring strokes resound,
 And the Tarpeian mountain rings around.
 At length the sacred store-house, open laid, " 240
 The hoarded wealth of ages past display'd ;
 There might be seen the sums proud Carthage sent,
 Her long impending ruin to prevent.
 There heap'd the Macedonian treasures shone,
 What great Flaminius and Æmilius won
 From vanquish'd Philip, and his hapless son. }
 There lay, what flying Pyrrhus lost, the gold
 Scorn'd by the patriot's honesty of old :
 Whate'er our parsimonious sires could save,
 What tributary gifts rich Syria gave ; 250

Ver. 242. *Carthage sent.*] At the end of the first Punic war the Carthaginians were obliged to pay 1,200 talents, at the second 10,000. Every talent was worth 187½ lbs. of our money.

Ver. 245. *What great Flaminius.*] Philip king of Macedonia was vanquished by T. Q. Flaminius, and his son Perseus by Paulus Æmilius. Perseus was led in triumph. See Plutarch in the life of Paulus Æmilius, where the magnificence of that triumph, and the miserable condition of Perseus, are described at large.

Ver. 248. *Scorn'd by the Patriot's Honesty.*] The money offered by Pyrrhus to Fabricius, and refused by him.

Ver. 250. *Rich Syria.*] Paid by Antiochus, beside what was given by Attalus king of Pergamus.

The hundred Cretan cities' ample spoil ;
 What Cato gather'd from the Cyprian isle.
 Riches of captive kings by Pompey born,
 In happier days his triumph to adorn,
 From utmost India and the rising morn ;
 Wealth infinite, in one rapacious day,
 Became the needy soldiers lawless prey :
 And wretched Rome, by robbery laid low,
 Was poorer than the bankrupt Cæsar now.

256

Meanwhile the world, by Pompey's fate alarm'd,
 Nations ordain'd to share his fall had arm'd. 261
 Greece first with troops the neighb'ring war sup-
 ply'd,

And sent the youth of Phocis to his side ;
 From Cyrrha and Amphisa's tow'rs they mov'd,
 And high Parnassus by the Muse belov'd ; 265
 Cephissus' sacred flood assistance lends,
 And Dirce's spring his Theban leaders sends.

Ver. 251. *Cretan Cities.*] Crete, now Candia, was van-
 quished and plundered by Q. Metellus. The elder Cato brought
 7,000 talents from Cyprus.

Ver. 259. *Bankrupt Cæsar.*] Cæsar, by the great sums of
 money which he had lavishly expended in promoting his inter-
 est, had run himself prodigiously in debt.

Ver. 263. *Phocia.*] A country of Achaia in Greece between
 Ætolia and Bœotia, in which were the mountains Parnassus and
 Helicon, the fountain Hippocrene, the city of Delphos, Cyrrha
 and Amphisa, now Selona. It is at this time part of a province
 called Livadia.

Ver. 266. *Cephissus.*] Now Cefisso, a river of Greece that
 falls into the gulf of Negropont. It rises in the mountains of
 Phocia, and is called sacred from the neighbourhood of its springs
 to the Delphic oracle.

Ver. 267. *Dirce.*] A fountain near Thebes.

Alphæus too affords his Pisa's aid ;
 By Pisa's walls the stream is first convey'd,
 Then seeks through seas the lov'd Sicilian maid. }
 From Mænalus Arcadian shepherds swarm, 271
 And warriors in Herculean Trachyn arm ;
 The Dryopes Chaonia's hills forsook,
 And Sellæ left Dodona's silent oak.
 Though Athens now had drain'd her naval store,
 And the Phœbean arsenal was poor, 276
 Three ships of Salamis to Pompey came,
 To vindicate their isle's contested name,
 And justify the ancient Attic claim.

Ver. 268. *Alphæus*.] A river of Arcadia, famous for his love to Arethusa the water-nymph in Sicily, and passing through the sea from Greece to Sicily without mixing his waters for her sake. See Ovid. *Metam.*

Ver. 271. *Mænalus*.] A hill in Arcadia.

Ver. 272. *Trachinis*.] A little territory of Phthiotis in Greece, on the coast of the Malaccan gulph, where the city Heraclea, thence called also Trachin, stands.

Ver. 273. *Dryopes*.] Inhabitants of Chaonia (now la Canina) part of Epirus.

Ver. 274. *Sellæ*.] People of the same country. Jupiter's sacrosanct oak or grove at Dodona was then silent, and had been so for some time.

Ver. 276. *Phœbean Arsenal*.] The Athenians had, not improperly, dedicated their arsenal to Phœbus, since his oracle had first advised them to defend their city with wooden walls, (that is) with ships.

The latter part of this passage is very obscure, and the commentators are a good deal puzzled about it. Heroldus fancies it relates to an old dispute between the Megarenses and Athenians concerning the propriety of Salamis, in which the former were cast, and the island adjudged to the latter upon the evidence of a verse in Homer. The other interpretation is, that this passage alludes to another Salamis in Cyprus, according to that of Horace.

Ambiguam sellæ Nopem Salaminis ætatem.

As if it were to confirm the opinion of this Athenian Salamis, being the first and true one. In the translation, I have endeavoured to take in both these senses.

Jove's Cretan people hastening to the war, 280
 The Gnosian quiver and the shaft prepare ;
 The bending bow they draw with deadly aim
 And rival ev'n the flying Parthian's dart :
 Wild Athamans who in the woods delight,
 With Dardan Oriconians unite ; 285
 With these th' Encheliæ who the name partake,
 Since Theban Cadmus first became a snake :
 The Colchians planted on Illyrian shores,
 Where rushing down Absyrtos foamy roars ;
 With those where Peneus runs, and hardy swains,
 Whose ploughs divide Jolcos' fruitful plains. 291
 From thence, ere yet the seaman's art was taught,
 Rude Argo through the deep a passage sought :
 She first explor'd the distant foreign land,
 And shew'd her strangers to the wond'ring strand :
 Then nations nations knew, in leagues were join'd,
 And universal commerce mix'd mankind. 297

Ver. 280. *Jove's Cretan People.*] Crete was famous for the birth, and even for the burial of Jupiter. Gnosus was one of the hundred cities in that island.

Ver. 284. *Athamans.*] People of the mountains in Epirus.

Ver. 285. *Dardan Oriconians.*] Oricum, or Oricon, a town of Epirus called Dardan, from being formerly subject to Helenus and Andromache.

Ver. 286. *Encheliæ.*] People of Illyria, where Cadmus and Hermione were said to be turned into snakes; the word *Enkelos* signifies a kind of serpent in Greek.

Ver. 289. *Absyrtos.*] It is said to be a river and island of the same name on the coast of Illyria, where Absyrtos the brother of Medea was cut to pieces. Cellarius mentions only the islands Absyrtides.

Ver. 290. *Peneus.*] Was a river, and Jolcos a sea-port town in Thessaly, from whence the Argonauts set forth with Jason.

By her made bold, the daring race defy'd
 The winds tempestuous, and the swelling tide :
 Much more enlarg'd destruction's ample pow'r, 300
 And opened ways to death unknown before.
 Then Pholoe's heights, that fabled Centaurs boast,
 And Thracian Hæmus then his warriors lost.
 Then Strymon was forsook, whose wint'ry flood
 Commits to warmer Nile his feather'd brood ; 305
 Then bands from Cone and from Peuce came,
 Where Ister loses his divided stream ;
 From Idalis where cold Caïcus flows,
 And where Arisbe, thin, her sandy surface strows ;
 From Pytane, and sad Celenæ's walls, 310
 Where now in streams the vanquish'd Marsyas falls :

Ver. 302. *Pholoe*.] A mountain in Arcadia, inhabited by Centaurs.

Ver. 303. *Hæmus*.] Or *Æmus*, a mountain in Thrace.

Ver. 304. *Strymon*.] A river of Thrace, whose banks abounded with cranes, now called Ischar, in the European Turkey.

Ver. 306. *Cone and Peuce*.] The latter of these was an island among the mouths of the Ister or Danube ; the former was likewise therabouts.

Ver. 308. *From Idalis*.] The commentators explain the Telus Idalis in this place to be the territory about Mount Ida, which must be a great mistake in geography ; for Caïcus is a river in Mysia major, a great way distant from Ida : It seems rather to have been a town ; and Pliny actually mentions one of that name in this part of Asia.

Ver. 309. *Arisbe*.] A town in Troas.

Ver. 310. *From Pytane and sad Celenæ*.] Pytane was a town not far from the mouth of the river Caïcus. Celenæ was a city near the head of the river Marsyas, the fabulous story of which is ; that he found the pipes Pallas had in disdain thrown away, and pragmatically set up for as good a musician as Apollo ; by whom he was first vanquished, and then freed. But some compassionate nymphs, who had so good a taste as to like the performance of Marsyas better than that of Apollo, turned him into a river which falls into the Mæander.

Still his lamenting progeny deplore
 Minerva's tuneful gift, and Phœbus' pow'r ;
 While through steep banks his torrent swift he
 leads,

And with Mæander winds among the meads. 318
 Proud Lydia's plains send forth her wealthy sons,
 Pactolus there, and golden Hermus runs :
 From earth's dark womb hid treasures they convey,
 And rich in yellow waters rise to day.
 From Ilium too ill-omen'd ensigns move, 320
 Again ordain'd their former fate to prove ;
 Their arms they rang'd on Pompey's hapless side,
 Nor sought a chief to Dardan kings ally'd :
 Though tales of Troy proud Cæsar's lineage grace,
 With great Æneas and the Julian race. 322
 The Syrians swift Orontes' banks forsake,
 And from Idume's palms their journey take :
 Damascus obvious to the driving wind,
 With Ninos' and with Gaza's force is join'd.
 Unstable Tyre now knit to firmer ground, 330
 With Sidon for her purple shells renown'd,
 Safe in the Cynosure, their glitt'ring guide,
 With well-directed navies stem the tide.

Ver. 327. *Idume.*] The same that is called in the Holy Scriptures Edom.

Ver. 329. *Ninos.*] A city of Assyria built by Ninus, the husband of Semiramis. Some take it to be the same with Nineve.

Ver. 330. *Tyre and Sidon.*] Two celebrated maritime towns on the coast of Phœnicia, famous for the making of purple, and their other commerce and navigation. Tyre was formerly an island, but was joined to the continent by Alexander the Great. According to Lucan in this place, they used to make their observations, and direct their course at sea by the Cynosura or Lesser Bear.

Phœnicians first, if ancient fame be true,
 The sacred mystery of letters knew, 335
 They first by sound in various lines design'd,
 Express the meaning of the thinking mind,
 The pow'r of words by figures rude convey'd,
 And useful science everlasting made.
 Then Memphis, ere the reedy leaf was known, 340
 Engrav'd her precepts and her arts in stone,
 While animals in various order plac'd,
 The learned hieroglyphic column grac'd.
 Then left they lofty Taurus' spreading grove,
 And Tarsos, built by Perseus, born of Jove, 345
 Then Mallian, and Corycian tow'rs they leave,
 Where mould'ring rocks disclose a gaping cave.
 The bold Cilicians, pirates now no more,
 Unfurl a juster sail, and ply the oar;
 To Egæ's port they gather all around, 350
 The shores with shouting mariners resound.

Ver. 334. *Phœnicians first*] Cadmus is said to be the first who brought the use and knowledge of letters from amongst the Phœnicians into Greece. Himself perhaps was the inventor of them until then the Egyptians, among whom the earliest dawning of learning began, delivered their knowledge down to posterity by hieroglyphics, or figures carved upon stone pillars. Afterwards, when letters were found out, they were the first who made paper of a certain flag or reed growing in the marshes of the Nile, called *Biblos* and *Papyrus*.

Ver. 344. *Taurus*] A famous mountain in Asia, most properly the part which divided Cilicia and Pamphyha from Armenia.

Ver. 345. *Tarsos*] A city of Cilicia, famous among Christians for the birth of St. Paul.

Ver. 346. *Then Mallum*] Mallus, Egæ and Coricum were sea-ports of Cilicia, the latter of these was a remarkable cave. Lucan observes very well here, that the Cilicians were engaged in a just cause now, and not upon the same foot as when they were famous for their piracies, and vanquished by Pompey.

Far in the east war spreads the loud alarm,
 Where worshippers of distant Ganges arm ;
 Right to the breaking day his waters run,
 The only stream that braves the rising sun. 355
 By this strong flood, and by the ocean bound,
 Proud Alexander's arms a limit found ;
 Vain in his hopes the youth had grasp'd at all,
 And his vast thought took in the vanquish'd ball ;
 But own'd, when forc'd from Ganges to retreat,
 The world too mighty, and the task too great. 361
 Then on the banks of Indus nations rose,
 Where unperceiv'd the mix'd Hydaspes¹ flows :
 In numbers vast they coast the rapid flood,
 Strange in their habit, manners, and their food. 366
 With saffron dyes their dangling locks they stain,
 With glitt'ring gems their flowing robes constrain,
 And quaff rich juices from the luscious cane,²
 On their own funerals and death they smile,
 And living leap amidst the burning pile ; 370
 Heroic minds ! that can ev'n fate command,
 And bid it wait upon a mortal hand :
 Who full of life forsake it as a feast,
 Take what they like, and give the Gods the rest.

Ver. 363. *Hydaspes.*] A river that rises in the Northernmost part of India, toward the mountain Imaus, and falls into the Indus.

Ver. 368. *And quaff rich juices*] These were Sugar-canes undoubtedly, though the *saccharum* or sugar of the ancients was not like ours, but only the juice squeezed out and mingled with their drink.

Ver. 369. *On their own funerals.*] These are still the manners of the Brachmans in India.

Descending then fierce Cappadoecian swains, 375
 From rude Amanus' mountains sought the plains.
 Armenians from Niphates' rolling stream,
 And from their lofty woods Coastrians came.
 Then wond'ring, Arabs from the sultry line 380
 For ever northward saw the shade incline.
 Then did the madness of the Roman rage
 Carmanian and Olostrian chiefs engage :
 Beneath far distant southern heav'ns they lie, }
 Where half the setting Bear forsakes the sky, }
 And swift our slow Boötes seems to fly.
 These furies to the sun-burn'd Æthiops spread,
 And reach the great Euphrates' rising head. 388
 One spring the Tigris and Euphrates know,
 And join'd awhile the kindred rivers flow ;
 Scarce could we judge between the doubtful claim,
 If Tigris, or Euphrates, give the name :

Ver. 376. *Amanus.*] A mountain in Cilicia.

Ver. 378. *Coastrians.*] These people Grotius, from Pliny, makes neighbours to the Paks Meotis, perhaps the Chorazi mentioned thereabouts by Cellarius. Others call them, Coastre, and assign them to the mountains between Assyria and Media.

Ver. 380. *For ever Northward.*] The people of Arabia Felix, who lie between the tropics, while they were at home were used to see the shadow fall sometimes to the north, and sometimes to the south, as the sun was on this or that side of them ; but when they came without the tropic of Cancer, they might very easily be surprised to see the sun always south, and the shadow of consequence always falling to the north.

Ver. 382. *Carmanian and Olostrian.*] The first were people between Persia and India, the latter about the mouth of the River Indus.

Ver. 384. *The setting Bear.*] The elevation of the north pole is so very small in those countries, that those constellations, which never set with us, appear very little above the horizon there.

But soon Euphrates' parting waves divide,
 Cov'ring like fruitful Nile the country wide ;
 While Tigris sinking from the sight of day,
 Through subterranean channels cuts his way ; 395
 Then from a second fountain springs again,
 Shoots swiftly on, and rushing seeks the main.
 The Parthian pow'r, to neither chief a friend,
 The doubtful issue in suspense attend ;
 With neutral ease they view the strife from far,
 And only lend occasion to the war. 401
 Not so the Scythians where cold Bactros flows,
 Or where Hircania's wilder forest grows,
 Their baneful shafts they dip, and string their
 deadly bows. }
 Th' Heniochi of Sparta's valiant breed, 405
 Skilful to press, and rein the fiery steed.
 Sarmatians with the fiercer Moschi join'd,
 And Colchians rich where Phasis' waters wind,
 To Pompey's side their aid assembling bring,
 With Halys, fatal to the Lydian king ; 410

Ver. 401. *Lend occasion to the War.*] The death of Cræsus. See the first book, ver. 200.

Ver. 405. *Heniochi.*] People near the Euxine sea, planted there by Amphyus and Telechius, the charioteers (so the word Heniochi signifies in Greek) of Castor and Pollux.

Ver. 407. *Sarmatians and Moschi.*] Tatars and Russians.

Ver. 408. *Colchia.*] Famous for the Golden Fleece. The river Phasis runs through that country into the Euxine.

Ver. 410. *With Halys, fatal.*] Halys was a river that served as a boundary between Lydia and Media. It was famous for the quibbling oracle given to Cræsus, that passing over Halys he should subvert a mighty empire ; which he took to be that of the Medes, and the Oracle meant his own.

With Tanais falling from Rhiphaean snows,
 Who forms the world's division as he goes :
 With noblest names his rising banks are crown'd,
 This stands for Europe's, that for Asia's bound ;
 While, as they wind, his waves with full com-
 mand,

415

Diminish, or enlarge the adjacent land.
 Then arm'd the nations on Cimmerian shores,
 Where through the Bosphorus Maeotis roars,
 And her full lake amidst the Euxine pours. }
 This strait, like that of Hercules, supplies 420
 The midland seas, and bids th'Ægean rise.
 Sithonians fierce, and Arimaspians bold,
 Who bind their plaited hair in shining gold.
 The Gelon nimble, and Arcian strong,
 March with the hardy Massagete along ; 425
 The Massagete, who at his savage feast
 Feeds on the gen'rous steed which once he prest.

Not Cyrus, when he spreads his eastern reign,
 And hid with multitudes the Lydian plain ;
 Not haughty Xerxes, when, his pow'r to boast,
 By shafts he counted all his mighty host ; 431
 Not he who drew the Grecian chiefs along,
 Bent to revenge his injur'd brother's wrong ;

Var. 411. *Tanais.*] The Don among the Tartars.

Var. 421. *Sithonians.*] With the other names here mentioned, were Scythians or Tartars.

Var. 431. *By shafts he counted.*] Herodotus tells us, that Xerxes, in a review of that prodigious army with which he invaded Greece, commanded every soldier as he passed by to shoot an arrow, by counting which he might have an exact account of the whole number of his forces.

Var. 432. *Not he who drew the Grecian chiefs.*] Agamemnon.

Or with such navies plough'd the foamy main,
 Or led so many kings, amongst their warlike train.
 Sure in one cause, such numbers never yet, 436
 Various in countries, speech, and manners, met;
 But Fortune gather'd, o'er the spacious ball,
 These spoils, to grace her once-lov'd fav'rite fall.
 Nor then the Libyan Moor withheld his aid, 440
 Where sacred Ammon lifts his horned head:
 All Afric, from the Western Ocean's bound,
 To eastern Nile, the cause of Pompey own'd.
 Mankind assembled for Pharsalia's day,
 To make the world at once the victor's prey. 445

Now, trembling Rome forsook, with swiftest
 haste,

Cæsar the cloudy Alpine hills had past.
 But while the nations, with subjection tame,
 Yield to the terrors of his mighty name; 449
 With faith uncommon to the changing Greeks,
 What duty bids, Massilia bravely seeks:

Ver. 451. *Massilia*.] A city of France, now famous by the name of Marseilles. It is said to have been first built by the Macedonians, and afterwards decaying, to have been rebuilt by the inhabitants of Phœcia in Asia Minor, who were driven out of their country by the power of Cyrus. They are very often mistaken for, and supposed to be descended from, the inhabitants of Phœcia in Greece, especially by Lucan, who in this story of the siege frequently calls them Greeks.

When Cæsar understood that Domitius, whom he had lately taken prisoner, and released at Corinthus, had put himself into this city, that favored Pompey, he sent for fifteen of the principal men out of the town, and advised them not to draw a war upon themselves, by their partiality and blind obedience to one man. They had shut their gates against him, and besought him with the softest terms of civility to go on, and leave them in what they called a neutrality; but Cæsar saw through their artifice, and laid a close siege to the town.

And true to oaths, their liberty and laws,
 To stronger fate prefer the juster cause,
 But first to move his haughty soul they try,
 Intreaties and persuasion soft apply ; 455
 Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
 And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear.

When foreign wars molest the Roman state,
 With ready arms our glad Massilians wait,
 To share your dangers, and partake your fate. }
 This our unshaken friendship vouches well, 461
 And your recording annals best can tell.
 E'en now we yield our still devoted hands,
 On foreign foes to wreak your dread commands:
 Would you to worlds unknown your triumphs
 spread ? 465

Behold ! we follow wheresoe'er you lead.
 But if you rouse at Discord's baleful call,
 If Romans fatally on Romans fall ;
 All we can offer, is, a pitying tear,
 And constant refuge for the wretched here. 470
 Sacred to us you are : oh may no stain
 Of Lucian blood our innocence profane !
 Should heav'n itself be rent with civil rage,
 Should giants once more with the Gods engage ;
 Officious piety would hardly dare 475
 To proffer Jove assistance in the war.
 Man unconcern'd and humble should remain,
 Nor seek to know whose arms the conquest gain, }
 Jove's thunder will convince them of his reign.

Nor can your horrid discords want our swords,
The wicked world its multitudes affords ; 481
Too many nations at the call will come,
And gladly join to urge the fate of Rome.
Oh had the rest like us their aid deny'd,
Yourselves must then the guilty strife decide ;
Then, who but should withhold his lifted hand,
When for his foe he saw his father stand ?
Brothers their rage had mutually repress,
Nor driv'n their jav'lins on a brother's breast.
Your war had ended soon ; had you not chose 490
Hands for the work, which Nature meant for foes ;
Who, strangers to your blood, in arms delight,
And rush remorseless to the cruel fight.
Briefly, the sum of all that we request
Is, to receive thee, as our honor'd guest ; 495
Let those thy dreadful ensigns shine afar,
Let Cæsar come, but come without the war.
Let this one place from impious rage be free ;
That, if the Gods the peace of Rome decree,
If your relenting angers yield to treat, 500
Pompey and thou, in safety, here may meet.
Then, wherefore dost thou quit thy purpos'd way ?
Why, thus, Iberia's nobler wars delay ?
Mean, and of little consequence we are,
A conquest much unworthy of thy care. 505
When Phocis' tow'rs were laid in ashes low,
Hither we fled for refuge from the foe ;
Here, for our plain integrity renown'd,
A little town in narrow walls we bound ;

No name in arms nor victories we boast, 510
 But live poor exiles on a foreign coast.
 If thou art bent on violence at last,
 To burst our gates, and lay our bulwarks waste,
 Know we are equally resolv'd, whate'er
 The victor's fury can inflict, to bear. 515
 Shalt death destroy, shall flames the town o'erturn?
 Why—Let our people bleed, our buildings burn.
 Wouldst thou forbid the living stream to flow?
 We'll dig, and search the wat'ry stores below.
 Hunger and thirst with patience will we meet, 520
 And, what offended nature nauseates, eat.
 Like brave Saguntum, daring to be free,
 Whate'er they suffer'd, we'll expect from thee.
 Babes, ravish'd from the fainting mother's breast,
 Shall headlong in the burning pile be cast. 525
 Matrons shall bare their bosoms to their lords,
 And beg destruction from their pitying swords;
 The father's hand the brother's heart shall wound,
 And universal slaughter rage around.
 If Civil Wars must waste this hapless town, 530
 No hands shall bring that ruin but our own.

Thus said the Grecian messengers. When lo!
 A gath'ring cloud involv'd the Roman's brow;
 Much grief, much wrath his troubled visage spoke,
 Then into these disdainful words he broke. 535

Ver. 523. Like brave Saguntum.] Now called Morviedro, in the kingdom of Valencia in Spain. It was famous for the siege it sustained against Scipio. The inhabitants, after eight or nine months' resistance, and suffering the last extremities, chose rather to burn themselves, and every thing that was dear or precious to them, than surrender to him.

This trusting in our speedy march to Spain,
These hopes, this Grecian confidence is vain ;
Whate'er we purpose, leisure will be found
To lay Massilia level with the ground :
This bears, my valiant friends, a sound of joy ; 540
Our useless arms, at length, shall find employ.
Winds lose their force, that unresisted fly,
And flames, unfed by fuel, sink and die.
Our courage thus would soften in repose,
But fortune and rebellion yield us foes. 545
Yet, mark ! what love their friendly speech express !
Unarm'd and single Cæsar is their guest.
Thus, first they dare to stop me on my way,
Then seek with fawning treason to betray.
Anon, they pray that civil rage may cease ; 550
But war shall scourge them for those hopes of peace ;
And make them know the present times afford,
At least while Cæsar lives, no safety like the sword.

He said ; and to the city bent his way :
The city, fearless all, before him lay, 555
With armed hands her battlements were crown'd,
And lusty youth the bulwarks mann'd around.

Near to the walls, a rising mountain's head
Flat with a little level plain is spread :
Upon this height the wary chief designs 560
His camp to strengthen with surrounding lines.
Lofty alike, and with a warlike mien,
Massilia's neighb'ring citadel is seen ;
An humble valley fills the space between. }

Strait he decrees the middle vale to fill, 565
 And run a mole athwart from hill to hill.
 But first a length'ning work extends its way,
 Where open to the land this city lay, }
 And from the camp projecting joins the sea. }
 Low sinks the ditch, the turfy breast-works rise,
 And cut the captive town from all supplies. 571
 While gazing from their tow'rs, the Greeks bemoan
 The meads, the fields, and fountains once their own.
 Well have they thus acquir'd the noblest name,
 And consecrated these their walls to fame. 575
 Fearless of Cæsar, and his arms they stood,
 Nor drove before the headlong rushing flood :
 And while he swept whole nations in a day,
 Massilia bad th' impatient victor stay, }
 And clogg'd his rapid conquest with delay. }
 Fortune a master for the world prepar'd, 581
 And these th' approaching slavery retard.
 Ye times to come record the warrior's praise,
 Who lengthen'd out expiring Freedom's days.
 Now while with toil unwear'd rose the mound,
 The sounding axe invades the groves around ; 586
 Light earth and shrubs the middle banks supply'd,
 But firmer beams must fortify the side ;
 Lest when the tow'rs advance their pond'rous height,
 The mould'ring mass should yield beneath the weight.
 Not far away for ages past had stood 591
 An old inviolated sacred wood ;

Ver. 592. *Unviolated sacred Wood.*] I cannot but think
 Tasso took the hint of his enchanted wood, in the thirteenth
 book of his *Gerusalemme Liberata*, from this of Lucan,

Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made^d
A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade:
There, nor the rustic gods, nor satyrs sport, 595
Nor fawns and sylvans with the nymphs resort:
But barb'rous priests some dreadful pow'r adore,
And lustrate ev'ry tree with human gore.
If mysteries, in times of old receiv'd,
And pious ancients be yet believ'd, 600
There nor the feather'd songster builds her nest,
Nor lonely dens conceal the savage beast:
There no tempestuous winds presumes to fly,
Ev'n lightnings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely by.
No wanton breezes toss the dancing leaves, 605
But shiv'ring horror in the branches heaves.
Black springs with pitchy streams divide the ground,
And bubbling tumble with a sullen sound.
Old images of forms misshapen stand,
Rude and unknowing of the artist's hand; 610
With hoary filth begrim'd, each ghastly head
Strikes the astonish'd gazer's soul with dread.
No gods, who long in common shapes appear'd,
W'ere e'er with such religious awe rever'd:
But zealous crowds in ignorance adore, 615
And still the less they know, they fear the more.
Of (as Fame tells) the earth in sounds of woe
Is heard to groan from hollow depths below;
The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been seen
To rise from earth, and spring with dusky green;
With sparkling flames the trees unburning shine,
And round their bolls prodigious serpents twine.

The pious worshippers approach not near, 623
 But shun their gods, and kneel with distant fear :
 The priest himself, when, or the day, or night,
 Rolling have reach'd their full meridian height,
 Refrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,
 Dreading the Dæmon of the grove to meet ;
 Who, terrible to sight, at that fix'd hour,
 Still treads the round about his dreary bow'r. 630

This wood near neighb'ring to th'encompass'd
 town,
 Untouch'd by former wars, remain'd alone ;
 And since the country round it naked stands,
 From hence the Latian chief supplies demands.
 But lo ! the bolder hands, that should have
 struck, 635

With some unusual horror trembling shook ;
 With silent dread and rev'rence, they survey'd
 The gloom majestic of the sacred shade :
 None dares with impious steel the bark to rend,
 Lest on himself the destin'd stroke descend. 640
 Cæsar perceiv'd the spreading fear to grow,
 Then, eager, caught an ax, and aim'd a blow.
 Deep sunk within a violated oak
 The wounding edge, and thus the warrior spoke.
 Now, let no doubting hand the task decline ; 645
 Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine.
 The trembling hands unwillingly obey'd ;
 Two various ills were in the balance laid,
 And Cæsar's wrath against the Gods was weigh'd. }

Then Jove's Dodonian tree was forc'd to bow ;
 The lofty ash and knotty holm lay low ; 651
 The floating alder by the current born,
 The cypress by the noble mourner worn,
 Veil their ærial summits, and display
 Their dark recesses to the golden day ; 655
 Crowding they fall, each o'er the other lies,
 And heap'd on high the leafy piles arise.
 With grief, and fear, the groaning Gauls beheld
 Their holy grove by impious soldiers fell'd ;
 While the Massilians, from th' encompass'd wall,
 Rejoic'd to see the sylvan honors fall : 661
 They hope such pow'r can never prosper long,
 Nor think the patient Gods will bear the wrong.
 But ah ! too oft success to guilt is giv'n,
 And wretches only stand the ~~bank~~ of heav'n. 665
 With timber largely from the wood supply'd,
 For wains the legions search the country wide ;
 Then from the crooked plough unyoke the steer,
 And leave the swain to mourn the fruitless year.

Meanwhile, impatient of the ling'ring war, }
 The chieftain to Iberia bends afar, }
 And gives the leaguer to Trebonius' care. }
 With diligence the destin'd task he plies ;
 Huge works of earth with strength'ning beams arise :

Ver. 650. *Jove's Dodonian tree.*] At Dodona in Epirus Jupiter was said to give oracles out of an oak.

Ver. 672. *To Trebonius' care.*] Caesar had sent Caius Fabius with three legions into Spain, to dislodge Afranius, a Lieutenant of Pompey's in the Pyrenean straits ; and now himself leaving C. Trebonius to besiege Mamilia by land, and Decrus Brutus to shut it up by sea, goes with 900 horse into Spain to join Fabius

High tott'ring tow'rs, by no fix'd basis bound, 675
Roll nodding on along the stable mound.

The Greeks with wonder on the movement look,
And fancy earth's foundations deep are shook ;
Fierce winds they think the Beldame's entrails tear,
And anxious for their walls and city fear : 680
The Roman from the lofty top looks down,
And rains a winged war upon the town.

Nor with less active rage the Grecians burn,
But larger ruin on their foes return ;
Nor hands alone the missile deaths supply, 685
From nervous cross-bows whistling arrows fly ;
The steely corslet and the bone they break,
Through multitudes their fatal journeys take ;
Nor wait the ling'ring Parca's slow delay, 689
But wound, and to new slaughter wing their way.
Now by some vast machine a pond'rous stone,
Pernicious, from the hostile wall is thrown ;

Ver. 675. *High tott'ring Tow'rs.*] The *Turres Mobiles*, or moveable turrets, made use of by the Romans in sieges, were of two sorts, the lesser and the greater : the lesser sort were about 60 cubits high, and the square sides 17 cubits broad. They had five or six, and sometimes ten stories or divisions, every division being made open on all sides. The great turret was 120 cubits high, and 23 cubits square, containing sometimes 15, sometimes 20 divisions. They were of very great use in making approaches to the walls, the divisions being capable of carrying soldiers with engines, ladders, casting-bridges, and other necessaries. The wheels on which they went were contrived to be within the planks, to defend them from the enemy ; and the men who were to drive them forward stood behind where they were most secure. The soldiers in the inside were protected by raw hides ; which were thrown over the turret in such places as were most exposed.

Ver. 691. *Now by some vast machine.*] The machine here mentioned is what the Romans called *Balista*. Throwing of

At once, on many, swift the shock descends,
 And the crush'd carcasses confounding blends. 694
 So rolls some falling rock by age long worn,
 Loose from its root by raging whirlwinds torn, }
 And thund'ring down the precipice is born :
 O'er crashing woods the mass is seen to ride,
 To grind its way, and plain the mountain's side.
 Gall'd with the shot from far, the legions join,
 Their bucklers in the warlike shell combine : 701
 Compact and close the brazen roof they bear,
 And in just order to the town draw near :
 Safe they advance, while with unweary'd pain
 The wrathful engines waste their stores in vain ;
 High o'er their heads the destin'd deaths are tost,
 And far behind in vacant earth are lost ; 707
 Nor sudden could they change their erring aim,
 Slow and unwieldly moves the cumbrous frame.

This seen, the Greeks their brawny arms employ,
 And hurl a stony tempest from on high : 711
 The clatt'ring show'r the sounding fence assails ; }
 But vain, as when the stormy winter hails,
 Nor on the solid marble roof prevails :
 'Till tir'd at length the warriors fall their shields ;
 And, spent with toil, the broken phalanx yields.

stones was the proper use of it ; as the Catapulta was for large darts and spears, and the Scorpio for lesser darts or arrows. Dr. Kennet's Roman Antiquities.

Ver. 701. *The warlike shell.*] The Testudo or shell was a figure the Roman infantry threw themselves into, with their shields over their heads to protect them.

Ver. 716. *Phalanx.*] This properly signifies a square body of infantry used by the Macedonians, but is taken here at large for any body of foot.

Now other stratagems the war supplies, 717
Beneath the vinea close th' assailant lies.
The strong machine, with planks and turf be spread,
Moves to the walls its well-defended head; 720
Within the covert safe the miners lurk,
And to the deep foundation urge their work.
Now justly pois'd the thund'ring ram they sling,
And drive him forceful with a launching spring;
Haply to loose some yielding part at length, 725
And shake the firm cemented bulwark's strength.
But from the town the Grecian youth prepare
With hardy vigor to repel the war;
Crowding they gather on the rampart's height, 729
And with tough staves and spears maintain the fight;
Darts, fragments of the rock, and flames they throw,
And tear the planky shelter fix'd below:
Around by all the warring tempest beat,
The baffled Romans sullenly retreat.
Now by success the brave Massilians fir'd, 735
To fame of higher enterprise aspir'd;
Nor longer with their walls' defence content,
In daring sallies they the foe prevent.
Nor arm'd with swords, nor pointed spears they go,
Nor aim the shaft, nor bend the deadly bow: 740
Fierce Mulciber supplies the bold design,
And for their weapons kindling torches shine.

For the Vineæ, see before, Book II.

The ram is described in Josephus, and is not unknown to most readers. Of this likewise see Dr. Kennet in B. IV. Cap. ca.

Silent they issue through the gloomy night,
And with broad shields restrain the beamy light :
Sudden the blaze on ev'ry side began, 745
And o'er the Latian works resistless ran ;
✧Catching, and driving with the wind it grows,
✧Fierce through the shade the burning deluge glows ;
Nor earth, nor greener planks its force delay,
Swift o'er the hissing beams it rolls away : 750
Embrown'd with smoke the wavy flames ascend,
Shiver'd with heat the crackling quarries rend ;
Till with a roar at last, the mighty mound,
Tow'rs, engines, all, come thund'ring to the ground :
Wide-spread the discontinuous ruins lie, 755
And vast confusion fills the gazer's eye.

Vanquish'd by land, the Romans seek the main,
And prove the fortune of the wat'ry plain ;
Their navy, rudely built, and rigg'd in haste,
Down through the rapid Rhone descending past.
No golden gods protect the shining prow, 761
Nor silken streamers lightly dancing flow ;
But rough in stable floorings lies the wood,
As in the native forest once it stood.
Rearing above the rest her tow'ry head, 765
Brutus' tall ship the floating squadron led.
To sea soon wafted by the hasty tide,
Right to the Stœchades their course they guide.
Resolv'd to urge their fate, with equal cares,
Massilia for the naval war prepares ; 770

Ver. 768. *Stœchades*.] The isles of Hierœ, not far from Toulon, on the coast of Provence.

All hands the city for the task requires,
 And arms her striplings young, and hoary sires,
 Vessels of ev'ry sort and size she fits,
 And speedy to the briny deep commits. 774
 The crazy hulk, that, worn with winds and tides, }
 Safe in the dock, and long neglected, rides, }
 She planks anew, and calks her leaky sides. }

Now rose the morning, and the golden sun
 With beams refracted on the ocean shone; 779
 Clear was the sky, the waves from murmur cease,
 And ev'ry ruder wind was hush'd in peace;
 Smooth lay the glassy surface of the main,
 And offer'd to the war its ample plain:
 When to the destin'd stations all repair; 784
 Here Cæsar's pow'rs, the youth of Phocis there.
 Their brawny arms are bar'd, their oars they dip,
 Swift o'er the water glides the nimble ship;
 Feels the strong blow the well compacted oak,
 And trembling springs at each repeated stroke.
 Crooked in front the Latian navy stood, 790
 And wound a bending crescent o'er the flood.
 With four full banks of oars advancing high, }
 On either wing the larger vessels ply, }
 While in the centre safe the lesser galliots lie. }
 Brutus the first, with eminent command, 795
 In the tall admiral is seen to stand;
 Six rows of length'ning pines the billows sweep,
 And heave the burden o'er the groaning deep.
 Now prow to prow advance each hostile fleet,
 And want but one concurring stroke to meet, 800

When peals of shouts and mingling clamors roar,
 And down the brazen trump, and plunging ~~dash~~
 The brushing pine the frothy surface plies,
 While on their banks the lusty rowers rise:
 Each brings the stroke back on his ample chest,
 Then firm upon his seat he lights repress. 806
 With clashing beaks the lanching vessels meet,
 And from the mutual shock alike retreat.
 Thick clouds of flying shafts the welkin hide,
 Then fall, and floating strew the ocean wide. 810
 At length the stretching wings their order leave,
 And in the line the mingling foe receive:
 Then might be seen, how, dash'd from side to side,
 Before the stemming vessels drove the tide;
 Still as each keel her foamy furrow ploughs, 815
 Now back, now forth, the surge obedient flows.
 Thus warring winds alternate rule maintain,
 And this, and that way, roll the yielding main.
 Massilia's navy, nimble, clean, and light,
 With best advantage seek or shun the fight; 820
 With ready ease all answer to command,
 Obey the helm, and feel the pilot's hand.
 Not so the Romans; cumb'rous hulks they lay,
 And slow and heavy hung upon the sea;
 Yet strong, and for the closer combat good, 825
 They yield firm footing on th' unstable flood.
 Thus Brutus saw, and to the master cries,
 (The master in the lofty poop he spies,
 Where streaming the Prætorian ensign flies,) }

Still wo't thou bear away, still shift thy place,
 And turn the battle to a wanton chace? 831
 'Tis a time to play so mean a part,
 To tack, to veer, and boast thy trifling art?
 Bring to. The war shall hand to hand be try'd;
 Oppose thou to the foe our ample side, 835
 And let us meet like men. The chieftain said;
 The ready master the command obey'd,
 And side-long to the foe the ship was laid. }
 Upon his waste fierce fall the thund'ring Greeks,
 Fast in his timber stick their brazen beaks; 840
 Some lie by chains and grapplings strong compell'd,
 While others by the tangling oars are held:
 The seas are hid beneath the closing war,
 Nor need they cast the jav'lin now from far;
 With hardy strokes the combatants engage, 845
 And with keen faulchions deal their deadly rage:
 Man against man, and board by board they lie,
 And on those decks their arms defended die.
 The rolling surge is stain'd around with blood,
 And foamy purple swells the rising flood; 850
 The floating carcasses the ships delay,
 Hang on each keel, and intercept her way;
 Helpless beneath the deep the dying sink,
 And gore, with briny ocean mingling, drink.
 Some, while amidst the tumbling waves they strive,
 And struggling with destruction float alive, 856
 Or by some pond'rous beam are beaten down,
 Or sink transfix'd by darts at random thrown.

That fatal day no jav'lin flies in vain,
Missing their mark, they wound upon the main.
It chanc'd, a warrior ship on Cæsar's side, 861
By two Massilian foes was warmly ply'd ;
But with divided force she meets th' attack,
And bravely drives the bold assailants back,
When from the lofty poop, where fierce he fought,
Tagus to seize the Grecian ancient sought, 866
But double death his daring hand repress'd,
One spear transfix'd his back, and one his breast, }
And deadly met within his heaving chest. }
Doubtful awhile the flood was seen to stay, 870
At length the steely shafts at once gave way ;
Then fleeting life a twofold passage found,
And ran divided from each streaming wound.
Hither his fate unhappy Telon led,
To naval arts from early childhood bred ; 875
No hand the helm more skilfully could guide,
Or stem the fury of the boist'rous tide :
He knew what winds should on the morrow blow,
And how the sails for safety to bestow ; 879
Celestial signals well he could descry, }
Could judge the radiant lights that shine on high, }
And read the coming tempest of the sky. }
Full on a Latian bark his beak he drives,
The brazen beak the shiv'ring alder rives ;
When from some hostile hand, a Roman dart,
Deep piercing, trembled in his panting heart :
Yet still his careful hand its task supplies,
And turns the guiding rudder as he dies.

To fill his place bold Gyareus assay'd,
 But passing from a neighb'ring ship was stay'd:
 Swift through his loins a flying jav'lin struck, 891
 And nail'd him to the vessel he forsook.

Friend-like, and side by side, two brethren fought,
 Whom, at a birth, their fruitful mother brought:
 So like the lines of each resembling face, 895
 The same the features, and the same the grace,
 That fondly erring oft their parents look,
 And each, for each, alternately mistook:
 But death, too soon, a dire distinction makes,
 While one, untimely snatch'd, the light forsakes.
 His brother's form the sad survivor wears, 901
 And still renews his hapless parents' tears:
 Too sure they see their single hope remain,
 And while they bless the living, mourn the
 slain.

He, the bold youth, as board and board they
 stand, 905
 Fix'd on a Roman ship his daring hand;
 Fall on his arm a mighty blow descends,
 And the torn limb from off the shoulder rends;

*Ver. 905. He, the bold youth.] The elder of the two, suppose.
 This place is in imitation of Virgil, Æn. 10.*

*Daucia Laridæ Timberque simillima proles
 Indiscreta suis gratusque, &c.*

*And after him the Daurian twins were slain,
 Laris and Timbrus, on the Latian plain;
 So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,
 As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes.
 Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
 The nice distinction, and their fate divides.*

The rigid nerves are cramp'd with stiff'ning cold,
Convulsive grasp, and still retain their hold. 910
Nor sunk his valor by the pain deprest,
But nobler rage inflam'd his mangled breast:
His left remaining hand the combat tries,
And fiercely forth to catch the right he flies;
The same hard destiny the left demands, 915
And now a naked helpless trunk he stands.
Nor deigns he, though defenceless to the foe,
To seek the safety of the hold below;
For ev'ry coming jav'lin's point prepar'd,
He steps between, and stands his brother's guard;
'Till fix'd, and horrid with a wood of spears, 921
A thousand deaths at others aim'd he wears.
Resolv'd at length his utmost force t' exert,
His spirits gather'd to his fainting heart,
And the last vigor rous'd in ev'ry part; }
Then nimble from the Grecian deck he rose, 926
And with a leap sprung fierce amidst his foes:
And when his hands no more could wreak his
hate, }
His sword no more could minister to fate,
Dying he prest them with his hostile weight.
O'er-charg'd the ship with carcasses and blood,
Drunk fast at many a leak the briny flood; 932
Yielding at length the waters wide give way,
And fold her in the bosom of the sea;
Then o'er her head returning rolls the tide, 935
And cov'ring waves the sinking hatches hide.

That fatal day was slaughter seen to reign,
In wonders various, on the liquid plain.

On Lycidas a steely grappling struck ;
Struggling he drags with the tenacious hook, 940
And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy wave,
But that his fellows strove their mate to save ;
Clung to his legs, they clasp him all they can,
The grappling tugs, asunder flies the man.
No single wound the gaping rupture seems, 945
Where trickling crimson wells in slender streams ;
But from an op'ning horrible and wide,
A thousand vessels pour the bursting tide :
At once the winding channel's course was broke,
Where wand'ring life her mazy journey took :
At once the currents all forgot their way, 951
And lost their purple in the azure sea.
Soon from the lower parts the spirits fled,
And motionless th' exhausted limbs lay dead :
Not so the nobler regions, where the heart, 955
And heaving lungs their vital pow'rs exert ;
There ling'ring late, and long conflicting, life
Rose against fate, and still maintain'd the strife :
Driv'n out at length, unwillingly and slow,
She left her mortal house, and sought the shades
below. 60

While eager for the fight, an hardy crew
To one sole side their force united drew,
The bark, unapt th' unequal poise to bear,
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her lowest keel in air ;

In vain his active arms the swimmer tries, 965
No aid the swimmer's useless art supplies;
The cov'ring vast o'erwhelming shuts them down,
And helpless in the hollow hold they drown.

One slaughter terrible above the rest,
The fatal horror of the fight exprest. 970

As o'er the crowded surface of the flood
A youthful swimmer swift his way pursu'd;
Two meeting ships, by equal fury prest,
With hostile prows transfix'd his ample breast:
Suspended by the dreadful shock he hung, 975
The brazen beaks within his bosom rung;
Blood, bones, and entrails, mashing with the blow,
From his pale lips a hideous mixture flow.

At length the back'ning oars the fight restrain,
The lifeless body drops amidst the main; 980
Soon enter at the breach the rushing waves,
And the salt stream the mangled carcase laves.

Around the wat'ry champaign wide dispread,
The living shipwrecks float amidst the dead;
With active arms the liquid deep they ply, 985
And panting to their mates for succour cry:
Now to some social vessel press they near,
Their fellows pale the crowding numbers fear;
With ruthless hearts their well-known friends with-
stand, 989

And with keen faulchions lop each grasping hand;
The dying fingers cling and clench the wood,
The heavy trunk sinks helpless in the flood.

Now spent was all the warriors' steely store, }
 New darts they seek, and other arms explore, }
 This wields a flag-staff, that a pond'rous oar. }
 Wrath's ready hands are never at a loss ; 996
 The fragments of the shatter'd ship they toss.
 The useless rower from his seat is cast,
 Then fly the benches, and the broken mast.
 Some seizing, as it sinks, the breathless corse, 1000
 From the cold grasp the blood-stain'd weapon force.
 Some from their own fresh bleeding bosoms take,
 And at the foe the dropping jav'lin shake :
 The left-hand stays the blood, and soothes the pain,
 The right sends back the reeking spear again. 1005

Now gods of various elements conspire,
 To Nereus, Vulcan joins his hostile fire ;
 With oils, and living sulphur, darts they frame,
 Prepar'd to spread afar the kindling flame ;
 Around the catching mischiefs swift succeed, 1010
 The floating hulks their own destruction feed ;
 The smeary wax the bright'ning blaze supplies,
 And wavy fires from pitchy planks arise :
 Amidst the flood the ruddy torrent strays, 1014
 And fierce upon the scatt'ring shipwrecks preys,
 Here one with haste a flaming vessel leaves ; }
 Another, spent and beaten by the waves, }
 As eager to the burning ruin cleaves.

Ver. 1008. *With oile*] This was a composition like our wild-fire. The ancients had a sort of darts, which they called Phalaricæ, which were daubed or wound about with combustible matter : Their use was to be shot into a ship, wooden tower, or any thing that was to be set on fire.

Amidst the various ways of death to kill,
Whether by seas, by fires, or wounding steel,
The dreadfulest is that, whose present force we }
feel.

Nor valor less her fatal rage maintains,
In daring breasts that swim the liquid plains :
Some gather up the darts that floating lie,
And to the combatants new deaths supply. 1025
Some struggling in the deep the war provoke,
Rise o'er the surge, and aim a languid stroke.
Some with strong grasp the foe conflicting join,
Mix limbs with limbs, and hostile wreathings twine,
'Till plunging, pressing to the bottom down, 1030
Vanquish'd, and vanquishers, alike they drown.

One, chief above the rest, is mark'd by fame,
For wat'ry fight, and Phoeus was his name :
The heaving breath of life he knew to keep,
While long he dwelt within the lowest deep ;
Full many a fathom down he had explor'd, 1036
For treasures lost, old Ocean's oozy hoard ;
Of, when the flooky anchor stuck below,
He sunk, and bad the captive vessel go.
A foe he seiz'd close cleaving to his breast, 1040
And underneath the tumbling billows prest :
But when the skilful victor would repair,
To upper seas, and sought the freer air ;
Hapless beneath the crowding keels he rose,
The crowding keels his wonted way oppose ; 1045
Back beaten, and astonish'd with the blow,
He sinks, to hide for ever now below.

Some hang upon the oars with weighty force,
To intercept the hostile vessel's course ;
Some to the last the cause they love defend, 1050
And valiant lives by useful deaths would end ;
With breasts oppos'd the thund'ring beaks they
 brave,
And what they fought for living, dying save.

As Tyrrhen, from a Roman poop on high,
Ran o'er the various combat with his eye ; 1055
Sure aiming, from his Balearic throng,
Bold Ligdamus a pond'rous bullet slung ;
Through liquid air the ball shrill whistling flies,
And cuts its way through hapless Tyrrhen's eyes.
The astonish'd youth stands struck with sudden
 night, 1060

While bursting start the bleeding orbs of sight.
At first he took the darkness to be death,
And thought himself amidst the shades beneath ;
But soon recov'ring from the stunning sound,
He liv'd, unhappily he liv'd, he found. 1065
Vigor at length, and wonted force returns,
And with new rage his valiant bosom burns :
To me, my friends, (he cry'd) your aid supply,
Nor useless let your fellow-soldier die ;
Give me, oppos'd against the foe to stand, 1070
While like some engine you direct my hand.
And thou, my poor remaining life, prepare
To meet each hazard of the various war ;
At least, my mangled carcass shall pretend
To interpose, and shield some valiant friend: 1075

Plac'd like a mark their darts I may sustain,
And, to preserve some better man, be slain.

Thus said, unaiming he a jav'lin threw,
The jav'lin wing'd, with sure destruction flew;
In Argus the descending steel takes place, 1080
Argus, a Grecian, of illustrious race.
Deep sinks the piercing point, where to the loins
Above the navel high the belly joins;
The stag'ring youth falls forward on his fate,
And helps the goring weapon with his weight.

It chanc'd, to ruthless destiny design'd, 1086
To the same ship his aged sire was join'd:
While young, for high achievements was he known,
The first in fair Massilia for renown;
Now an example merely, and a name,
Willing to rouse the younger sort he came,
And fire their souls to emulate his fame. }
When from the prow, where distant far he stood,
He saw his son lie welt'ring in his blood;
Soon to the poop, oft stumbling in his haste, 1095
With faltering steps the feeble father past.
No falling tears his wrinkled cheeks bedew,
But stiff'ning cold and motionless he grew:
Deep night and deadly shades of darkness rise,
And hid his much-lov'd Argus from his eyes.
As to the dizzy youth the sire appears, 1101
His dying, weak, unwieldy head he rears;
With lifted eyes he cast a mournful look,
His pale lips mov'd, and vain he would have spoke;

But unexpress'd th' imperfect accent hung, 1105
 Lost in his falling jaws and murr'ring tongue :
 Yet in his speechless visage seems exprest,
 What, had he words, would be his last request :
 That aged hand to seal his closing eye,
 And in his father's fond embrace to die : 1110
 But he, when grief with keenest sense revives,
 With nature's strongest pangs conflicting strives ;
 Let me not lose this hour of death, he cries,
 Which my indulgent destiny supplies ;
 And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my son, 1115
 If thy dear lips, and last embrace I shun.
 Warm from thy wound the purple current flows,
 And vital breath yet heaving comes and goes :
 Yet my sad eyes behold thee yet alive,
 And thou shalt, yet, thy wretched sire survive.
 He said, and fierce, by frantic sorrow prest, 1121
 Plung'd his sharp sword amidst his aged breast :
 And though life's gushing streams the weapon stain,
 Headlong he leaps amidst the greedy main :
 While this last wish ran ever in his mind, 1125
 To die, and leave his darling son behind ;
 Eager to part, his soul disdain'd to wait,
 And trust uncertain to a single fate.

And now Massilia's vanquish'd force gives way,
 And Cæsar's fortune claims the doubtful day.
 The Grecian fleet is all dispers'd around, 1131
 Some in the bottom of the deep lie drown'd ;
 Some, captives made, their haughty victors bore,
 While some, but those a few, fled timely to the shore.

But oh! what verse, what numbers can express,
The mournful city, and her sore distress! 1136
Upon the beach lamenting matrons stand,
And wailings echo o'er the length'ning strand:
Their eyes are fix'd upon the waters wide,
And watch the bodies driving with the tide. 1140
Here a fond wife, with pious error, prest
Some hostile Roman to her throbbing breast;
There to a mangled trunk two mothers run,
Each grasps, and each would claim it for her son;
Each, what her boding heart persuades, believes,
And for the last sad office fondly strives. 1146

But Brutus now victorious on the main,
To Cæsar vindicates the wat'ry plain;
First to his brow he binds the naval crown, 1149
And bids the spacious deep, the mighty master own.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæsar having joined Fabius, whom he had sent before him to Spain, encamps upon a rising ground near Ilerda, and not far from the river Sicoris: there the waters, being swollen by great rains, endanger his camp; but the weather turning fair, and the floods abating, Pompey's lieutenants, Afranius and Petreius, who lay over-against him, decamp suddenly. Cæsar follows, and encamps so as to cut off their passage, or any use of the river Iberus. As both armies lay now very near to each other, the soldiers on both sides knew, and saluted one another; and forgetting the opposite interest and factions they were engaged in, ran out from their several camps, and embraced one another with great tenderness. Many of Cæsar's soldiers were invited into the enemy's camp, and feasted by their friends and relations. But Petreius apprehending this familiarity might be of ill

THE ARGUMENT.

consequence to his party, commanded them all (though against the rules of humanity and hospitality) to be killed. After this he attempts in vain to march back to Ilerda; but is prevented, and inclosed by Cæsar; to whom both himself and Afranius, after their army had suffered extremely for want of water and other necessities, are compelled to surrender, without asking any other conditions than that they might not be compelled to take on in his army: this Cæsar, with great generosity, grants, and dismisses them. In the mean while, C. Antonius, who commanded for Cæsar near Salonæ, on the coast of Dalmatia, being shut up by Octavius, Pompey's admiral, and destitute of provisions, had attempted by help of some vessels, or floating machines of a new invention, to pass through Pompey's fleet: two of them by advantage of the tide found means to escape, but the third, which carried a thousand Opitergians commanded by Vulteius, was intercepted by a boom laid under the water. Those, when they found it impossible to get off, at the persuasion, and by the example of their leader, ran upon one another's swords and died. In Africa the Poet introduces Curio inquiring after the story of Hercules and Antæus, which is recounted to him by one of the natives, and afterwards relates the particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and killed by Juba.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK IV.

BUT Cæsar in Iberian fields afar,
Ev'n to the Western Ocean spreads the war ;
And though no hills of slaughter heap the plain,
No purple deluge leaves a guilty stain,
Vast is the prize, and great the victor's gain. }
For Pompey, with alternative command, 6
The brave Petreius, and Afranius stand :
The chiefs in friendship's just conditions join,
And, cordial to the common cause, combine ;
By turns they quit, by turns resume the sway, 10
The camp to guard, or battle to array ;
To these their aid the nimble Vectons yield,
With those who till Asturia's hilly field ;

Ver. 5. *Vast is the prize.*] The reduction of Afranius and Petreius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, with so little bloodshed, was of great advantage to Cæsar, as it secured that province to him upon which Pompey principally relied, and left him at liberty to prosecute the war more powerfully in other places.

Ver. 12. *The nimble Vectons.*] The Vectones, or Vettones, were a people of Lusitania, (Portugal) separated from Asturia by the river Durius (Douro.)

Nor wanted then the Celtiberians bold,
 Who draw their long descent from Celtic Gauls
 of old. 15

Where rising grounds the fruitful champaign end,
 And unperceiv'd by soft degrees ascend ;
 An ancient race their city chose to found,
 And with Ilerda's walls the summit crown'd.
 The Sicoris, of no ignoble name, 20
 Fast by the mountain pours his gentle stream.
 A stable bridge runs cross from side to side,
 Whose spacious arch transmits the passing tide, }
 And jutting piers the wint'ry floods abide.
 Two neighb'ring hills their heads distinguish'd
 raise ; 25

The first great Pompey's ensigns high displays ;
 Proud Cæsar's camp upon the next is seen ;
 The river interposing glides between.
 Wide spread beyond, an ample plain extends,
 Far as the piercing eye its prospect sends : 30
 Upon the spacious level's utmost bound,
 The Cinga rolls his rapid waves around.
 But soon in full Iberus' channel lost,
 His blended waters seek Iberia's coast ;
 He yields to the superior torrent's fame, 35
 And with the country takes his nobler name.

Now 'gan the lamp of Heav'n the plains to gild,
 When moving legions hide th' embattled field ;

Ver. 14. *Celtiberians.*] People of Arragon.

Ver. 19. *Ilerda.*] The city of Lerida in Catalonia. *Sicoris*, the river Segre, and Cinga the Cinca, which fall into the Iberus or Ebro in the same country.

When front to front oppos'd in just array, 39
 The chieftains each their hostile pow'rs display :
 But whether conscious shame their wrath repress,
 And soft reluctance rose in ev'ry breast ;
 Or Virtue did a short-liv'd rule resume,
 And gain'd one day for Liberty and Rome ;
 Suspended rage yet linger'd for a space, 45
 And to the west declin'd the sun in peace.
 Night rose, and black'ning shades involv'd the sky;
 When Cæsar, bent war's wily arts to try,
 Through his extended battle gives command,
 The foremost lines in order fix'd shall stand ; 50
 Meanwhile the last, low lurking from the foe,
 With secret labor sink a trench below :
 Successful they the destin'd task pursue,
 While closing files prevent the hostile view: 54
 Soon as the morn renew'd the dawning grey, }
 He bids the soldier urge his speedy way, }
 To seize a vacant height that near Ilerda lay. }
 This saw the foe, and wing'd with fear and shame,
 Through secret paths with swift prevention came.
 Now various motives various hopes afford, 60
 To these the place, to those the conqu'ring sword
 Oppress'd beneath their armour's cumbrous weight,
 Th' assailants lab'ring, tempt the steepy height ;

Ver. 48. When Cæsar, bent war's wily.] Cæsar, perceiving the enemy not disposed to an engagement, kept two lines of his army (which he had drawn up into three) under their arms all night, while the third threw up a trench in the rear for the security of his camp. The next morning he endeavoured to possess himself of a height in order to cut off the enemy's communication with Ilerda, but was repulsed with some loss.

Half bending back they mount with panting pain,
 The foll'wing crowd their foremost mates sustain;
 Against the shelving precipice they toil, 66
 And prop their hands upon the steely pile;
 On cliffs, and shrubs, their steps, some climbing stay,
 With cutting swords some clear the woody way;
 Nor death, nor wounds their enemies annoy, 70
 While other uses now their arms employ.

Their chief the danger from afar survey'd,
 And bad the horse fly timely to their aid. 73
 In order just the ready squadrons ride,
 Then wheeling to the right and left divide,
 To flank the foot, and guard each naked side. }

Safe in the middle space retire the foot,
 Make good the rear, and scorn the foes' pursuit;
 Each side retreat, though each disdain to yield,
 And claim the glory of the doubtful field. 80

Thus far the cause of Rome by arms was try'd,
 And human rage alone the war supply'd;
 But now the elements new wrath prepare,
 And gath'ring tempests vex the troubled air. 84

Long had the earth by wint'ry frost been bound,
 And the dry north had numb'd the lazy ground.
 No furrow'd fields were drench'd with drisly rain,
 Snow hid the hills, and hoary ice the plain.

All desolate the western climes were seen,
 Keen were the blasts, and sharp the blue serene,
 To parch the fading herb, and nip the springing
 green. }

Ver. 81. *Toparok.*) The Latin word is here *urebant*, and seems to me by no means unelegant, extreme cold and extreme heat appearing to have much the same effects upon grass or other herbs.

At length the genial heat began to shine,
 With stronger beams in Aries' vernal sign ;
 Again the golden day resum'd its right,
 And rul'd in just equation with the night : 95
 The moon her monthly course had now begun,
 And with increasing horns forsook the sun ;
 When Boreas, by Night's silver empress driv'n,
 To softer airs resign'd the western Heav'n.
 Then with warm breezes gentler Eurus came, 100
 Glowing with India's and Arabia's flame.
 The sweeping wind the gath'ring vapours prest,
 From ev'ry region of the farthest East ;
 Nor hang they heavy in the midway sky,
 But speedy to Hesperia driving fly ; 105
 To Calpe's hills the sluicy rains repair,
 From north, and south, the clouds assemble
 there,
 And dark'ning storms low'r in the sluggish air.
 Where western skies the utmost ocean bound,
 The wat'ry treasures heap the Welkin round ;
 Thither they crowd, and scanted in the space, 111
 Scarce between heav'n and earth can find
 place.

Ver. 93. *In Aries' Vernal.*] In the Vernal Equinox, about the 10th of March.

Ver. 98. *When Boreas.*] The weather altering with the new moon.

Ver. 106. *Calpe.*] Gibraltar ; here it is generally taken for

Condens'd at length the sporting torrents pour,
 Earth smokes, and rattles with the gushing show'r ;
 Jove's fork'd fires are rarely seen to fly, 115
 Extinguish'd in the deluge soon they die :
 Nor e'er before did dewy Iris show
 Such fady colours, or so maim'd a bow :
 Unvary'd by the light's refracting beam,
 She stoop'd to drink from Ocean's briny stream ;
 Then to the dropping sky restor'd the rain : 121
 Again the falling waters sought the main.
 Then first the cov'ring snows began to flow
 From off the Pyrenean's hoary brow ;
 Huge hills of frost, a thousand ages old, 125
 O'er which the summer suns had vainly roll'd,
 Now melting rush from ev'ry side amain,
 Swell ev'ry brook, and deluge all the plain.
 And now o'er Cæsar's camp the torrents sweep,
 Bear down the works, and fill the trenches deep.
 Here men and arms in mix'd confusion swim, 131
 And hollow tents drive with th' impetuous stream ;
 Lost in the spreading floods the land-marks lie,
 Nor can the forager his way descry.

Ver. 120. *She stoop'd to drink.*] So Virgil in the First Georgic.

*Et bibit ingens
Arcus.*

At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood. *Mr Dryden.*
 As if they fancied the rainbow drew up water from the sea at rivers, and potted it down again in showers of rain.

No beasts for food the floating pastures yield, 135
 Nor herbage rises in the wat'ry field.
 And now, to fill the measure of their fears,
 Her baleful visage meager Famine rears ;
 Seldom alone, she troops among the fiends,
 And still on War and Pestilence attends. 140
 Unpress'd, unstraiten'd by besieging foes,
 All miseries of want the soldier knows.
 Gladly he gives his little wealth, to eat,
 And buys a morsel with his whole estate.
 Curs'd merchandize ! where life itself is sold,
 And avarice consents to starve for gold ! 146
 No rock, no rising mountain rear'd his head,
 No single river winds along the mead,
 But one vast lake o'er all the land is spread. }
 No lofty grove, no forest haunt is found, 150
 But in his den deep lies the savage drown'd :
 With headlong rage resistless in its course,
 The rapid torrent whirls the snorting horse ;
 High o'er the sea the foamy fresher ride,
 While backward Tethys turns her yielding tide.
 Meantime continu'd darkness veils the skies, 156
 And suns with unavailing ardor rise ;
 Nature no more her various face can boast,
 But form is huddled up in night, and lost.

Ver. 145. *Curs'd Merchandize.*] History has a remarkable instance of this kind of avarice, when, during the siege of Preneste, a soldier, who was himself dying (and shortly after did die) for hunger, sold a mouse he had caught for 100 Italian Denarii ; they were worth about eight pence, nothing of our money apiece.

Such are the climes beneath the frozen zone, 160
 Where cheerless Winter plants her dreary throne ;
 No golden stars their gloomy heav'ns adorn,
 Nor genial seasons to their earth return :
 But everlasting ice and snows appear,
 Bind up the summer signs, and curse the barren
 year. 165

Almighty Sire ! who dost supremely reign,
 And thou great ruler of the raging main !
 Ye gracious Gods ! in mercy give command,
 This depolation may for ever stand.
 Thou Jove ! for ever cloud thy stormy sky ; 170
 Thou Neptune ! bid thy angry waves run high :
 Heave thy huge trident for a mighty blow,
 Strike the strong earth, and bid her fountains flow ;
 Bid ev'ry river-god exhaust his urn,
 Nor let thy own alternate tides return ; 175
 Wide let their blended waters waste around,
 These regions, Rhine, and those of Rhone confound.
 Melt, ye hoar mountains of Riphæan snow ;
 Brooks, streams, and lakes, let all your sources go ;
 Your spreading floods the guilt of Rome shall
 spare, 180

And save the wretched world from civil war.

But Fortune stay'd her short displeasure here,
 Nor urg'd her minion with too long a fear ;
 With large increase her favors full return'd,
 As if the gods themselves his anger mourn'd ;

*Ver. 160. Such are the climes.] The poet means here the
 pale regions, the hemisphere, a figure in which he is given to
 offend, is somewhat explained.*

As if his name were terrible to Heav'n, 186
And Providence could sue to be forgiv'n.

Now 'gan the Welkin clear to shine serene,
And Phœbus potent in his rays was seen.
The scatt'ring clouds disclos'd the piercing light,
And hung the firmament with fleecy white; 191
The troublous storm had spent his wrathful store,
And clatt'ring rains were heard to rush no more.
Again the woods their leafy honors raise,
And herds upon the rising mountains graze. 195
Day's genial heat upon the damps prevails,
And ripens into earth the slimy vales.

Bright glitt'ring stars adorn night's spangled air,
And ruddy ev'ning skies foretel the morning fair.
Soon as the falling Sicoris begun 200

A peaceful stream within his banks to run,
The bending willow into barks they twine,
Then line the work with spoils of slaughter'd kine:
Such are the floats Venetian fishers know, 204

Where in dull marshes stands the settling Po;
On such to neighb'ring Gaul, allur'd by gain,
The bolder Britons cross the swelling main;
Like these, when fruitful Egypt lies afloat,
The Memphian artist builds his reedy boat.

On these embarking bold with eager haste, 210
Across the stream his legion's Caesar past:
Straight the tall woods with sounding strokes are
fell'd,

And with strong piles a beamy bridge they build;

Ver. 202. The sentence without a comma, as appears by the
own commentaries, had learnt to the same use of words from
the Britons.

Then mindful of the flood so lately spread, 214
 They stretch the length'ning ^{arches} ~~arches~~ o'er the mead.
 And lest his bolder waters rise again,
 With num'rous dikes they canton out the plain,
 And by a thousand streams the suff'ring river drain. }

Petreius now a fate superior saw,
 While elements obey proud Cæsar's law; 220
 Then straight Iberda's lofty walls forsook,
 And to the farthest west his arms betook;
 The nearer regions faithless all around,
 And basely to the victor bent, he found.
 When with just rage and indignation fir'd, 225
 He to the Celtiberian's fierce retir'd;
 There sought, amidst the world's extremest parts,
 Still daring hands, and still unconquer'd hearts.

Soon as he view'd the neighb'ring mountain's head
 No longer by the hostile camp o'erspread, 230
 Cæsar commands to arm. Without delay
 The soldier to the river bends his way;
 None then with cautious care the bridge explor'd,
 Or sought the shallows of the safer ford;
 Arm'd at all points, they plunge amidst the flood,
 And with strong sinews make the passage good: 236

Ver. 221. *Iberda's lofty walls.* There were many reasons for Afranius and Petreius to decamp at this time, and endeavor to transfer the seat of the war into Celtiberia; and it was not one of the least that that part of Spain was extremely well affected to Pompey, as having received several benefits from him in the war with Sertorius. They dislodged therefore in the night, and marched towards the river Iberus: but Cæsar, upon the first notice of their motions, used so much diligence, that he got before them, and being master of a pass they intended to pass upon, and so cut off their communication with the river they intended to pass.

Dangers they scorn that might the bold affright,
And stop ev'n panting cowards in their flight.
At length the farther bank attaining safe,
Chill'd by the stream, their dropping limbs they
chafe : 240

Then with fresh vigor urge the foes' pursuit,
And in the sprightly chace, the pow'rs of life recruit.
Thus they ; till half the course of life was run,
And less'ning shadows own'd the noon-day sun ;
The fliers now a doubtful fight maintain, 245
While the fleet horse in squadrons scour the plain ;
The stragglers scatt'ring round they force to yield,
And gather up the gleanings of the field.

'Midst a wide plain two lofty rocks arise,
Between the cliffs an humble valley lies ; 250
Long rows of ridgy mountains run behind,
Where ways obscure and secret passes wind.
But Cæsar, deep within his thought, foresees
The foes' attempt the covert strong to seize :
So may their troops at leisure range afar, 255
And to the Celtiberians lead the war.

Be quick, (he cries) nor minding just array,
Swift, to the combat, wing your speedy way.
See ! where yon cowards to the fastness haste,
But let your terrors in their way be plac'd : 260
Pierce not the fearful backs of those that fly,
But on your meeting jav'lins let them die.
He said. The ready legions took the word,
And hastily obey their eager lord ;
With diligence the coming foe prevent, 265
And stay their marches, to the mountains bent.

Near neighb'ring now the camps intrench'd are seen,
With scarce a narrow interval between.

Soon as their eyes o'ershoot the middle space, }
From either hosts, sires, sons, and brothers trace }
The well-known features of some kindred face. }
Then first their hearts with tenderness were struck,
First with remorse for civil rage they shook ;
Stiff'ning with horror cold, and dire amaze,
Hwhile in silent interviews they gaze : 275

Anon with speechless signs their swords salute, °
While thoughts conflicting keep their masters mute.

At length, disdaining still to be repress, }
Prevailing passion rose in ev'ry breast, }
And the vain rules of guilty war transgress'd. }
As at a signal, both their trenches quit, 281

And spreading arms in close embraces knit :
Now friendship runs o'er all her ancient claims,
Guest and companion are their only names ;
Old neighbourhood they fondly call to mind, 285
And how their boyish years in leagues were join'd.
With grief each other mutually they know,
And find a friend in ev'ry Roman foe.

Their falling tears their steely arms bedew,
While interrupting sighs each kiss pursue ; 290
And though their hands are yet unstain'd by guilt,
They tremble for the blood they might have spilt.
But speak, unhappy Roman ! speak thy pain,
Say for what woes thy streaming eyes complain ?

Ver. 293. *Speak, unhappy Roman.*] If this civil war be
such an affliction to you, why will you follow Caesar?

Why dost thou groan ? why beat thy sounding breast ?
 Why is this wild fantastic grief exprest ? 296
 Is it, that yet thy country claims thy care ?
 Dost thou the crimes of war unwilling share ?
 Ah ! whither art thou by thy fears betray'd ? 299
 How canst thou dread that pow'r thyself hast made !
 Do Cæsar's trumpets call thee ? scorn the sound.
 Does he bid, march ? dare thou to keep thy ground.
 So rage and slaughter shall to justice yield,
 And fierce Erinny's quit the fatal field :
 Cæsar in peace a private state shall know, 305
 And Pompey be no longer call'd his foe.

Appear, thou heav'nly concord ! blest appear !
 And shed thy better influences here.
 Thou who the warring elements dost bind,
 Life of the world, and safety of mankind,
 Infuse thy sov'reign balm, and hale the wrathful
 mind.

But if the same dire fury rages yet,
 Too well they know what foes their swords shall meet ;
 No blind pretence of ignorance remains, 314
 The blood they shed must flow from Roman veins.
 Oh ! fatal truce ! the brand of guilty Rome !
 From thee worse wars and redder slaughters come.
 See ! with what free and unsuspecting love,
 From camp to camp the jocund warriors rove ;
 Each to his turfy table bids his guest, 320
 And Bacchus crowns the hospitable feast.

Ver. 313. *Too well they know.*] After a fondness and reconciliation of this kind, certainly the butcheries that they were guilty of afterwards appeared the more horrible.

The grassy fires refulgent, lend their light,
 While conversation sleepless wastes the night :
 Of early feats of arms, by turns they tell,
 Of fortunes that in various fields befel, 325
 With well-becoming pride their deeds relate,
 And now agree, and friendly now debate :
 At length their inauspicious hands are join'd,
 And sacred leagues with faith renew'd they bind.
 But oh ! what worse could cruel fate afford !
 The Furies smil'd upon the curst accord,
 And dy'd with deeper stains the Roman sword. }

By busy fame Petreius soon is told,
 His camp, himself, to Cæsar all are sold ;
 When straight the chief indignant calls to arm, 335
 And bids the trumpet spread the loud alarm.
 With war encompass'd round he takes his way,
 And breaks the short-liv'd truce with fierce affray ;
 He drives th' unarm'd and unsuspecting guest ;
 Amaz'd and wounded, from th' unfinish'd feast ;
 With horrid steel he cuts each fond embrace, 341
 And violates with blood the new-made peace.
 And lest the fainting flames of wrath expire,
 With words like these he fans the deadly fire.

Ye herd ! unknowing of the Roman worth,
 And lost to that great cause which led you forth ;

Ver. 333. *Petreius soon is told.*] This jealousy of Petreius was certainly unworthy of a man who had the best cause ; and even the poet himself cannot forbear running out in praise of Cæsar on this occasion ; the baseness and cruelty of Petreius were inexcusable.

Though victory and captive Cæsar, were
Honors too glorious for swords to share :
Yet something, abject as you are, from you,
Something to Virtue and the laws is due : 350
A second praise ev'n yet you may partake ;
Fight, and be vanquish'd for your country's sake.
Can you, while Fate as yet suspends our doom,
While you have blood and lives to lose for Rome,
Can you with tame submission seek a lord ; 355
And own a cause by men and gods abhorr'd ?
Will you in lowly wise his mercy crave ?
Can soldiers beg to wear the name of slave ?
Would you for us your suit to Cæsar move ?
Know we disdain his pard'ning pow'r to prove :
No private bargain shall redeem this head ; 361
For Rome, and not for us, the war was made.
Though peace a specious poor pretence afford,
Baseness and bondage lurk beneath the word.
In vain the workmen search the steely mine 365
To arm the field and bid the battle shine ;
In vain the fortress lifts her tow'ry height ;
In vain the warlike steed provokes the fight ;
In vain our oars the foamy ocean sweep ;
In vain our floating castles hide the deep ; 370
In vain by land, in vain by sea we fought,
If peace shall e'er with liberty be bought.
See ! with what constancy, what gallant pride,
Our stedfast foes defend an impious side ! 374
Bound by their oaths, though enemies to good,
They scorn to change from what they once have
vow'd.

While each vain breath your slack'ning faith
 withdraws,
Yours! who pretend to arm for Rome and laws,
Who find no fault, but justice in your cause.
And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er,
A brave repentance still is in your pow'r : 381
While Pompey calls the utmost east from far,
And leads the Indian monarchs on to war.
Shall we (oh shame !) prevent his great success,
And bind his hands by our inglorious peace ? 385

He spoke ; and civil rage at once returns,
Each breast the fonder thought of pity scorns,
And ruthless with redoubled fury burns.
So when the tiger, or the spotted pard,
Long from the woods and savage haunts debarr'd,
From their first fierceness for a while are won, 391
And seem to put a gentler nature on :
Patient their prison, and mankind they bear,
Fawn on their lords, and looks less horrid wear :
But let the taste of slaughter be renew'd, 395
And their fell jaws again with gore imbrew'd ;
Then dreadfully their wak'ning furies rise,
And glaring fires rekindle in their eyes ;
With wrathful roar their echoing dens they tear,
And hardly, ev'n the well-known keeper spare ;
The shudd'ring keeper shakes, and stands aloof }
 for fear.

From friendship freed, and conscious Nature's tie,
To undistinguish'd slaughters loose they fly ; 403
With guilt avow'd their daring crimes advance,
And scorn th' excuse of ignorance and chance.

Those whom so late their fond embraces prest,
The bosom's partner, and the welcome guest ;
Now at the board unhospitable bleed,
While streams of blood the flowing bowl succeed.
With groans at first, each draws the glitt'ring
brand, 410

And ling'ring death stops in th' unwilling hand :
'Till urg'd at length returning force they feel,
And catch new courage from the murd'ring steel :
Vengeance and hatred rise with ev'ry blow,
And blood paints ev'ry visage like a foe. 415
Uproar and horror through the camp abound,
While impious sons their mangled fathers wound,
And lest the merit of the crime be lost,
With dreadful joy the parricide they boast ;
Proud to their chiefs the cold pale heads they bear,
The gore yet dropping from the silver hair. 421

But thou, oh Cæsar ! to the gods be dear !
Thy pious mercy well becomes their care ;
And though thy soldier falls by treach'rous peace,
Be proud, and reckon this thy great success. 425
Not all thou ow'st to bounteous Fortune's smile,
Not proud Massilia, nor the Pharian Nile ;
Not the full conquest of Pharsalia's field,
Could greater fame, or nobler trophies yield ;
Thine and the cause of justice now are one, 430
Since guilty slaughter brands thy foot alone.

Ver. 410. *Glitt'ring brand*] This word is used for a sword by some of the best of our English poets, Spenser and Fairfax especially.

Nor dare the conscious leaders longer wait,
 Or trust to such unhallow'd hands their fate :
 Astonish'd and dismay'd they shun the fight,
 And to Ilerda turn their hasty flight. 435
 But ere the march achieves its destin'd course,
 Preventing Cæsar sends the winged horse :
 The speedy squadrons seize th' appointed ground,
 And hold their foes on hills encompass'd round.
 Pent up in barren heights, they strive in vain 440
 Refreshing springs and flowing streams to gain ;
 Strong hostile works their camp's extension stay,
 And deep sunk trenches intercept their way.

Now deaths in unexpected forms arise, 444
 Thirst and pale Famine stalk before their eyes.
 Shut up and close besieg'd, no more they need
 The strength or swiftness of the warlike steed ;
 But doom the gen'rous coursers all to bleed. }
 Hopeless at length, and barr'd around from flight,
 Headlong they rush to arms, and urge the fight :
 But Cæsar, who with wary eyes beheld 451
 With what determin'd rage they sought the field,
 Restrain'd his eager troops. Forbear, hé cry'd,
 Nor let your sword in madmen's blood be dy'd.
 But since they come devoted by Despair,
 Since life is grown unworthy of their care, }
 Since 'tis their time to die, 'tis ours to spare.
 Those naked bosoms that provoke the foe, 458
 With greedy hopes of deadly vengeance glow ;
 With pleasure shall they meet the pointed steel,
 Nor smarting wounds, nor dying anguish feel,

If, while they bleed, your Cæsar shares the pain,
And mourns his gallant friends among the slain.
But wait awhile, this rage shall soon be past,
This blaze of courage is too fierce to last ; 465
This ardor for the fight shall faint away,
And all this fond desire of death decay.

He spoke ; and at the word the war was stay'd,
Till Phœbus fled from night's ascending shade.
Ev'n all the day, embattled on the plain, 470
The rash Petreians urge to arms in vain :
At length the weary fire began to cease,
And wasting fury languish'd into peace ;
Th' impatient arrogance of wrath declin'd,
And slack'ning passions cool'd upon the mind.
So when, the battle roaring loud around, 476
Some warrior warm receives a fatal wound ;
While yet the griding sword has newly past,
And the first pungent pains and anguish last ;
While full with life the turgid vessels rise, 480
And the warm juice the sprightly nerve supplies ;
Each sin'wy limb with fiercer force is prest,
And rage redoubles in the burning breast :
But if, as conscious of th' advantage gain'd,
The cooler victor stays his wrathful hand ; 485
Then sinks his thrall with ebbing spirits low,
The black blood stiffens and forgets to flow ;
Cold damps and numbness close the deadly stound,
And stretch him pale and fainting on the ground.

For water now on ev'ry side they try, 490
Alike the sword and delving spade employ ;

Earth's bosom dark, laborious they explore,
And search the sources of her liquid store;
Deep in the hollow hill the well descends,
'Till level with the moister plain it ends. 495
Not lower down from cheerful day decline
The pale Assyrians, in the golden mine.
In vain they toil, no secret streams are found
To roll their murm'ring tides beneath the ground;
No bursting springs repay the workman's stroke,
Nor glitt'ring gush from out the wounded rock;
No sweating caves in dewy droppings stand,
Nor smallest rills run gurgling o'er the sand.
Spent and exhausted with the fruitless pain,
The fainting youth ascend to light again. 505
And now less patient of the drought they grow,
Than in those cooler depths of earth below:
No sav'ry viands crown the cheerful board,
Ev'n food, for want of water, stands abhorr'd;
To hunger's meagre refuge they retreat, 510
And since they cannot drink, refuse to eat.
Where yielding clods a moister clay confess,
With griping hands the clammy glebe they press;
Where-e'er the stinking puddle loathsome lies,
Thither in crowds the thirsty soldier flies; 515
Horrid to sight, the miry filth they quaff,
And drain with dying jaws the deadly draff.
Some seek the bestial mothers for supply,
And draw the herds' extended udders dry;
'Till thirst, unsated with the milky store, 520
With lab'ring lips drinks in the putrid gore,

Some strip the leaves, and suck the *morning*
dews ;

Some grind the bark, the woody branches bruise,
And squeeze the saplin's unconcocted juice.

Oh happy those, to whom the barb'rous kings
Left their envenom'd floods, and tainted springs !
Cæsar be kind, and ev'ry bane prepare, 527

Which Cretan rocks, or Libyan serpents bear :
The Romans to thy pois'nous stream shall fly,
And, conscious of the danger, drink, and die.
With secret flames their with'ring entrails burn,
And fiery breathings from their lung return ;
The shrinking veins contract their purple flood,
And urge, laborious, on the beating blood ; 534

The heaving sighs through straiter passes blow,
And scorch the painful palate as they go ;
The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapours
draws,

And restless rolls within the clammy jaws ;
With gaping mouths they wait the falling rain,
And want those floods that lately spread the
plain. 540

Vainly to Heav'n they turn their longing eyes,
And fix them on the dry relentless skies.
Nor here by sandy Afric are they curst,
Nor Cancer's sultry line inflames their thirst ;

Ver. 525. *Oh happy those.*] Jugurtha, Mithridates, and Juba, when they were vanquished by the Romans, are said to have poisoned the waters as they fled.

But to enhance their pain, they view below, 545
 Where lakes stand full, and plenteous rivers flow ;
 Between two streams expires the panting host,
 And in a land of water are they lost.

Now prest by pinching want's unequal weight,
 The vanquish'd leaders yield to adverse Fate :
 Rejecting arms, Afranius seeks relief, 551
 And sues submissive to the hostile chief.
 Foremost himself, to Cæsar's camp he leads
 His famish'd troops ; a fainting band succeeds.
 At length, in presence of the victor plac'd,
 A fitting dignity his gesture grac'd,
 That spoke his present fortunes and his past. }
 With decent mixture in his manly mien,
 The captive and the general were seen :
 Then with a free, secure, undaunted breast, 560
 For mercy thus his pious suit he prest.

Had Fate and my ill fortune laid me low,
 Beneath the pow'r of some ungen'rous foe ;
 My sword hung ready to protect my fame, 564
 And this right arm had sav'd my soul from shame :
 But now when I bend my suppliant knee,
 Life is worth nothing since 'tis giv'n by thee.
 No party-zeal, no ambitious arms inclines,
 No hate of thee, or of thy bold designs.
 War with its own occasions came unsought, 570
 And found us on the side for which we fought :
 'True to our cause, as best becomes the brave,
 Long as we could, we kept that faith we gave.

Ver. 547. *Between two streams.*] The Sacoris and Iberus.

Nor shall our arms thy stronger fate delay, 574
Behold ! our yielding paves thy conqu'ring way :
The western nations all at once we give,
Securely these behind thee shalt thou leave ;
Here while thy full dominion stands confest,
Receive it as an earnest of the east. 579
Nor this thy easy victory disdain,
Bought with no seas of blood, nor hills of slain ; }
Forgive the foes that spare thy sword a pain. }
Nor is the boon for which we sue too great,
The weary soldier begs a last retreat ; 584
In some poor village, peaceful at the plough,
Let them enjoy the life thou dost bestow.
Think, in some field, among the slain we lie,
And lost to thy remembrance cast us by.
Mix not our arms in thy successful war,
Nor let thy captives in thy triumph share. 590
These unprevailing bands their fate have try'd,
And prov'd that Fortune fights not on their side.
Guiltless to cease from slaughter we implore,
Let us not conquer with thee, and we ask no more.¹
He said. The victor, with a gentler grace, 595
And mercy soft'ning his severer face,
Bad his attending foes their fears dismiss,
Go free from punishment, and live in peace.
The truce on equal terms at length agreed,
The waters from the watchful guard are freed :

¹ Ver 590 *On equal terms.*] On fair, honest, and friendly conditions.

Eager to drink, down rush the thirsty crowd, 601
Hang o'er the banks, and trouble all the flood.
Some, while too fierce the fatal draughts they
drain,

Forget the gasping lungs that heave in vain;
No breathing airs the choking channels fill, 605
But ev'ry spring of life at once stands still.
Some drink, nor yet the fervent pest asswage,
With wonted fires their bloated entrails rage;
With bursting sides each bulk enormous heaves,
While still for drink th' insatiate fever craves.
At length returning health dispers'd the pain, 611
And lusty vigor strung the nerves again.

Behold! ye sons of luxury, behold!
Who scatter in excess your lavish gold;
You who the wealth of frugal ages waste, 615
T' indulge a wanton supercilious taste:
For whom all earth, all ocean are explor'd,
To spread the various proud voluptuous board:
Behold! how little thrifty Nature craves,
And what a cheap relief the lives of thousands
saves! 620

No costly wines these fainting legions know,
Mark'd by old consuls many a year ago;
No waiting slaves the precious juices pour,
From Myrrhine goblets, or the golden ore:

Ver. 624. From myrrhine goblets.] This should rather be read murrine, from murra, a sort of precious stone which was transparent like our china ware, and of which the ancients

But with pure draughts they cool the boiling
blood. 625

And seek their succour from the crystal flood.

Who, but a wretch, would think it worth his
care.

The toils and wickedness of war to share,

When all we want thus easily we find?

The field and river can supply mankind. 630

Dismiss'd, and safe from danger and alarms,

The vanquish'd to the victor quits his arms ;

Guiltless from camps, to cities he repairs,

And in his native land forgets his cares.

There in his mind he runs, repenting o'er 635

The tedious toils and perils once he bore ;

His spear and sword of battle stand accurst,

He hates the weary march, and parching thirst ;

And wonders much, that e'er with pious pain

He pray'd so oft for victory in vain ; 640

For victory! the curse of those that win,

The fatal end where still new woes begin.

Let the proud masters of the horrid field

Count all the gains their dire successes yield ;

Then let them think what wounds they yet must
feel. 645

Ere they can fix revolving Fortune's wheel :

made drinking vessels. If we read it myrrhine, it must be understood to be goblets perfumed with myrrh, which was likewise in use among the Romans.

Ver. 643. *Let the proud masters.*] Cæsar and his army,

As yet th' imperfect task by halves is done,
 Blood, blood remains, more battles must be
 won.

And many a heavy labour undergone :
 Still conqu'ring, to new guilt they shall succeed,
 Where ever-restless Fate and Cæsar lead. 651

How happier lives the man to peace assign'd,
 Amidst this gen'ral storm that wrecks mankind !
 In his own quiet house ordain'd to die,
 He knows the place in which his bones shall lie.
 No trumpet warns him 'put his harness on, 656
 Though fatal, and all with weariness fore-done :
 But when night falls, he lies securely down,
 And calls the creeping slumber all his own.

His kinder fates the warrior's hopes prevent, 660
 And, ere the time, the wish'd dismissal sent ;
 A lowly cottage, and a tender wife,
 Receive him in his early days of life :
 His boys, a rustic tribe, around him play,
 And homely pleasures wear the vacant day. 665
 No factious parties here the mind engage,
 Nor work th' imbitter'd passions up to rage ;
 With equal eyes the hostile chiefs they view,
 To this their faith, to that their lives are due :
 To both oblig'd alike, no part they take, 670
 Nor vows for conquest, nor against it, make.

Ver. 660. *His kinder fates.*] Lucan observes that it was the particular good fortune of these soldiers of Afranius and Petreus, to be dismissed from the service even before their disability or old age could, by virtue of the laws and military constitutions, claim such a favour.

Mankind's misfortunes they behold from far,
Pleas'd to stand neuter, while the world's at war.

But Fortune, bent to check the victor's pride,
In other lands forsook her Cæsar's side ; 675
With changing cheer the fickle goddess frown'd,
And for awhile her fav'rite cause disown'd.
Where Adria's swelling surge Salonæ laves,
And warm Iader rolls his gentle waves,
Bold in the brave Curictan's warlike band, 680
Antoni'us camps upon the utmost strand :
Begirt around by Pompey's floating pow'r,
He braves the navy from his well-fenc'd shore.
But while the distant war no more he fears,
Famine, a worse, resistless foe, appears : 685

Ver. 674. *But Fortune bent.*] Dolabella and C. Antonius were commanded by Cæsar to possess themselves of the entrance into the Adriatic sea; and accordingly the first encamped on the Illyrian shore, and the other on the islands over-against Salonæ. Pompey was then almost every where master of the seas, and consequently Octavius and Lioo, two of his lieutenants, shut up Antonius, and besieged him with a great fleet. Basilus (as Lucan relates it here) came to relieve him, and attempting afterwards to get off (though the historians say it was in coming to Antonius) two vessels or floats of a new invention, out of three, got over a kind of boom that was laid under the water, but the third, which was manned by a thousand Opitergiens commanded by Vultenus, was ensnared and held fast. These, after they had for a while day resisted a very unequal assault from a force vastly superior to their own, at the persuasion and by the example of their leader slew one another: a rare example of fidelity even to arbitrary and tyrannical power.

Ver. 679. *Iader.*] A river of Dalmatia that ran by Salonæ, not far from (or it may be the same with) the present Spalato.

Ver. 680. *Curictan's.*] Most editions read *Curetes* in the original; Curictan's is certainly better, and approved by the ancient geographers. Curicta is an island in the Sinus Planaticus, or gulf of Carnaro, in the upper end of the Adriatic Sea, between the coasts of Istria and Liburnia.

No more the meads their grassy pasture yield,
Nor waving harvests crown the yellow field.
On ev'ry verdant leaf the hungry feed,
And snatch the forage from the fainting steed ;
Then rav'nous on their camp's defence they fall,
And grind with greedy jaws the turfy wall.
Near on the neighb'ring coast at length they spy,
Where Basilus with social sails draws nigh ;
While led by Dolabella's bold command, 694
Their Cæsar's legions spread th' Illyrian strand :
Strait with new hopes their hearts recov'ring beat,
Aim to elude the foe, and meditate retreat.

Of wond'rous form a vast machine they build,
New, and unknown upon the floating field. 699
Here nor the keel its crooked length extends,
Nor o'er the waves the rising deck ascends ;
By beams and grappling chains compacted strong,
Light skiffs, and casks, two equal rows prolong :
O'er these, of solid oak securely made,
Stable and tight a flooring firm is laid ; 705
Sublime, from hence, two planky tow'r's run high,
And nodding battlements the foe defy.
Securely plac'd, each rising range between,
The lusty rower plies his task unseen.
Meanwhile nor oars upon the sides appear, 710
Nor swelling sails receive the driving air :
But living seems the mighty mass to sweep,
And glide self-mov'd athwart the yielding deep.
Three wond'rous floats, of this enormous size,
Soon by the skilful builder's craft arise ; 715.

The ready warriors all aboard them ride,
 And wait the turn of the retiring tide.
 Backward at length revolving Tethys flows,
 And ebbing waves the naked sands disclose :
 Straight by the stream the lanching piles are born,
 Shields, spears, and helms, their nodding tow'rs
 adorn ; 721

Threat'ning they move in terrible array,
 And to the deeper ocean bend their way.

Octavius now, whose naval pow'rs command
 Adria's rude seas, and wide Illyria's strand, 725
 Full in their course his fleet advancing stays,
 And each impatient combatant delays :
 To the blue Offin wide he seems to bear,
 Hopeful to draw th' unwary vessels near ;
 Aloof he rounds them, eager on his prey, 730
 And tempts them with an open roomy sea.
 Thus when the wily huntsman spreads his nets,
 And with his ambient toil the wood besets ;
 While yet his busy hands, with skilful care,
 The meshy hayes and forky props prepare ; 735
 Ere yet the deer the painted plumage spy,
 Snuff the strong odour from afar, and fly ;

Ver. 727. *Impatient combatant delays.*] Octavius stood out to sea, and would not suffer his men to engage at first, that he might draw the enemy out from among the islands, and surround them at once.

The time and place where this action happened is somewhat doubted of ; but I take it as related by my author.

Ver. 736. *Ere yet the deer.*] The Roman hunters, when they set tails to inclose their game, placed upon the tops of the nets feathers that were painted of several colors, and likewise

His mates, the Cretan hound and Spartan bind,
 And muzzle all the loud Molossian kind ;
 The quester only to the wood they loose, 740
 Who silently the tainted track pursues :
 Mute signs alone the conscious haunt betray,
 While fix'd he points, and trembles to the prey.
 'Twas at the season when the fainting light,
 Just in the ev'ning's close, brought on the night ;
 When the tall tow'ry floats their isle forsook, 746
 And to the seas their course, advent'rous, took.
 But now the fam'd Cicilian pirates, skill'd
 In arts and warfare of the liquid field,
 Their wonted wiles and stratagems provide, 750
 To aid their great acknowledg'd victor's side.
 Beneath the glassy surface of the main,
 From rock to rock they stretch a pond'rous chain ;
 Loosely the slacker links suspended flow,
 T' enwrap the driving fabrics as they go. 755
 Urg'd from within, and wafted by the tide,
 Smooth o'er the boom the first and second glide ;
 The third the guileful latent chain enfolds,
 And in his steely grasp entwining holds :

burnt, that by their dancing, as well as strong scent, they might scare the deer from coming up to, or attempting to break through them. So Virgil.

Puniceæve agitant trepidos formidine pennæ.

Nor scare the trembling deer with purple plumes.

Ver. 751. *Acknowledg'd victor.*] The Cicilian pirates were subdued by Pompey. See Book I.

As this story is related, Pompey's forces had seized upon some passage or strait through which these vessels were to pass.

From the tall rocks the shouting victors roar, 760
And drag the resty captive to the shore.

For ages past an ancient cliff there stood,
Whose bending brow hung threat'ning o'er the
flood :

A verdant grove was on the summit plac'd,
And o'er the waves a gloomy shadow cast ; 765
While near the base wild hollow sink below,
There roll huge seas, and bell'wing tempests
blow :

Thither whate'er the greedy waters drown,
The shipwreck, and the driving corpse, are thrown :
Anon the gaping gulph the spoil restores, 770
And from his lowest depths loud-spouting pours.
Not rude Charybdis roars in sounds like these,
When thund'ring, with a burst, she spews the
foamy seas.

Hither, with warlike Opitergians fraught, 774
The third ill-fated pris'ner float was brought ;
The foe, as at a signal, speed their way,
And haste to compass in the destin'd prey ;
The crowding sails from ev'ry station press,
While armed bands the rocks and shores possess.
Too late the chief, Vulteius, found the snare, 780
And strove to burst the soil with fruitless care :
Driv'n by despair at length, nor thinking yet
Which way to fight, or whither to retreat,

Ver. 774. *Opitergians.*] *Opitergium*, now called *Operea*,
in the territory of Venice, in the Marquisate of Trevigiano.

He turns upon the foe ; and though distrest,
By wiles entangled, and by crowds oppress, 785
With scarce a single cohort to his aid,
Against the gath'ring host a stand he made.

Fierce was the combat fought, with slaughter
 great,
 Though thus on odds unequally they meet,
 One with a thousand match'd, a ship against a
 fleet.

But soon on dusky wings arose the night, 791
And with her friendly shade restrains the fight ;
The combatants from war consenting cease,
And pass the hours of darkness o'er in peace.

When to the soldier, anxious for his fate, 795
And doubtful what success the dawn might wait,
The brave Vulteius thus his speech address,
And thus compos'd the cares of ev'ry beating
breast.

My gallant friends ! whom our hard fates decree,
This night, this short night only, to be free ; 800
Think what remains to do, but think with haste,
Ere the brief hour of liberty be past.

Perhaps, reduc'd to this so hard extreme, 803
Too short to some, the date of life may seem;
Yet know, brave youths, that none untimely fall,
Whom death obeys, and comes but when they call.
'Tis true, the neighb'ring danger waits us nigh;
We meet but that from which we cannot fly;
Yet think not but with equal praise we die.

Ver. 809. *With equal praise we die.*] We die with as much

Dark and uncertain is man's future doom, 810
 If years, or only moments are to come ;
 All is but dying ; he who gives an hour,
 Or he who gives an age, gives all that's in his
 pow'r.

Sooner or late, all mortals know the grave,
 But to choose death, distinguishes the brave. 815
 Behold where, waiting round, yon hostile band,
 Our fellow-citizens, our lives demand.
 Prevent we then their cruel hands, and bleed ; }
 'Tis but to do what is too sure decreed, }
 And where our fate would drag us on, to lead. }
 A great conspicuous slaughter shall we yield, 821
 Nor lie the carnage of a common field ;
 Where one ignoble heap confounds the slain,
 And men, and beasts, promiscuous strow the plain.
 Plac'd on this float by some diviner hand, 825
 As on a stage, for public view we stand.
 Illyria's neighb'ring shores, her isles around,
 And ev'ry cliff with gazers shall be crown'd ;
 The seas, and earth, our virtue shall proclaim,
 And stand eternal vouchers for our fame ; 830
 Alike, the foes and fellows of our cause,
 Shall mark the deed, and join in vast applause.
 Blest be thou, Fortune, that has mark'd us forth,
 A monument of unexampled worth ;

honour, though death comes to our doors to seek us, as if we had gone out to meet it.

Ver. 831. *And fellows of our cause.*] Those under the command of Dolabella on the coast of Illyria.

To latest times our story shall be told, 835
Ev'n rais'd beyond the noblest games of old,
Distinguish'd praise shall crown our daring youth,
Our pious honor, and unshaken truth.

Mean is our off'ring, Cæsar, we confess;
For such a chief, what soldier can do less? 840
Yet oh! this faithful pledge of love receive!

Take it, 'tis all that captives have to give,
Oh! that to make the victim yet more dear,
Our aged sires, our children had been here:
Then with full horror should the slaughter rise,
And blast our paler foes' astonish'd eyes; 846
'Till aw'd beneath that scorn of death we wear,
They bless the time our fellows 'scap'd their
snare:

'Till with mean tears our fate the cowards mourn,
And tremble at the rage with which we burn. 850
Perhaps they mean our constant souls to try,
Whether for life and peace we may comply.
Oh! grant, ye gods! their offers may be great,
That we may gloriously disdain to treat,
That this last proof of virtue we may give, 855
And shew we die not now, because we could not
live.

That valor to no common heights must rise,
Which he, our god-like chief himself shall prize.
Immortal shall our truth for ever stand.
If Cæsar thinks this little faithful band
A loss, amidst the host of his command. }

For me, my friends, my fix'd resolve is ta'en,
And Fate, or Chance, may proffer life in vain ;
I scorn whatever safety they provide,
And cast the worthless trifling thought aside. 865
The sacred rage of death devours me whole,
Reigns in my heart, and triumphs in my soul :
I see, I reach the period of my woe,
And taste those joys the dying only know.
Wisely the gods conceal the wond'rous good,
Lest man no longer should endure his load ; 871
Lest ev'ry wretch like me from life should fly,
Seize his own happiness himself, and die.

He spoke. The band his potent tongue confest,
And gen'rous ardor burn'd in ev'ry breast. 875
No longer now they view, with wat'ry eyes,
The swift revolving circle of the skies ;
No longer think the setting stars in haste,
Nor wonder slow Böotes moves so fast ;
But with high hearts exulting all, and gay, 880
They wish for light, and call the tardy day.
Yet, nor the heav'nly axis long delays,
To roll the radiant signs beneath the seas ;
In Leda's twins now rose the warmer sun,
And near the lofty crab exalted shone ; 885
Swiftly Night's shorter shades began to move,
And to the west Thessalian Chiron drove.

Ver. 884. *In Leda's twins.*] When the sun was passing from Gemini into Cancer, about the beginning of June.

Ver. 887. *Thessalian Chiron.*] Sagittary, the opposite sign, was then setting.

Dying he prais'd them all, but him the chief,
Whose eager duty brought the first relief: 914
Deep in his breast he plung'd his deadly blade,
And with a grateful stroke the friendly gift repay'd.

At once all rush, at once to death they fly,
And on each other's swords alternate die,
Greedy to make the mischief all their own,
And arrogate the guilt of war alone. 920

A fate like this did Cadmus' harvest prove,
When mortally the earth-born brethren strove;
When by each other's hands of life bereft,
An omen dire to future Thebes they left.
Such was the rage inspir'd the Colchian foes, 925
When from the dragons' wond'rous teeth they
rose;

When urg'd by charms, and Magic's mystic pow'r,
They dy'd their native field with streaming gore;
'Till ev'n the fell enchantress stood dismay'd, 929
And wonder'd at the mischiefs which she made.
Furies more fierce the dying Romans feel,
And with bare breasts provoke the ling'ring steel;
With fond embraces catch the deadly darts,
And press them plunging to their panting hearts.

Ver. 921. *Cadmus' harvest.*] The stories of Cadmus and Jason's sowing the teeth of the dragons which they had killed in Boeotia and Colchia, and the men that sprung up from them, and killed one another, are to be found at large in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Ver. 924. *An omen dire.*] Because the two sons of Oedipus, Eteocles and Polynices, killed one another afterwards at the same place.

Ver. 929. *The fell enchantress.*] Medea, who instructed Jason.

No wound imperfect, for a second calls ; 935
 With certain aim the sure destruction falls.
 This last best gift, this one unerring blow,
 Sires, sons, and brothers mutually bestow ;
 Nor piety, nor fond remorse prevail,
 And if they fear, they only fear to fail. 940
 Here with red streams the blushing waves they
 stain,
 Here dash their mangled entrails in the main.
 Here with a last disdain they view the skies,
 Shout out heav'n's hated light with scornful
 eyes,
 And with insulting joy, the victor foe despise. }
 At length the heapv slaughter rose on high,
 The hostile chiefs the purple pile descry ; 947
 And while the last accustom'd rites they give,
 Scarcely the unexampled deed believe :
 Much they admire a faith by death approv'd, 950
 And wonder lawless pow'r could e'er be thus be-
 lov'd.

Wide through mankind eternal fame displays
 This hardy crew, this single vessel's praise.
 But oh! the story of the godlike rage
 Is lost, upon a vile, degen'rate age ; 955
 The base, the slavish world will not be taught,
 With how much ease their freedom may be bought.

Ver. 908. *Sires, sons, and brothers.*] That is, such of them
 as were capable of being together in the service ; so that this
 passage does not contradict that above in Vulteius's speech.
 Ver. 844.

Ver. 951. *Lawless pow'r.*] Caesar's.

Still arbitrary power on thrones commands,
 Still Liberty is gall'd by tyrants' bands,
 And swords in vain are trusted to our hands. }
 Oh ! death ! thou pleasing end of human woe,
 Thou cure for life, thou greatest good below ;
 Still may't thou fly the coward and the slave,
 And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

Nor war's pernicious god less havoc yields, 965
 Where swarthy Libya spreads her sun-burn'd fields.
 For Curio now the stretching canvas spread,
 And from Sicilian shores his navy led ;
 To Afric's coast he cuts the foamy way,
 Where low the once victorious Carthage lay. 970
 There landing to the well-known camp he hies,
 Where from afar the distant seas he spies ;
 Where Bagradra's dull waves the sands divide,
 And slowly downward roll their sluggish tide.
 From thence he seeks the heights renown'd by fame,
 And hallow'd by the great Cornelian name :
 The rocks and hills which, long traditions say,
 Were held by huge Antæus' horrid sway.
 Here, as, by chance, he lights upon the place,
 Curious he tries the rev'rend tale to trace. 980

Ver. 971. *The well-known camp.*] The *Castra Corneliana*, where Cornelius Scipio had formerly encamped, and left his name to the place from his remarkable successes there in the second Punic war.

Ver. 978. *Antæus.*] I wonder Lucan, who seems to avoid the fabulous in his poem, should go so far out of the way for this. The place of Antæus's abode and burial is by no author placed in this part of Afric ; some fix it in Mauritania Tingitana, others in Libya, and Cellarius between the Nile and the Red Sea.

When thus, in short, the ~~guder~~ Libyans tell,
 What from their sires they heard, and how the
 case befel.

The teeming earth, for ever fresh and young,
 Yet, after many a giant son, was strong ;
 When lab'ring, here, with the prodigious birth,
 She brought her youngest-born Antæus forth. 986
 Of all the dreadful brood which erst she bore,
 In none the fruitful beldame glory'd more :
 Happy for those above she brought him not,
 Till after Phlegra's doubtful field was fought.
 That this, her darling, might in force excel, 991
 A gift she gave : whene'er to earth he fell,
 Recruited strength he from his parent drew,
 And ev'ry slack'ning nerve was strung anew.
 Yon cave his den he made ; where oft for food,
 He snatch'd the, mother lion's horrid brood. 996
 Nor leaves, nor shaggy hides his couch prepar'd,
 Torn from the tiger, or the spotted pard ;
 But stretch'd along the naked earth he lies :
 New vigor still the native earth supplies. 1000
 What'e'r he meets his ruthless hands invade,
 Strong in himself, without his mother's aid.
 The strangers that, unknowing, seek the shore,
 Soon a worse shipwreck on the land deplore.
 Dreadful to all, with matchless might he reigns,
 Robs, spoils, and massacres the simple swains,
 And all unpeopled lie the Libyan plains. }

Ver. 990. *Phlegra*.] Where the gods and the giants fought a
 pitched battle.

At length, around the trembling nations spread,
 Fame of the tyrant to Alcides fled.
 The godlike hero, born, by Jove's decree, 1010
 To set the seas, and earth, from monsters free ;
 Hither in gen'rous pity bent his course,
 And set himself to prove the giant's force.

Now met, the combatants for fight provide,
 And either 'doffs the lion's yellow hide. 1015
 Bright in Olympic oil Alcides shone,
 Antæus with his mother's dust is strown,
 And seeks her friendly force to aid his own. }
 Now seizing fierce their grasping hands they mix,
 And labor on the swelling throat to fix ; 1020
 Their sin'wy arms are writh'd in many a fold,
 And front to front, they threaten stern and bold.
 Unmatch'd before, each bends a sullen frown,
 To find a force thus equal to his own.
 At length the godlike victor Greek prevail'd,
 Nor yet the foe with all his force assail'd. 1026
 Faint dropping sweat bedew the monster's brow,
 And panting thick with heaving sides he blows ;
 His trembling head, and slack'ning nerves confess'd,
 And from the hero sunk his yielding breast.
 The conqueror purges, his arms entwined,
 Infolding gripe, and gains his crashing chine, }
 While his broad back bears forceful on his grain. }

[Ver. 1016, *Olympic oil.*] — As was usual among the races
 and wrestlers at the Olympic games.

At once his falt'ring feet from earth he rends,
 And on the sands his mighty length extends. 1035
 The parent earth her vanquish'd son deplores,
 And with a touch his vigor lost restores :
 From his faint limbs the clammy dew she drains,
 And with fresh streams recruits his ebbing veins ;
 The muscles swell, the hard'ning sinews rise,
 And bursting from th' Herculean grasp he flies.
 Astonish'd at the sight, Alcides stood :
 Nor more he wonder'd, when in Lerna's flood }
 The dreadful snake her falling heads renew'd. }
 Of all his various labors, none was seen 1045
 With equal joy by Heav'n's unrighteous queen ;
 Pleas'd she beheld, what toil, what pains he prov'd,
 He who had born the weight of Heav'n unmov'd.
 Sudden again upon the foe he flew,
 The falling foe to earth for aid withdrew ; 1050
 The earth again her fainting son supplies,
 And with redoubled forces bids him rise :
 Her vital pow'rs to succor him she sends,
 And Earth herself with Hercules contends.
 Conscious at length of such unequal fight, 1055
 And that the parent touch renew'd his might,
 No longer shalt thou fall, Alcides cry'd,
 Henceforth the combat standing shall be try'd ;
 If thou wouldst lean, to me alone incline,
 And rest upon no other breast but mine. 1060

He said ; and as he saw the monster stoorn
With mighty arms aloft he rears him ~~up~~
No more the distant earth her son supplies,
Lock'd in the hero's strong embrace he lies ;
Nor thence dismiss'd, nor trusted to the ground,
'Till death in ev'ry frozen limb was found. 1066

Thus, fond of tales, our ancestors of old
The story to their children's children told ;
From thence a title to the land they gave,
And call'd this hollow rock Antæus' cave. 1070
But greater deeds this rising mountain grace,
And Scipio's name ennobles much the place ;
While fixing here his famous camp, he calls
Fierce Hannibal from Rome's devoted walls.
As yet the mould'ring works remain in view,
Where dreadful once the Latian eagles flew. 1076

Fond of the prosperous victorious name,
And trusting Fortune would be still the same,
Hither his hapless ensigns Curio leads,
And here his unauspicious camp he spreads. 1080
A fierce superior foe his arms provoke,
And rob the hills of all their ancient luck,
O'er all the Roman pow'rs in Libya's land,
Then Atius Varus bore supreme command ;
Nor trusting in the Latian strength alone, 1085
With foreign force he fortify'd his own ;
Summon'd the swasthy monarchs all from far,
And call'd remotest Juba forth to war.
O'er many a country runs his wide command,
To Atlas huge, and Gades' western strand ; 1090

From thence to horned Ammon's fane renown'd,
 And the wide Syrt's un hospitable bound :
 Southward as far he reigns, and rules alone
 The sultry regions of the burning zone. 1094
 With him, unnumber'd nations march along,
 Th' Autololes with wild Numidians throng ;
 The rough Getulian, with his ruder steed ;
 The Moor, resembling India's swarthy breed ;
 Poor Nasamons, and Garamantines join'd, 1099
 With swift Marmaridans that match the wind ;
 The Mazax, bred the trembling dart to throw,
 Sure as the shaft that leaves the Parthian bow ;
 With these Massilia's nimble horsemen ride,
 They, nor the bit, nor curbing rein provide,
 But with light rods the well-taught courser
 guide,
 From lonely spots the Libyan hunters came,
 Who still unjoin'd invade the savage game,
 And with spread mantles tawny lions tame. }
 But not Rome's fate, nor civil rage alone,
 Incite the monarch Pompey's cause to own ; 1110
 Stung by resenting wrath the war he sought,
 And deep displeasures past by Curio wrought.

Ver. 1096. *Autololes*,] or Autolole, people, according to some, of Getulia upon the shore of the Atlantic Ocean ; according to others, of Mauritania Cæsariensis joining to Numidia ; these latter seem to be those mentioned by Lucan.

The African nations here reckoned by the poet as the subjects of Juba, possessed not only all that which we at present call the Coast of Barbary, but extended beyond Atlas very far southward, and from the Straits' mouth, along the Atlantic Ocean, as far as the Fortunate or Canary Islands.

He, when the tribune's sacred pow'r he gain'd,
 When Justice, Laws, and Gods were all prophan'd,
 At Juba's ancient sceptre aim'd his hate, 1115
 And strove to rob him of his royal seat :
 From a just prince would tear his native right,
 While Rome was made a slave to lawless might.
 The king, revolving causes from afar,
 Looks on himself as party to the war. 1120
 That grudge, too well rememb'ring, Curio knew ;
 To this he joins, his troops to Cæsar new,
 None of those old experienc'd faithful bands,
 Nurs'd in his fear, and bred to his commands ;
 But a loose, neutral, light, uncertain train, 1125
 Late with Corfinium's captive fortress ta'en,
 That wav'ring pause, and doubt for whom to strike,
 Sworn to both sides, and true to both alike.
 The careful chief beheld, with anxious heart,
 The faithless centinels each night desert : 1130
 Then thus, resolving, to himself he cry'd,
 By daring shews our greatest fears we hide :
 Then let me haste to bid the battle join,
 And lead my army, while it yet is mine ;
 Leisure and thinking still to change incline. }
 Let war, and action, busy thought control, 1136
 And find a full employment for the soul.
 When with drawn swords determin'd soldiers stand,
 When shame is lost, and fury prompts the hand,
 What reason then can find a time to pause, 1140
 To weigh the diff'ring chiefs, and juster cause ?

That cause seems only just for which they fight,
 'Each likes his own, and all are in the right.
 On terms like these, within th' appointed space,
 Bold gladiators, gladiators face : 1145
 Unknowing why, like fiercest foes they greet,
 And only hate, and kill, because they meet.

He said ; and rang'd his troops upon the plain, }
 While Fortune met him with a semblance vain, }
 Cov'ring her malice keen, and all his future pain. }
 Before him Varus' vanquish'd legions yield, 1151
 And with dishonest flight forsake the field :
 Expos'd to shameful wounds their backs he views,
 And to their camp the fearful rout pursues.

Juba with joy the mournful news receives,
 And haughty in his own success believes. 1156
 Careful his foes in error to maintain,
 And still preserve them confident, and vain ;
 Silent, he marches on in secret sort,
 And keeps his numbers close from loud report.
 Sabhura, great in the Numidian race, 1161
 And second to their swarthy king in place,
 First with a chosen slender band precedes,
 And seemingly the force of Juba leads :
 While hidden he, the prince himself, remains,
 And in a secret vale his host constrains. 1166
 Thus oft th' ichneumon, on the banks of Nile,
 Invades the deadly Aspic by a wile ;

Ver. 1167. *Ichneumon*.] This is a creature commonly called the rat of Egypt, of the bigness of a weasel or small cat, an enemy to serpents, but particularly to the crocodile.

While artfully his slender tail is play'd,
The serpent darts upon the dancing shade ; 1170
Then turning on the foe with swift surprise,
Full at his throat the nimble seizer flies :
The gasping snake expires beneath the wound,
His gushing jaws with pois'nous floods abound, }
And shed the fruitless mischief on the ground. }
Nor Fortune fail'd to favor his intent, 1176
But crown'd the fraud with prosperous event.
Curio, unknowing of the hostile pow'r, }
Commands his horse the doubtful plain to scour, }
And ev'n by night the regions round explore.
Himself, though oft forewarn'd by friendly care,
Of Punic frauds, and danger to beware, 1182
Soon as the dawn of early day was broke,
His camp, with all the moving foot, forsook.
It seem'd, necessity inspir'd the deed, 1185
And Fate requir'd the daring youth should bleed.
War, that curst war which he himself begun,
To death and ruin drove him headlong on.
O'er devious rocks, long time, his way he takes,
Through rugged paths, and rude incumb'ring
brakes ; 1190

Ver. 1176. *His intent.*] Juba's.

Ver, 1192. *Punic frauds.*] The *Fraus Punica*, or Punic fraud, was a famous expression among the Romans to signify the most subtle deceit.

Lucan says, that Curio sent out the horse by night, undoubtedly with design to reconnoitre (or discover) the country and the posture of the enemy, but that he marched without knowing any thing of their strength.

Not so the Libyans fierce their onset make ;
With thund'ring hoofs the sandy soil they shake ;
Thick o'er the battle wavy clouds arise,
As when through Thrace, Bistonian Boreas flies, }
Involves the day in dust, and darkens all the }
 skies.

And now the Latian foot encompass'd round,
Are massacred, and trodden to the ground ;
None in resistance vainly prove their might,
But death is all the bus'ness of the fight. 1225
Thicker than hail the steely show'rs descend ;
Beneath the weight the falling Romans bend.
On ev'ry side the shrinking front grows less,
And to the centre madly all they press :
Fear, uproar, and dismay increase the cry, 1230
Crushing, and crush'd, an armed crowd they die ;
Ev'n thronging on their fellows' swords they run,
And the foes' bus'ness by themselves is done.
But the fierce Moors disdain a crowd should share
The praise of conquest, or the task of war : 1235
Rivers of blood they wish, and hills of slain,
With mangled carcases to strow the plain.

Genius of Carthage ! rear thy drooping head,
And view thy fields with Roman slaughter spread.

Ver. 1220. *Bistonian.*] *Bistonia* was a city of Thrace, built by *Biston*, the son of *Mars* and *Callirrhoe*, from whence all the *Thracians* were called *Bistons*, and the winds blowing from that country *Bistonian*.

Ver. 1234. *Fierce Moors disdain.*] That their conquest should be owing to the tumult and disorder of the enemy, they would have rather gained it with more slaughter.

Behold, oh Hannibal, thou hostile shade !
 A large amends by Fortune's hand is made,
 And the lost Punic blood is well repay'd. }
 Thus do the Gods the cause of Pompey bless ?
 Thus ! is it thus they give our arms success ?
 Take, Afric, rather take the horrid good, 1245
 And make thy own advantage of our blood.

The dust, at length, in crimson floods was laid,
 And Curio now the dreadful field survey'd.
 He saw 'twas lost, and knew it vain to strive,
 Yet bravely scorn'd to fly, or to survive ; 1250
 And though thus driv'n to death, he met it well,
 And in a crowd of dying Romans fell.

Now what avail thy pop'lar arts and fame,
 Thy restless mind that shook thy country's frame ;
 Thy moving tongue that knew so well to charm,
 And urge the madding multitude to arm ! 1256
 What boots it, to have sold the senate's right,
 And driv'n the furious leaders on to fight ?
 Thou the first victim of thy war art slain,
 Nor shalt thou see Pharsalia's fatal plain. 1260

Ver. 1243. *Thus do the Gods.*] The poet would not have any advantage accrue to Pompey (whose person and cause he always favors) from the blood of his countrymen, but would rather transfer the benefit of such success, as well as the guilt of it, to Juba and his Africans.

Ver. 1248. *And Curio now.*] Curio has been mentioned before in the First Book. He was in debt immensely for a private man. Val. Maximus says, that Cæsar paid Sexcenties Fl. S. 60,000 Sestertia, which is above 460,000*l.* sterling for him, so that Cæsar might be well said to buy, and Curio to sell the commonwealth.

Behold ! ye potent troublers of the state,
What wretched ends on curst ambition wait !
See ! where, a prey, unbury'd Curio lies,
To ev'ry fowl that wings the Libyan skies.
Oh ! were the Gods as gracious as severe, 1266
Were liberty, like vengeance, still their care ;
Then, Rome ! what days, what people might'st
 thou see,
If Providence would equally decree,
To punish tyrants, and preserve thee free. }

Nor yet, oh gen'rous Curio ! shall my verse
Forget, thy praise, thy virtues, to rehearse :
Thy virtues, which with envious Time shall strive,
And to succeeding ages long survive.
In all our pregnant mother's tribes, before,
A son of nobler hope she never bore : 1275
A soul more bright, more great she never knew,
While to thy country's int'rest thou wert true.
But thy bad fate o'er-rul'd thy native worth,
And in an age abandon'd brought thee forth ;
When vice in triumph through the city pass'd,
And dreadful wealth and pow'r laid all things
 waste. 1281

The sweeping stream thy better purpose cross'd,
And in the headlong torrent wer't thou lost.
Much to the ruin of the state was done,
When Curio by the Gallic spoils was won ;
Curio, the hope of Rome, and her most worthy
 son. }

Tyrants of old, whom former times record,
Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murd'ring sword ;
Sylla whom such unbounded pow'r made proud ;
Marius, and Cinna, red with Roman blood ; 1290
Ev'n Cæsar's mighty race who lord it now,
Before whose throne the subject nations bow,
All bought that pow'r which lavish Curio sold,
Curio, who barter'd liberty for gold.

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